THE

SPECTATOR.

VOLUME the FOURTH.



LONDON:

Printed for C. Bathurſt; W. Strahan; J. Rivington; T. Davies; J. Hinton; L. Davis; T. Lowndes; Hawes, Clarke, and Collins; J. Dodſley; B. White; T. Longman; B. Law; S. Crowder; E. & C. Dilly; T. Caſlon; J. Robſon; W. Flexney; T. Becket; J. Johnſon; W. Griffin; H. Baldwin; W. Nicoll; J. and T. Bowles; J. Knox; J. Ridley; R. Horsfield; G. Robinſon; F. Newbery; T. Cadell; W. Otridge, and E. Johnſton.

MDCCLXXV.


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70

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

AS it is natural to have a fondneſs for what has coſt us much time and attention to produce, I hope your Grace will forgive an endeavour to preſerve this Work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable Name.

I ſhall not here preſume to mention the illuſtrious paſſages of your Life, which are celebrated by the whole Age, and have been the ſubject of the moſt ſublime Pens; but if I could convey you to poſterity in your private Character, and deſcribe the Stature,

the Behaviour and Aſpect of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, I queſtion nòt but it would fill the Reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed, without offence to yourſelf, obſerve, that you excel the reſt of mankind in the leaſt, as well as the greateſt Endowments. Nor were it a circumſtance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your Perſon were not the only preeminence you have above others, which is left, almoſt, unobſerved by greater Writers.

Yet how pleaſing would it be to thoſe who ſhall read the ſurpriſing Revolutions in your ſtory, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment? How pleaſing would it be to hear that the ſame Man who had carrried fire and ſword into the Countries of all that had oppoſed the Cauſe of Liberty, and ſtruck a terror into the Armies of *France*, had, in the midſt of his high ſtation, a behaviour as gentle as is uſual in the firſt ſteps towards Greatneſs? And if it were poſſible to expreſs that eaſy Grandeur, which did at once perſuade and command; it would appear as clearly to thoſe to come, as it does

does to his Contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to paſs under the Conduct of ſo well-governed a ſpirit, were the bleſſings of Heaven upon Wiſdom and Valour; and all which ſeem adverſe fell out by Divine Permiſſion, which we are not to ſearch into.

You have paſſed that year of life wherein the moſt able and fortunate Captain, before your time, declared he had lived enough both to Nature and to Glory; and your Grace may make that reflexion with much more juſtice. He ſpoke it after he had arrived at Empire, by an Uſurpation upon thoſe whom he had enſlaved; but the Prince of

Mind-

Mindleheim may rejoice in a Sovereignty which was the gift of him whoſe Dominions he had preſerved.

Glory eſtabliſhed upon the uninterrupted ſucceſs of honourable deſigns and actions is not ſubject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail againſt it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your Grace not only upon your high Atchievements, but likewiſe upon the happy expiration of your Command, by which your Glory is put out of the power of Fortune: And when your Perſon ſhall be ſo too, that the Author

and

and Diſpoſer of all things may place you in that higher manſion of bliſs and immortality which is prepared for good Princes, Law-givers, and Heroes, when He in His due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty Prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Grace's moſt obedient,

moſt devoted humble ſervant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. IV.

N°252 Wedneſday, December 19, 1711.

Erranti, paſſimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.
VIRG. Æn. 2. v. 570.

Exploring ev'ry place with curious eyes.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I AM very ſorry to find by your diſcourſe upon the eye, that you have not thoroughly ſtudied the nature and force of that part of a beauteous face. Had you ever been in love, you would have ſaid ten thouſand things, which it ſeems did not occur to you: do but reflect upon the nonſenſe it makes men talk, the flames which it is ſaid to kindle, the tranſport it raiſes, the dejection it cauſes in the braveſt men; and if you do believe thoſe things are expreſſed to an extravagance, yet

'you will own, that the influence of it is very 'great which moves men to that extravagance. 'Certain it is, that the whole ſtrength of the 'mind is ſometimes ſeated there; that a kind 'look imparts all, that a year's diſcourſe could 'give you, in one moment. What matters it 'what ſhe ſays to you? ſee how ſhe looks—is 'the language of all who know what love is. 'When the mind is thus ſummed up and ex-'preſſed in a glance, did you never obſerve a 'ſudden joy ariſe in the countenance of a 'lover? Did you never ſee the attendance of 'years paid, over-paid, in an inſtant? You a 'SPECTATOR, and not know that the in-'telligence of affection is carried on by the 'eye only; that good-breeding has made the 'tongue falſify the heart, and act a part of 'continual conſtraint, while nature has preſerved 'the eyes to herſelf, that ſhe may not be diſ-'guiſed or miſrepreſented. The poor bride 'can give her hand, and ſay, "I do," with 'a languiſhing air, to the man ſhe is obliged 'by cruel parents to take for mercenary rea-'ſons, but at the ſame time ſhe cannot look 'as if ſhe loved; her eye is full of ſorrow, 'and reluctance ſits in a tear, while the of-'fering of the ſacrifice is performed in what 'we call the marriage ceremony. Do you 'never go to plays? Cannot you diſtinguiſh 'between the eyes of thoſe who go to ſee, from 'thoſe who come to be ſeen? I am a woman 'turned of thirty, and am on the obſervation 'a little; therefore if you or your corre-

'ſpondent

'ſpondent had conſulted me in your diſcourſe 'on the eye, I could have told you that the 'eye of *Leonora* is ſlily watchful while it looks 'negligent; ſhe looks round her without the 'help of the glaſſes you ſpeak of, and yet ſeems 'to be employed on objects directly before her. 'This eye is what affects chance-medly, and 'on a ſudden, as if it attended to another thing, 'turns all its charms againſt an ogler. The 'eye of *Luſitania* is an inſtrument of preme-'ditated murder; but the deſign being viſible, 'deſtroys the execution of it; and with much 'more beauty than that of *Leonora*, it is not 'half ſo miſchievous. There is a brave ſoldier's 'daughter in town, that by her eye has been 'the death of more than ever her father made 'fly before him. A beautiful eye makes ſilence 'eloquent, a kind eye makes contradiction an 'aſſent, an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. 'This little member gives life to every other 'part about us, and I believe the ſtory of *Argus* 'implies no more than that the eye is in every 'part; that is to ſay, every other part would be 'mutilated, were not its force repreſented more 'by the eye than even by itſelf. But this is 'heathen *Greek* to thoſe who have not con-'verſed by glances. This, Sir, is a language 'in which there can be no deceit, nor can a 'ſkilful obſerver be impoſed upon by looks even 'among politicians and courtiers. If you do 'me the honour to print this among your Spe-'culations, I ſhall in my next make you a pre-'ſent of ſecret hiſtory, by tranſlating all the

'looks of the next aſſembly of ladies and gentlemen into words, to adorn ſome future paper.

'I am, Sir,

'Your faithful friend,

'MARY HEARTFREE.'

'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have a ſot of a huſband that lives a very 'ſcandalous life, and waſtes away his body 'and fortune in debaucheries; and is immoveable to all the arguments I can urge to him. 'I would gladly know whether in ſome caſes 'a cudgel may not be allowed as a good figure 'of ſpeech, and whether it may not be lawfully 'uſed by a female orator.

'Your humble ſervant,

'BARBARA CRABTREE.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THough I am a practitioner in the law 'of ſome ſtanding, and have heard many 'eminent pleaders in my time, as well as other 'eloquent ſpeakers of both univerſities, yet I 'agree with you, that women are better qualified 'to ſucceed in oratory than the men, and believe 'this is to be reſolved into natural cauſes. You 'have mentioned only the volubility of their 'tongue; but what do you think of the ſilent 'flattery of their pretty faces, and the perſuaſion 'which even an inſipid diſcourſe carries with it 'when flowing from beautiful lips, to which 'it would be cruel to deny any thing? It is

'certain

'certain too, that they are poſſeſſed of ſome 'ſprings of rhetoric which men want, ſuch as 'tears, fainting fits, and the like, which I have 'ſeen employed upon occaſion with good ſuc-'ceſs. You muſt know I am a plain man and 'love my money; yet I have a ſpouſe who is 'ſo great an orator in this way, that ſhe draws 'from me what ſums ſhe pleaſes. Every room 'in my houſe is furniſhed with trophies of her 'eloquence, rich cabinets, piles of china, japan 'ſcreens, and coſtly jars; and if you were to 'come into my great parlour, you would fancy 'yourſelf in an *India* ware-houſe: beſides 'this, ſhe keeps a ſquirrel, and I am doubly 'taxed to pay for the china he breaks. She 'is ſeized with periodical fits about the time 'of the ſubſcriptions to a new opera, and is 'drowned in tears after having ſeen any woman 'there in finer clothes than herſelf: theſe are 'arts of perſuaſion purely feminine, and which 'a tender heart cannot reſiſt. What I would 'therefore deſire of you, is, to prevail with 'your friend who has promiſed to diſſect a fe-'male tongue, that he would at the ſame time 'give us the anatomy of a female eye, and 'explain the ſprings and ſluices which feed it 'with ſuch ready ſupplies of moiſture; and like-'wiſe ſhew by what means, if poſſible, they 'may be ſtopped at a reaſonable expence: or 'indeed, ſince there is ſomething ſo moving in 'the very image of weeping beauty, it would be 'worthy his art to provide, that theſe eloquent 'drops may no more be laviſhed on trifles, or

'employed as ſervants to their wayward wills; 'but reſerved for ſerious occaſions in life, to 'adorn generous pity, true penitence, or real 'ſorrow.

T 'I am, &c.'

N° 253 Thurſday, December 20.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia craſſè
Compoſitum, illepidève putetur, ſed quia nuper.
HOR. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 75.

I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad, but new.
POPE.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This paſſion reigns more among bad poets, than among any other ſet of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame, than thoſe who are converſant in poetry, it is very natural for ſuch as have not ſucceeded in it to depreciate the works of thoſe who have. For ſince they cannot raiſe themſelves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they muſt endeavour to ſink it to their own pitch, if they would ſtill keep themſelves upon a level with them.

The greateſt wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in ſo good an underſtanding, and celebrated one another with ſo much

much generoſity, that each of them receives an additional luſtre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of ſo extraordinary a genius, than if he had himſelf been the ſole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of *Auguſtus*, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have gained ſo great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom ſingly we have ſo great an eſteem, ſtand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the ſame time that *Virgil* was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius* and *Mævius* were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man ſeldom ſets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the ſcribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to thoſe beautiful lines of Sir *John Denham*, in his poem on *Fletcher*'s works!

'But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
'Trophies to thee from other men's diſpraiſe:
'Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
'Nor needs thy juſter title the foul guilt
'Of eaſtern kings, who, to ſecure their reign,
'Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kindred ſlain.'

I am ſorry to find that an author, who is very juſtly eſteemed among the beſt judges, has admitted ſome ſtrokes of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean *The Art of Criticiſm*, which was publiſhed ſome months ſince, and is a maſterpiece in its kind. The obſervations follow one another like thoſe in *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requiſite in a proſe author. They are ſome of them uncommon, but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them explained with that elegance and perſpicuity in which they are delivered. As for thoſe which are the moſt known, and the moſt received, they are placed in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt alluſions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, ſtill more convinced of their truth and ſolidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monſieur *Boileau* has ſo very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impoſſible for us, who live in the later ages of the world, to make obſervations in criticiſm, morality, or in any art or ſcience, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little elſe left us, but to repreſent the common ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet

meet with in *Ariſtotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the *Auguſtan* age. His way of expreſſing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reaſon I think there is nothing in the world ſo tireſome as the works of thoſe critics who write in a poſitive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would ſee how the beſt of the *Latin* critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully deſcribed in the characters of *Horace*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the eſſay of which I am now ſpeaking.

Since I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his reflections has given us the ſame kind of ſublime, which he obſerves in the ſeveral paſſages that occaſioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our *Engliſh* author has after the ſame manner exemplified ſeveral of his precepts in the very precepts themſelves. I ſhall produce two or three inſtances of this kind. Speaking of the inſipid ſmoothneſs which ſome readers are ſo much in love with, he has the following verſes.

'Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
'Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
'While expletives their feeble aid *do* join,
'And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.'

The gaping of the vowels in the ſecond line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monoſyllables in the fourth, give ſuch a beauty to this

this paſſage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may obſerve the following lines in the ſame view.

'A needleſs *Alexandrine* ends the ſong,
'That like a wounded ſnake drags its ſlow length
'along.'

And afterwards,

'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
'The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe.
'Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
'And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
'But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
'The hoarſe rough verſe ſhou'd like the torrent roar.
'When *Ajax* ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
'The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
'Not ſo, when ſwift *Camilla* ſcours the plain,
'Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along
'the main.'

The beautiful diſtich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing lines, puts me in mind of a deſcription in *Homer*'s Odyſſey, which none of the critics have taken notice of. It is where *Siſyphus* is repreſented lifting his ſtone up the hill, which is no ſooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the ſtone is admirably deſcribed in the numbers of theſe verſes; as in the four firſt it is heaved up by ſeveral *Spondees* intermixed with proper breathing places, and at laſt trundles down in a continual line of *Dactyls*.

Kal

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον, εἰσεῖδον, κρατερὰ ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάσοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τὸτ' ἀποστρέψασκε Κρατηΐς,
Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

ODYSS. l. 11.

'I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd ſurvey'd
'A mournful viſion! the *Siſyphian* ſhade:
'With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan,
'Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone:
'The huge round ſtone, reſulting with a bound,
'Thunders impetuous down, and ſmokes along the ground.' POPE.

It would be endleſs to quote verſes out of *Virgil* which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occaſion in a future paper to ſhew ſeveral of them which have eſcaped the obſervation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the ſame nature, and each of them a maſter-piece in its kind; the eſſay on tranſlated verſe, the eſſay on the art of poetry, and the eſſay upon criticiſm. C

Friday,

N° 254 Friday, December 21.

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὁ δὲ κυπρίδος ἄχος ὀφέλλει,
On love of virtue reverence attends,
But ſenſual pleaſure in our ruin ends.

WHEN I conſider the falſe impreſſions which are received by the generality of the world, I am troubled at none more than a certain levity of thought, which many young women of quality have entertained, to the hazard of their characters, and the certain miſfortune of their lives. The firſt of the following letters may beſt repreſent the faults I would now point at, and the anſwer to it the temper of mind in a contrary character.

'My dear HARRIOT,

'IF thou art ſhe, but oh how fallen, how 'changed, what an apoſtate! how loſt to 'all that is gay and agreeable! To be married 'I find is to be buried alive; I cannot conceive 'it more diſmal to be ſhut up in a vault to con-'verſe with the ſhades of my anceſtors, than 'to be carried down to an old manor-houſe in the 'country, and confined to the converſation of a 'ſober huſband and an aukward chamber-maid. 'For variety I ſuppoſe you may entertain your-'ſelf with madam in her grogram gown, the

'ſpouſe

'ſpouſe of your pariſh vicar, who has by this 'time I am ſure well furniſhed you with re-'ceipts for making ſalves and poſſets, diſtilling 'cordial-waters, making ſyrups, and applying 'poultices.

'Bleſt ſolitude! I wiſh thee joy, my dear, 'of thy loved retirement, which indeed you 'would perſuade me is very agreeable, and dif-'ferent enough from what I have here de-'ſcribed: but, child, I am afraid thy brains 'are a little diſordered with romances and no-'vels: after ſix months marriage to hear thee 'talk of love, and paint the country ſcenes 'ſo ſoftly, is a little extravagant; one would 'think you lived the lives of ſylvan deities, 'or roved among the walks of paradiſe, like 'the firſt happy pair. But pr'ythee leave theſe 'whimſies, and come to town in order to live 'and talk like other mortals. However, as 'I am extremely intereſted in your reputation, 'I would willingly give you a little good ad-'vice at your firſt appearance under the cha-'racter of a married woman: It is a little 'inſolent in me perhaps, to adviſe a matron; 'but I am ſo afraid you will make ſo ſilly 'a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot help 'warning you not to appear in any public 'places with your huſband, and never to ſaunter 'about St. *James's Park* together: if you 'preſume to enter the ring at *Hyde-Park* to-'gether, you are ruined for ever; nor muſt 'you take the leaſt notice of one another at 'the play-houſe or opera, unleſs you would

'be

'be laughed at for a very loving couple moſt 'happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I 'would recommend the example of an ac-'quaintance of ours to your imitation; ſhe is 'the moſt negligent and faſhionable wife in 'the world; ſhe is hardly ever ſeen in the 'ſame place with her huſband, and if they 'happen to meet, you would think them perfect 'ſtrangers: ſhe never was heard to name him 'in his abſence, and takes care he ſhall never 'be the ſubject of any diſcourſe ſhe has a 'ſhare in. I hope you will propoſe this lady 'as a pattern, though I am very much afraid 'you will be ſo ſilly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* 'and *Roman* wives much brighter examples. 'I wiſh it may never come into your head 'to imitate thoſe antiquated creatures ſo far, 'as to come into public in the habit as well 'as air of a *Roman* matron. You make al-'ready the entertainment at Mrs. *Modiſh*'s tea-'table; ſhe ſays, ſhe always thought you a 'diſcreet perſon, and qualified to manage a 'family with admirable prudence: ſhe dies 'to ſee what demure and ſerious airs wedlock 'has given you, but ſhe ſays ſhe ſhall never 'forgive your choice of ſo gallant a man as '*Bellamour* to transform him to a mere ſober 'huſband; it was unpardonable: you ſee, my 'dear, we all envy your happineſs, and no per-'ſon more than

'Your humble ſervant,

'LYDIA.'

BE

'BE not in pain, good madam, for my appearance in town; I ſhall frequent no public places, or make any viſits where the character of a modeſt wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it is all hypocriſy; you, and all the handſome young women of your acquaintance, ſhew yourſelves to no other purpoſe than to gain a conqueſt over ſome man of worth, in order to beſtow your charms and fortune on him. There's no indecency in the confeſſion, the deſign is modeſt and honourable, and all your affectation cannot diſguiſe it.

'I am married, and have no other concern but to pleaſe the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if I dreſs it is for him; if I read a poem or a play, it is to qualify myſelf for a converſation agreeable to his taſte: he is almoſt the end of my devotions; half my prayers are for his happineſs ——I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleaſure and emotion. I am your friend, and wiſh you happineſs, but am ſorry to ſee by the air of your letter that there are a ſet of women who are got into the common-place raillery of every thing that is ſober, decent, and proper: matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no underſtanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with: ſhe is a diſcreet, ingenious, pleaſant, pious woman; I wiſh ſhe

'had

'had the handling of you and Mrs. *Modiſh*; 'you would find, if you were too free with 'her, ſhe would ſoon make you as charming 'as ever you were, ſhe would make you bluſh 'as much as if you never had been fine ladies. 'The vicar, madam, is ſo kind as to viſit 'my huſband, and his agreeable converſation 'has brought him to enjoy many ſober happy 'hours when even I am ſhut out, and my 'dear maſter is entertained only with his own 'thoughts. Theſe things, dear madam, will 'be laſting ſatisfactions, when the fine ladies, 'and the coxcombs by whom they form them-'ſelves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in 'old age.

'I am,

'Madam,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'MARY HOME.'

'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have no goodneſs in the world, and 'are not in earneſt in any thing you 'ſay that is ſerious, if you do not ſend me a 'plain anſwer to this: I happened ſome days 'paſt to be at the play, where during the time 'of performance, I could not keep my eyes 'off from a beautiful young creature who ſat 'juſt before me, and who I have been ſince 'informed has no fortune. It would utterly 'ruin my reputation for diſcretion to marry 'ſuch

'ſuch a one, and by what I can learn ſhe has 'a character of great modeſty, ſo that there is 'nothing to be thought on any other way. 'My mind has ever ſince been ſo wholly bent 'on her, that I am much in danger of doing 'ſomething very extravagant without your ſpeedy 'advice to,

'Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

I am ſorry I cannot anſwer this impatient gentleman, but by another queſtion.

'Dear Correſpondent,

'WOuld you marry to pleaſe other people 'or yourſelf?' T

N° 255 Saturday, December 22.

Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.

HOR. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 36.

IMITATED.

Know, there are rhymes, which (freſh and freſh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'ſt puppy of his pride. POPE.

THE ſoul, conſidered abſtractedly from its paſſions, is of a remiſs and ſedentary nature, ſlow in its reſolves, and languiſh-

ing in its executions. The uſe therefore of the paſſions is to ſtir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the underſtanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the proſecution of his deſigns. As this is the end of the paſſions in general, ſo it is particularly of ambition, which puſhes the ſoul to ſuch actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may diſcover farther ends of Providence in implanting this paſſion in mankind.

It was neceſſary for the world, that arts ſhould be invented and improved, books written and tranſmitted to poſterity, nations conquered and civilized: now ſince the proper and genuine motives to theſe and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but ſmall improvements in the world, were there not ſome common principle of action working equally with all men. And ſuch a principle is ambition or a deſire of fame, by which great endowments are not ſuffered to lie idle and uſeleſs to the public, and many vicious men, over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable courſe of action. For we may farther obſerve, that men of the greateſt abilities are moſt fired with ambition: and that on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the leaſt actuated by it; whether it be that a man's ſenſe of his own incapacities makes him deſpair of coming at fame, or that he has not

not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his intereſt or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his ſoul, would not ſubject him to ſuch a paſſion as would be uſeleſs to the world, and a torment to himſelf.

Were not this deſire of fame very ſtrong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of loſing it when obtained, would be ſufficient to deter a man from ſo vain a purſuit.

How few are there who are furniſhed with abilities ſufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets us upon a level, and obſerves a kind of proportion in its diſpenſations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every perſon from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent or extraordinary.

And among thoſe who are the moſt richly endowed by nature, and accompliſhed by their own induſtry, how few are there whoſe virtues are not obſcured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot diſcern between a noble and a mean action: others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe end or intention; or others purpoſely miſrepreſent, or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this conſideration, we may obſerve that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their purſuit after fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtaining it. It is *Salluſt*'s remark upon *Cato*, that the leſs he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleaſure in croſſing our inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate deſire of fame in the ambitious man, as no temper of mind is more apt to ſhew itſelf, they become ſparing and reſerved in their commendations, they envy him the ſatisfaction of an applauſe, and look on their praiſes rather as a kindneſs done to his perſon, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverſeneſs of temper grow wary in their praiſes of one, who ſets too great a value on them, leſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater diſtance from themſelves.

But farther, this deſire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation. He is ſtill afraid leſt any of his actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leſt his deſerts ſhould be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any diſadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often ſets him on empty boaſts and oſtentations of himſelf, and betrays him into vain fantaſtical recitals

citals of his own performances: his diſcourſe generally leans one way, and, whatever is the ſubject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himſelf. Vanity is the natural weakneſs of an ambitious man, which expoſes him to the ſecret ſcorn and deriſion of thoſe he converſes with, and ruins the character he is ſo induſtrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never ſo glorious, they loſe their luſtre when they are drawn at large, and ſet to ſhow by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boaſt will probably be cenſured when the great action that occaſioned it is forgotten.

Beſides, this very deſire of fame is looked on as a meanneſs and imperfection in the greateſt character. A ſolid and ſubſtantial greatneſs of ſoul looks down with a generous neglect on the cenſures and applauſes of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noiſe and ſtrife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourſelves a ſecret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illuſtrious courſe of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is uſual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to aſcribe it to vain-glory, and a deſire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of

mind to be worked up to any noble action by ſo ſelfiſh a motive, and to do that out of a deſire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a diſintereſted love to mankind, or by a generous paſſion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by thoſe who thirſt after it, ſince moſt men have ſo much either of ill-nature, or of warineſs, as not to gratify or ſooth the vanity of the ambitious man; and ſince this very thirſt after fame naturally betrays him into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation, and is itſelf looked upon as a weakneſs in the greateſt characters.

In the next place, fame is eaſily loſt, and as difficult to be preſerved as it was at firſt to be acquired. But this I ſhall make the ſubject of a following paper. C

N° 256 Monday, December 24.

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κέφη μὲν ἀεῖραι.
Ῥεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν.—— HES.

Deſire of fame by various ways is croſt,
Hard to be gain'd, and eaſy to be loſt.

THERE are many paſſions and tempers of mind which naturally diſpoſe us to depreſs and vilify the merit of one riſing in the

the eſteem of mankind. All thoſe who made their entrance into the world with the ſame advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeſerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the ſcandal of ſome paſt action, or derogate from the worth of the preſent, that they may ſtill keep him on the ſame level with themſelves. The like kind of conſideration often ſtirs up the envy of ſuch as were once his ſuperiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to ſee another get ground upon them and overtake them in the purſuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to ſink his reputation, that they may the better preſerve their own. Thoſe who were once his equals envy and defame him, becauſe they now ſee him their ſuperior; and thoſe who were once his ſuperiors, becauſe they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whoſe extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and obſervation of mankind draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inſpect every part of him, conſider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleaſed when they have taken him in the worſt and moſt diſadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleaſure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in ſpreading abroad the weakneſſes of an exalted character. They publiſh their ill-natured diſcoveries with a ſecret pride, and applaud themſelves for the ſingularity of their judgment which

has ſearched deeper than others, detected what the reſt of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward ſatiſfaction and complacency, if they diſcover none of the like errors and infirmities in themſelves; for while they are expoſing another's weakneſſes, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not ſubject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be tranſported with a ſecret kind of vanity to ſee themſelves ſuperior in ſome reſpects to one of a ſublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more induſtrious in publiſhing the blemiſhes of an extraordinary reputation, than ſuch as lie open to the ſame cenſures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuſe their own defects by the authority of ſo high an example, or raiſing an imaginary applauſe to themſelves for reſembling a perſon of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all theſe ſecret ſprings of detraction fail, yet very often a vain oſtentation of wit ſets a man on attacking an eſtabliſhed name, and ſacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of thoſe about him. A ſatire or a libel on one of the common ſtamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a perſon whoſe merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conſpicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it ſhews greater art to expoſe and turn to ridicule a man whoſe character

character ſeems ſo improper a ſubject for it, or that we are pleaſed by ſome implicit kind of revenge to ſee him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in ſome meaſure reduced to our own rank, who had ſo far raiſed himſelf above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we ſee how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious ſpies are ſearching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the beſt prepared for ſo narrow an inſpection. For we may generally obſerve, that our admiration of a famous man leſſens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we ſeldom hear the deſcription of a celebrated perſon, without a catalogue of ſome notorious weakneſſes and infirmities. The reaſon may be, becauſe any little ſlip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconſiderable circumſtances of his behaviour and converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame temper of mind which inclines us to a deſire of fame, naturally betrays us into ſuch ſlips and unwarineſſes as are not incident to men of a contrary diſpoſition.

After all it muſt be confeſſed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and diſſipates theſe little ſpots and ſullies in its reputation; but if by a miſtaken purſuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any falſe ſtep be made

made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole ſcheme of ambitious deſigns is broken and diſappointed. The ſmaller ſtains and blemiſhes may die away and diſappear amidſt the brightneſs that ſurrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature caſts a ſhade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preſerve a great name, when he that has acquired it is ſo obnoxious to ſuch little weakneſſes and infirmities as are no ſmall diminution to it when diſcovered, eſpecially when they are ſo induſtriouſly proclaimed, and aggravated by ſuch as were once his ſuperiors or equals; by ſuch as would ſet to ſhow their judgment or their wit, and by ſuch as are guilty or innocent of the ſame ſlips or miſconducts in their own behaviour?

But were there none of theſe diſpoſitions in others to cenſure a famous man, nor any ſuch miſcarriages in himſelf, yet would he meet with no ſmall trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its heighth and ſplendor. There muſt be always a noble train of actions to preſerve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a ſtand, it naturally flags and languiſhes. Admiration is a very ſhort-lived paſſion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unleſs it be ſtill fed with freſh diſcoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual ſucceſſion of miracles riſing up to its view. And even the greateſt actions of a celebrated perſon labour under this diſadvantage, that however ſurpriſing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more

than

than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raiſe the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there ſhould be ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the poſſeſſion of fame, that, notwithſtanding all theſe mortifying conſiderations, can engage a man in ſo deſperate a purſuit; and yet if we conſider the little happineſs that attends a great character, and the multitude of diſquietudes to which the deſire of it ſubjects an ambitious mind, one would be ſtill the more ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many reſtleſs candidates for glory.

Ambition raiſes a ſecret tumult in the ſoul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: it is ſtill reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or ſatisfy it. Moſt other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper ſenſe, and for a while ſet the appetite at reſt: but fame is a good ſo wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the ſoul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to reliſh it; an object of deſire placed out of the poſſibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleaſure, but it is ſuch a pleaſure as makes a man reſtleſs and uneaſy under it; and which does not ſo much ſatisfy the preſent thirſt, as it excites freſh deſires, and ſets the ſoul on new enterpriſes. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame

fame as they deſired, and whoſe thirſt after it has not been as eager in the very heighth of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among them? There is not any circumſtance in *Cæſar*'s character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a ſaying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made uſe of in private converſation, 'That he was ſatisfied with 'his ſhare of life and fame,' *Se ſatis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their purſuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the diſappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleaſure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldneſs of old age; but ſeldom from a full ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in their preſent enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unſatisfying in itſelf, but the deſire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which thoſe are free from who have no ſuch a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no praiſe where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought, which they ſeldom do unleſs increaſed by flattery, ſince few men have ſo good an opinion of us as we have of ourſelves? But if the ambitious man can be ſo much grieved even with praiſe itſelf, how will he be able to bear up under ſcandal and defamation? for the ſame temper of mind which makes him deſire fame,

fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary praiſes of men, he will be as much dejected by their cenſures. How little therefore is the happineſs of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill ſpeeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and deſtroy his natural reſt and repoſe of mind? eſpecially when we conſider that the world is more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may farther obſerve, that ſuch a man will be more grieved for the loſs of fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the enjoyment of it. For though the preſence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the abſence of it may make us miſerable: becauſe in the enjoyment of an object we only find that ſhare of pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loſs of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imagination ſet upon it.

So inconſiderable is the ſatisfaction that fame brings along with it, and ſo great the diſquietudes to which it makes us liable. The deſire of it ſtirs up very uneaſy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than ſatisfied by the preſence of the thing deſired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleaſure, though the loſs or want of it be very ſenſible and afflicting; and even this little happineſs is ſo very precarious, that it

it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praises. C

N° 257 Tuesday, December 25.

——— Οὐχ' εὕδει Διὸς
Ὀφθαλμός· ἐγγὺς δ' ἔστι καὶ παρὼν πόνῳ.
Incert. ex Stob.

No slumber seals the eye of Providence,
Present to ev'ry action we commence.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of all considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action. I have in the next place shewn from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. I shall in the last place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happiness which is

is reſerved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it 'fulneſs of joy and pleaſures 'for evermore.'

How the purſuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I ſhall leave the reader to collect from the three following conſiderations.

Firſt, Becauſe the ſtrong deſire of fame breeds ſeveral vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Becauſe many of thoſe actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happineſs.

Thirdly, Becauſe if we ſhould allow the ſame actions to be the proper inſtruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happineſs, they would nevertheleſs fail in the attainment of this laſt end, if they proceeded from a deſire of the firſt.

Theſe three propoſitions are ſelf-evident to thoſe who are verſed in ſpeculations of morality. For which reaſon I ſhall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the ſame nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of ſpeculation.

From what has been already obſerved, I think we may make a natural concluſion, that it is the greateſt folly to ſeek the praiſe or approbation of any being, beſides the Supreme, and that for theſe two reaſons; becauſe no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits; and becauſe we can procure no conſiderable benefit or advantage from

from the eſteem and approbation of any other being.

In the firſt place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits. Created beings ſee nothing but our outſide, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour; but how unfit theſe are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward repreſentation: many ſilent perfections in the ſoul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private, without noiſe or ſhow, and are only viſible to the great ſearcher of hearts. What actions can expreſs the intire purity of thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous man? that ſecret reſt and contentedneſs of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his preſent condition? that inward pleaſure and complacency, which he feels in doing good? that delight and ſatisfaction which he takes in the proſperity and happineſs of another? Theſe and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a ſoul, the ſecret graces which cannot be diſcovered by a mortal eye, but make the ſoul lovely and precious in his ſight, from whom no ſecrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and ſhewing themſelves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper

a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumſtances, for the due exerciſe of it. A ſtate of poverty obſcures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confeſſor lie concealed in the flouriſhing times of chriſtianity. Some virtues are only ſeen in affliction, and ſome in proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the poſſibilities of action. He diſcovers the martyr and confeſſor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reaſon why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame actions may be aimed at different ends, and ariſe from quite contrary principles. Actions are of ſo mixed a nature, and ſo full of circumſtances, that as men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame actions may repreſent a man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which makes him appear a ſaint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the ſoul through its outward actions, often ſees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the object: ſo that on this account alſo, He is the only proper judge of our perfections,

who does not gueſs at the ſincerity of our intentions from the goodneſs of our actions, but weighs the goodneſs of our actions by the ſincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impoſſible for outward actions to repreſent the perfections of the ſoul, becauſe they can never ſhew the ſtrength of thoſe principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expreſſions of our virtues, and can only ſhew us what habits are in the ſoul, without diſcovering the degree and perfection of ſuch habits. They are at beſt but weak reſemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general deſign, but can never expreſs the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different ſtate and degree of human improvement, from thoſe weak ſtirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular purpoſes and deſigns, to the laſt intire finiſhing and conſummation of a good habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the ſoul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progreſs, until it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we ſee that none but the ſupreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a juſt eſtimate of us, ſince there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural

natural incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an opportunity of doing it; or, ſhould they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet thoſe actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly diſcovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the degree, ſtrength and perfection of thoſe principles.

And as the ſupreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, ſo is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a conſideration that comes home to our intereſt, as the other adapts itſelf to our ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh man deſire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt appearance of perfection in him, and ſuch a goodneſs as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his deſire of fame this way; and, that he may propoſe to himſelf a fame worthy of his ambition, let him conſider that if he employs his abilities to the beſt advantage, the time will come when the ſupreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who ſees every degree of perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the preſence of the whole creation that beſt and moſt ſignificant of applauſes, 'Well done, 'thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into 'thy maſter's joy.'

C

N° 258 Wedneſday, December 26.

Divide & Impera.

Divide and Rule.

PLEASURE and recreation of one kind or other are abſolutely neceſſary to relieve our minds and bodies from too conſtant attention and labour: where therefore public diverſions are tolerated, it behoves perſons of diſtinction, with their power and example, to preſide over them in ſuch a manner as to check any thing that tends to the corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reaſonable creatures. As to the diverſions of this kind in this town, we owe them to the arts of poetry and muſic: my own private opinion, with relation to ſuch recreations, I have heretofore given with all the frankneſs imaginable; what concerns thoſe arts at preſent the reader ſhall have from my correſpondents. The firſt of the letters with which I acquit myſelf for this day, is written by one who propoſes to improve our entertainments of dramatic poetry, and the other comes from three perſons, who, as ſoon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the preſent ſtate of muſic.

' Mr.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I Am conſiderably obliged to you for your ' ſpeedy publication of my laſt in yours of ' the 18th inſtant, and am in no ſmall hopes of ' being ſettled in the poſt of comptroller of the ' cries. Of all the objections I have hearkened ' after in public coffee-houſes there is but one ' that ſeems to carry any weight with it; *viz.* ' that ſuch a poſt would come too near the ' nature of a monopoly. Now, Sir, becauſe I ' would have all ſorts of people made eaſy, and ' being willing to have more ſtrings than one to ' my bow; in caſe that of comptroller ſhould ' fail me, I have ſince formed another project, ' which being grounded on the dividing a pre- ' ſent monopoly, I hope will give the public an ' equivalent to their full content. You know, ' Sir, it is allowed that the buſineſs of the ſtage ' is, as the *Latin* has it, *jucunda & idonea dicere* ' *vitæ*. Now there being but one dramatic ' theatre licenſed for the delight and profit of ' this extenſive metropolis, I do humbly pro- ' poſe, for the convenience of ſuch of its inha- ' bitants as are too diſtant from *Covent-Garden*, ' that another *theatre of eaſe* may be erected in ' ſome ſpacious part of the city; and that the ' direction thereof may be made a franchiſe ' in fee to me, and my heirs for ever. And ' that the town may have no jealouſy of my ' ever coming to an union with the ſet of actors ' now in being, I do further propoſe to conſti- ' tute for my deputy my near kinſman and ad-

'venturer *Kit Crotchet*, whoſe long experience 'and improvements in thoſe affairs need no re- 'commendation. It was obvious to every ſpec- 'tator what a quite different foot the ſtage was 'upon during his government; and had he not 'been bolted out of his trap-doors, his garriſon 'might have held out for ever, he having, by 'long pains and perſeverance arrived at the art 'of making his army fight without pay or pro- 'viſions. I muſt confeſs it, with a melancholy 'amazement, I ſee ſo wonderful a genius laid 'aſide, and the late ſlaves of the ſtage now 'become its maſters, dunces that will be ſure 'to ſuppreſs all theatrical entertainments and 'activities that they are not able themſelves to 'ſhine in!

'Every man that goes to a play is not obliged 'to have either wit or underſtanding; and I 'inſiſt upon it, that all who go there ſhould ſee 'ſomething which may improve them in a way 'of which they are capable. In ſhort, Sir, I 'would have ſomething *done* as well as *ſaid* on 'the ſtage. A man may have an active body, 'though he has not a quick conception; for 'the imitation therefore of ſuch as are, as I 'may ſo ſpeak, corporeal wits or nimble fel- 'lows, I would fain aſk any of the preſent miſ- 'managers, why ſhould not rope-dancers, vaul- 'ters, tumblers, ladder-walkers, and poſture- 'makers appear again on our ſtage? After 'ſuch a repreſentation, a five-bar gate would 'be leaped with a better grace next time any 'of the audience went a hunting. Sir, theſe

'things

'things cry aloud for reformation, and fall properly under the province of SPECTATOR 'General; but how indeed ſhould it be otherwiſe, while fellows, that for twenty years together were never paid but as their maſter was 'in the humour, now preſume to pay others 'more than ever they had in their lives; and in 'contempt of the practice of perſons of condition, have the inſolence to owe no tradeſman 'a farthing at the end of the week? Sir, all I 'propoſe is the public good; for no one can 'imagine I ſhall ever get a private ſhilling by 'it: therefore I hope you will recommend 'this matter in one of your this week's papers, 'and deſire when my houſe opens you will 'accept the liberty of it for the trouble you have 'received from,

'Sir,

P. S. I have aſſurances that the Trunk-maker will declare for us.

'Your humble ſervant,

'RALPH CROTCHET.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE whoſe names are ſubſcribed, think 'you the propereſt perſon to ſignify what 'we have to offer the town in behalf of ourſelves, and the art which we profeſs, Muſic. 'We conceive hopes of your favour from the 'Speculations on the miſtakes which the town 'run into with regard to their pleaſure of this 'kind; and believing your method of judging 'is, that you conſider muſic only valuable, as it

'is agreeable to, and heightens the purpoſe of 'poetry; we conſent that that is not only the true 'way of reliſhing that pleaſure, but alſo, that 'without it, a compoſure of muſic is the ſame 'thing as a poem, where all the rules of poetical 'numbers are obſerved, though the words have 'no ſenſe or meaning; to ſay it ſhorter, mere 'muſical ſounds are in our art no other than 'nonſenſe verſes are in poetry. Muſic there-'fore is to aggravate what is intended by poetry; 'it muſt always have ſome paſſion or ſentiment 'to expreſs, or elſe violins, voices, or any other 'organs of ſound, afford an entertainment very 'little above the rattles of children. It was 'from this opinion of the matter, that when 'Mr. *Clayton* had finiſhed his ſtudies in *Italy*, 'and brought over the opera of *Arſinöe*, that 'Mr. *Haym* and Mr. *Dieupart*, who had the 'honour to be well known and received among 'the nobility and gentry, were zealouſly in-'clined to aſſiſt, by their ſolicitations, in intro-'ducing ſo elegant an entertainment as the *Italian* 'muſic grafted upon *Engliſh* poetry. For this 'end Mr. *Dieupart* and Mr. *Haym*, according 'to their ſeveral opportunities, promoted the 'introduction of *Arſinöe*, and did it to the beſt 'advantage ſo great a novelty would allow. It 'is not proper to trouble you with particulars 'of the juſt complaints we all of us have to 'make; but ſo it is, that without regard to our 'obliging pains, we are all equally ſet aſide in 'the preſent opera. Our application therefore 'to you is only to inſert this letter in your

'papers,

'papers, that the town may know we have all 'three joined together to make entertainments 'of muſic for the future at Mr. *Clayton*'s houſe 'in *York-Buildings*. What we promiſe ourſelves, 'is, to make a ſubſcription of two guineas, for 'eight times; and that the entertainment, with 'the names of the authors of the poetry, may 'be printed, to be ſold in the houſe, with an 'account of the ſeveral authors of the vocal as 'well as the inſtrumental muſic for each night; 'the money to be paid at the receipt of the 'tickets, at Mr. *Charles Lillie*'s. It will, we 'hope, Sir, be eaſily allowed, that we are 'capable of undertaking to exhibit by our joint 'force and different qualifications all that can 'be done in muſic; but leſt you ſhould think 'ſo dry a thing as an account of our propoſal 'ſhould be a matter unworthy your paper, 'which generally contains ſomething of public 'uſe; give us leave to ſay, that favouring our 'deſign is no leſs than reviving an art, which 'runs to ruin by the utmoſt barbariſm under an 'affectation of knowledge. We aim at eſta-'bliſhing ſome ſettled notions of what is muſic, 'at recovering from neglect and want very 'many families who depend upon it, at mak-'ing all foreigners who pretend to ſucceed in '*England* to learn the language of it, as we 'ourſelves have done, and not be ſo inſolent 'as to expect a whole nation, a refined and 'learned nation, ſhould ſubmit to learn theirs. 'In a word, Mr. SPECTATOR, with all de-'ference and humility, we hope to behave our-

'ſelves

'ſelves in this undertaking in ſuch a manner, 'that all *Engliſh* men who have any ſkill in 'muſic may be furthered in it for their profit 'or diverſion by what new things we ſhall pro-'duce; never pretending to ſurpaſs others, or 'aſſerting that any thing which is a ſcience is 'not attainable by all men of all nations who 'have proper genius for it: we ſay, Sir, what 'we hope for is not expected will arrive to us 'by contemning others, but through the utmoſt 'diligence recommending ourſelves.

'We are, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervants.

'THOMAS CLAYTON.
'NICOLINO HAYM.
'CHARLES DIEUPART.'

T

N° 259 Thurſday, December 27.

Quod decet honeſtum eſt, & quod honeſtum eſt decet.
TULL.

What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming.

THERE are ſome things which cannot come under certain rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward civilities and ſalutations. Theſe one would imagine might be regulated by every

every man's common ſenſe, without the help of an inſtructor; but that which we call common ſenſe ſuffers under that word; for it ſometimes implies no more than that faculty which is common to all men, but ſometimes ſignifies right reaſon, and what all men ſhould conſent to. In this latter acceptation of the phraſe, it is no great wonder people err ſo much againſt it, ſince it is not every one who is poſſeſſed of it, and there are fewer, who, againſt common rules and faſhions, dare obey its dictates. As to ſalutations, which I was about to talk of, I obſerve, as I ſtroll about town, there are great enormities committed with regard to this particular. You ſhall ſometimes ſee a man begin the offer of a ſalutation, and obſerve a forbidding air, or eſcaping eye, in the perſon he is going to ſalute, and ſtop ſhort in the pole of his neck. This in the perſon who believed he could do it with a good grace, and was refuſed the opportunity, is juſtly reſented with a coldneſs the whole enſuing ſeaſon. Your great beauties, people in much favour, or by any means or for any purpoſe over-flattered, are apt to practiſe this, which one may call the preventing aſpect, and throw their attention another way, leſt they ſhould confer a bow or a courteſy upon a perſon who might not appear to deſerve that dignity. Others you ſhall find ſo obſequious, and ſo very courteous, as there is no eſcaping their favours of this kind. Of this ſort may be a man who is in the fifth or ſixth degree of favour with a miniſter; this good creature

is

is reſolved to ſhew the world, that great honours cannot at all change his manners; he is the ſame civil perſon he ever was; he will venture his neck to bow out of a coach in full ſpeed, at once, to ſhew he is full of buſineſs, and yet is not ſo taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man, who is not ſo well formed for courtſhip and elegant behaviour, ſuch a gentleman as this ſeldom finds his account in the return of his compliments, but he will ſtill go on, for he is in his own way, and muſt not omit; let the neglect fall on your ſide, or where it will, his buſineſs is ſtill to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read in one of our *Engliſh* comedies, a deſcription of a fellow that affected knowing every body, and for want of judgment in time and place, would bow and ſmile in the face of a judge ſitting in the court, would ſit in an oppoſite gallery and ſmile in the miniſter's face as he came up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to ſome familiarities between them in another place. But now I happen to ſpeak of ſalutation at church, I muſt take notice that ſeveral of my correſpondents have importuned me to conſider that ſubject, and ſettle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the beſt courtier in the world, but I have often on public occaſions thought it a very great abſurdity in the company (during the royal preſence) to exchange ſalutations from all parts of the room, when certainly common ſenſe ſhould ſuggeſt, that all regards at that time ſhould be engaged, and cannot

cannot be diverted to any other object, without diſreſpect to the ſovereign. But as to the complaint of my correſpondents, it is not to be imagined what offence ſome of them take at the cuſtom of ſaluting in places of worſhip. I have a very angry letter from a lady, who tells me of one of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and a pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in time of divine ſervice, and is the moſt religious woman for no other reaſon but to appear a woman of the beſt quality in the church. This abſurd cuſtom had better be aboliſhed than retained, if it were but to prevent evils of no higher a nature than this is; but I am informed of objections much more conſiderable: a diſſenter of rank and diſtinction was lately prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greateſt congregations of the church of *England* about town: after the ſervice was over, he declared he was very well ſatisfied with the little ceremony which was uſed towards God Almighty; but at the ſame time he feared he ſhould not be able to go through thoſe required towards one another: as to this point he was in a ſtate of deſpair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many ſcandals of this kind given to our proteſtant diſſenters from the outward pomp and reſpect we take to ourſelves in our religious aſſemblies. A quaker who came one day into a church, fixed his eye upon an old lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when ſhe

ſhe would hold forth. An anabaptiſt who deſigns to come over himſelf, and all his family, within few months, is ſenſible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has ſent his two eldeſt daughters to learn to dance, that they may not miſbehave themſelves at church: it is worth conſidering whether, in regard to aukward people with ſcrupulous conſciences, a good chriſtian of the beſt air in the world ought not rather to deny herſelf the opportunity of ſhewing ſo many graces, than keep a baſhful proſelyte without the pale of the church. T

N° 260 Friday, December 28.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

HOR. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 55.

Years following years ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away. POPE.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am now in the ſixty-fifth year of my age, 'and having been the greater part of my 'days a man of pleaſure, the decay of my 'faculties is a ſtagnation of my life. But how 'is it, Sir, that my appetites are increaſed upon 'me with the loſs of power to gratify them? 'I write this, like a criminal, to warn people to 'enter upon what reformation they pleaſe to 'make in themſelves in their youth, and not

'expect

'expect they ſhould be capable of it from a fond 'opinion ſome have often in their mouths, that if 'we do not leave our deſires they will leave us. 'It is far otherwiſe; I am now as vain in my 'dreſs, and as flippant if I ſee a pretty woman, 'as when in my youth I ſtood upon a bench 'in the pit to ſurvey the whole circle of beauties. 'The folly is ſo extravagant with me, and I 'went on with ſo little check of my deſires, or 'reſignation of them, that I can aſſure you, I 'very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, 'ſit with my ſpectacles on, writing love-letters 'to the beauties that have been long ſince in 'their graves. This is to warm my heart with 'the faint memory of delights which were once 'agreeable to me; but how much happier would 'my life have been now, if I could have looked 'back on any worthy action done for my coun-'try? If I had laid out that which I profuſed 'in luxury and wantonneſs, in acts of gene-'roſity or charity? I have lived a batchelor to this 'day; and inſtead of a numerous offspring, with 'which, in the regular ways of life, I might 'poſſibly have delighted myſelf, I have only to 'amuſe myſelf with the repetition of old ſtories 'and intrigues which no one will believe I ever 'was concerned in. I do not know whether you 'have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot 'fall on a better ſubject, than that of the art of 'growing old. In ſuch a lecture you muſt 'propoſe, that no one ſet his heart upon what 'is tranſient; the beauty grows wrinkled while 'we are yet gazing at her. The witty man

'ſinks

'ſinks into an humouriſt imperceptibly, for want
'of reflecting that all things around him are in
'a flux, and continually changing: thus he is
'in the ſpace of ten or fifteen years ſurrounded
'by a new ſet of people, whoſe manners are as
'natural to them as his delights, method of
'thinking, and mode of living, were formerly
'to him and his friends. But the miſchief is,
'he looks upon the ſame kind of errors which
'he himſelf was guilty of with an eye of ſcorn,
'and with that ſort of ill-will which men enter-
'tain againſt each other for different opinions:
'Thus a crazy conſtitution, and an uneaſy mind
'is fretted with vexatious paſſions for young
'men's doing fooliſhly what it is folly to do
'at all. Dear Sir, this is my preſent ſtate of
'mind; I hate thoſe I ſhould laugh at, and
'envy thoſe I contemn. The time of youth and
'vigorous manhood, paſſed the way in which I
'have diſpoſed of it, is attended with theſe con-
'ſequences; but to thoſe who live and paſs
'away life as they ought, all parts of it are
'equally pleaſant; only the memory of good
'and worthy actions is a feaſt which muſt give
'a quicker reliſh to the ſoul than ever it could
'poſſibly taſte in the higheſt enjoyments or jolli-
'ties of youth. As for me, if I ſit down in
'my great chair and begin to ponder, the vaga-
'ries of a child are not more ridiculous than the
'circumſtances which are heaped up in my
'memory; fine gowns, country dances, ends
'of tunes, interrupted converſations, and mid-
'night quarrels, are what muſt neceſſarily com-
'poſe

'poſe my ſoliloquy. I beg of you to print this, 'that ſome ladies of my acquaintance, and my 'years, may be perſuaded to wear warm night-'caps this cold ſeaſon: and that my old friend '*Jack Tawdry* may buy him a cane, and not 'creep with the air of a ſtrut. I muſt add to all 'this, that if it were not for one pleaſure, which 'I thought a very mean one until of very late 'years, I ſhould have no one great ſatisfaction 'left; but if I live to the 10th of *March*, 1714, 'and all my ſecurities are good, I ſhall be worth 'fifty thouſand pound.

'I am, Sir,

'your moſt humble ſervant,

'JACK AFTERDAY.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will infinitely oblige a diſtreſſed 'lover, if you will inſert in your very next 'paper, the following letter to my miſtreſs. 'You muſt know I am not a perſon apt to 'deſpair, but ſhe has got an odd humour of 'ſtopping ſhort unaccountably, and, as ſhe her-'ſelf told a confident of hers, ſhe has cold fits. 'Theſe fits ſhall laſt her a month or ſix weeks 'together; and as ſhe falls into them without 'provocation, ſo it is to be hoped ſhe will re-'turn from them without the merit of new 'ſervices. But life and love will not admit of 'ſuch intervals, therefore pray let her be admo-'niſhed as follows.

'MADAM,

'I Love you, and I honour you; therefore 'pray do not tell me of waiting 'till decencies, 'till forms, 'till humours are conſulted 'and gratified. If you have that happy conſtitution as to be indolent for ten weeks together, you ſhould conſider that all that while I 'burn with impatiences and fevers; but ſtill 'you ſay it will be time enough, though I and 'you too grow older while we are yet talking. 'Which do you think the more reaſonable, that 'you ſhould alter a ſtate of indifference for happineſs, and that to oblige me, or I live in torment, and that to lay no manner of obligation 'upon you? While I indulge your inſenſibility 'I am doing nothing; if you favour my paſſion, 'you are beſtowing bright deſires, gay hopes, 'generous cares, noble reſolutions and tranſporting raptures upon,

'Madam,

'your moſt devoted humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HERE's a gentlewoman lodges in the 'ſame houſe with me, that I never did 'any injury to in my whole life; and ſhe is 'always railing at me to thoſe that ſhe knows 'will tell me of it. Do not you think ſhe is in 'love with me? Or would you have me break 'my mind yet or not?

'Your ſervant,

'T. B.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a footman in a great family, and am 'in love with the houſe-maid. We were all 'at hot-cockles laſt night in the hall theſe holi-'days; when I lay down and was blinded, ſhe 'pulled off her ſhoe, and hit me with the heel 'ſuch a rap, as almoſt broke my head to pieces. 'Pray, Sir, was this love or ſpite?' T

N° 261 Saturday, December 29.

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐυκλαῖον κακόν.

Frag. vet. Poet.

Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

MY father, whom I mentioned in my firſt Speculation, and whom I muſt always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the ſubject of Marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtſhip of a perſon who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my firſt approaches ſeem to have any averſion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from ſhewing myſelf to the beſt advantage, ſhe by degrees began to look upon me as a very ſilly fellow, and being reſolved to regard merit more

than any thing elſe in the perſons who made their applications to her, ſhe married a captain of dragoons who happened to be beating up for recruits in thoſe parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an averſion to pretty fellows ever ſince, and diſcouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair ſex. The obſervations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man abovementioned, have produced the following eſſay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleaſanteſt part of a man's life is generally that which paſſes in courtſhip, provided his paſſion be ſincere, and the party beloved kind with diſcretion. Love, deſire, hope, all the pleaſing motions of the ſoul riſe in the purſuit.

It is eaſier for an artful man who is not in love, to perſuade his miſtreſs he has a paſſion for her, and to ſucceed in his purſuits, than for one who loves with the greateſt violence. True love has ten thouſand griefs, impatiences and reſentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the perſon whoſe affection he ſolicits; beſides, that it ſinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehenſions and poorneſs of ſpirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himſelf.

Thoſe marriages generally abound moſt with love and conſtancy, that are preceded by a long courtſhip. The paſſion ſhould ſtrike root, and gather ſtrength before marriage be grafted on it. A long courſe of hopes and expectations fixes the

the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondneſs of the perſon beloved.

There is nothing of ſo great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourſelves for life; they do not only make our preſent ſtate agreeable, but often determine our happineſs to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under conſideration is an eſtate: where the parties chooſe for themſelves, their thoughts turn moſt upon the perſon. They have both their reaſons. The firſt would procure many conveniences and pleaſures of life to the party whoſe intereſts they eſpouſe; and at the ſame time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themſelves a perpetual feaſt. A good perſon does not only raiſe, but continue love, and breeds a ſecret pleaſure and complacency in the beholder, when the firſt heats of deſire are extinguiſhed. It puts the wife or huſband in countenance both among friends and ſtrangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I ſhould prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you muſt have a violent paſſion for her, or you have not the proper taſte of her charms; and if you have ſuch a paſſion for her, it is odds but it would be imbittered with fears and jealouſies.

Good-nature and evenneſs of temper will give you an eaſy companion for life; virtue and good ſenſe, an agreeable friend; love and conſtancy, a good wife or huſband. Where we meet one perſon with all theſe accompliſhments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithſtanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the ſhowy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than conſult our proper intereſts; and, as I have elſewhere obſerved, it is one of the moſt unaccountable paſſions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear eaſy and happy to others, than really to make ourſelves ſo. Of all diſparities, that in humour makes the moſt unhappy marriages, yet ſcarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this reſpect unequally yoked, and uneaſy for life, with a perſon of a particular character, might have been pleaſed and happy with a perſon of a contrary one, notwithſtanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquiſitive and diſcerning in the faults of the perſon beloved, nor after it too dim-ſighted and ſuperficial. However perfect and accompliſhed the perſon appears to you at a diſtance, you will find many blemiſhes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never diſcovered, or perhaps ſuſpected. Here therefore diſcretion and good-nature are to ſhew their ſtrength; the firſt will hinder your thoughts from

from dwelling on what is diſagreeable, the other will raiſe in you all the tenderneſs of compaſſion and humanity, and by degrees ſoften thoſe very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the ſcene of our happineſs and miſeries. A marriage of love is pleaſant; a marriage of intereſt eaſy; and a marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleaſures of friendſhip, all the enjoyments of ſenſe and reaſon, and indeed, all the ſweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which paſſes on this ſtate of life. It is, indeed, only happy in thoſe who can look down with ſcorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a conſtant uniform courſe of virtue.

N° 262 Monday, December 31.

Nulla venenato littera miſta joco eſt.
OVID. Triſt. l. 2. v. 566.

Satirical reflections I avoid.

I THINK myſelf highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a paper which viſits them every morning, and has in it none of thoſe ſeaſonings that recommend ſo many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one ſide, my paper has not in it a ſingle word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a ſtroke of party; ſo on the other, there are no faſhionable touches of infidelity, no obſcene ideas, no ſatires upon prieſthood, marriage, and the like popular topics of ridicule; no private ſcandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamation of particular perſons, families, or ſocieties.

There is not one of theſe above-mentioned ſubjects that would not ſell a very indifferent paper, could I think of gratifying the public by ſuch mean and baſe methods. But notwithſtanding I have rejected every thing that ſavours of party, every thing that is looſe and immoral, and every thing that might create uneaſineſs in the minds of particular perſons, I find that the demand for my papers has increaſed every month ſince their firſt appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect ſo much honour upon myſelf, as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to diſcourſes of virtue and morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke looſe from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion, I did not queſtion but I ſhould be treated as an odd kind of fellow, that had a mind to appear ſingular in my way of writing: but the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not ſo corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if thoſe men of parts who have been employed

ployed in vitiating the age had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they needed not have ſacrificed their good ſenſe and virtue to their fame and reputation. No man is ſo ſunk in vice and ignorance, but there are ſtill ſome hidden ſeeds of goodneſs and knowledge in him; which give him a reliſh of ſuch reflections and ſpeculations as have an aptneſs to improve the mind, and make the heart better.

I have ſhewn in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all ſuch thoughts as are looſe, obſcene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would ſtill think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after ſuch a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private perſons. For this reaſon when I draw any faulty character, I conſider all thoſe perſons to whom the malice of the world may poſſibly apply it, and take care to daſh it with ſuch particular circumſtances as may prevent all ſuch ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent perſons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every ſyllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any reſemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man ſets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be expoſed to the mirth and deriſion of the public, and ſhould therefore ſcorn to divert my reader at the expence of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular perſon's reputation, ſo I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to thoſe who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myſelf merry even with a piece of paſte-board that is inveſted with a public character; for which reaſon I have never glanced upon the late deſigned proceſſion of his holineſs and his attendants, notwithſtanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous Speculations. Among thoſe advantages, which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the leaſt, that it draws mens minds off from the bitterneſs of party, and furniſhes them with ſubjects of diſcourſe that may be treated without warmth or paſſion. This is ſaid to have been the firſt deſign of thoſe gentlemen who ſet on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greateſt geniuſes of that age to the diſquiſitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the ſame parts and application, might have ſet their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions, were thrown out to thoſe buſy ſpirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ſhip ſail on without diſturbance, while he diverts himſelf with thoſe innocent amuſements.

I have been ſo very ſcrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation that I have forborne mentioning even ſuch authors as I could not name with honour. This I muſt confeſs to have been a piece of very great ſelf-

denial:

denial: for as the public reliſhes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, ſo there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater eaſe. One might raiſe laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a perſon who has publiſhed but a very few volumes. For which reaſon I am aſtoniſhed, that thoſe who have appeared againſt this paper have made ſo very little of it. The criticiſms which I have hitherto publiſhed, have been made with an intention rather to diſcover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publiſh any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while I ſhould take it for a very great favour from ſome of my underhand detractors, if they would break all meaſures with me ſo far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: nor ſhall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticiſe the author, ſo long as I keep clear of the perſon.

In the mean while, until I am provoked to ſuch hoſtilities, I ſhall from time to time endeavour to do juſtice to thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out ſuch beauties in their works as may have eſcaped the obſervation of others.

As the firſt place among our *Engliſh* Poets is due to *Milton*; and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I ſhall enter into a regular criticiſm upon his *Paradiſe Loſt*, which I ſhall publiſh every *Saturday*

turday until I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I ſhall not however preſume to impoſe upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticiſm is of a very large extent, and every particular maſter in this art has his favourite paſſages in an author, which do not equally ſtrike the beſt judges. It will be ſufficient for me if I diſcover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to, and I ſhould be very glad to ſee any of our eminent writers publiſh their diſcoveries on the ſame ſubject. In ſhort, I would always be underſtood to write my papers of criticiſm in the ſpirit which *Horace* has expreſſed in thoſe two famous lines;

——*Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.
Ep. 6. l. 1. v. ult.

'If you have made any better remarks of 'your own, communicate them with candor; 'if not, make uſe of theſe I preſent you with.'

C

Tueſday,

N° 263 Tueſday, January 1, 1712.

Gratulor quòd eum quem neceſſe erat diligere, qualiſcunque eſſet, talem habemus ut libenter quoque diligamus.

TREBONIUS apud TULL.

I rejoice, that the perſon, whom it was my duty to love, good or bad, is ſuch an one, that I can love him with a willing mind.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the happy father of a very towardly 'ſon, in whom I do not only ſee my life, 'but alſo my manner of life, renewed. It 'would be extremely beneficial to ſociety, if 'you would frequently reſume ſubjects which 'ſerve to bind theſe ſort of relations faſter, and 'endear the ties of blood with thoſe of good-'will, protection, obſervance, indulgence and 'veneration. I would, methinks, have this done 'after an uncommon method, and do not think 'any one, who is not capable of writing a good 'play, fit to undertake a work wherein there 'will neceſſarily occur ſo many ſecret inſtincts, 'and biaſes of human nature which would paſs 'unobſerved by common eyes. I thank heaven 'I have no outrageous offence againſt my own 'excellent parents to anſwer for; but when I 'am now and then alone, and look back upon 'my paſt life, from my earlieſt infancy to this

'time,

'time, there are many faults which I committed 'that did not appear to me, even until I myſelf 'became a father. I had not until then a notion 'of the yearnings of heart, which a man has 'when he ſees his child do a laudable thing, 'or the ſudden damp which ſeizes him when 'he fears he will act ſomething unworthy. It is 'not to be imagined, what a remorſe touched 'me for a long train of childiſh negligences of 'my mother, when I ſaw my wife the other day 'look out of the window, and turn as pale as 'aſhes, upon ſeeing my younger boy ſliding 'upon the ice. Theſe ſlight intimations will 'give you to underſtand, that there are num-'berleſs little crimes which children take no 'notice of while they are doing, which, upon 'reflexion, when they ſhall themſelves become 'fathers, they will look upon with the utmoſt 'ſorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, 'before thoſe whom they offended were to be 'no more ſeen. How many thouſand things 'do I remember, which would have highly 'pleaſed my father, and I omitted for no other 'reaſon, but that I thought what he propoſed 'the effect of humour and old age, which I 'am now convinced had reaſon and good ſenſe 'in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, 'and make his heart glad with an account of 'a matter which was of no conſequence, but 'that I told it, and acted in it. The good man 'and woman are long ſince in their graves, who 'uſed to ſit and plot the welfare of us their 'children, while, perhaps, we were ſometimes

'laughing

'laughing at the old folks at another end of 'the houſe. The truth of it is, were we merely 'to follow nature in theſe great duties of life, 'though we have a ſtrong inſtinct towards the 'performing of them, we ſhould be on both 'ſides very deficient. Age is ſo unwelcome to 'the generality of mankind, and growth towards 'manhood ſo deſirable to all, that reſignation 'to decay is too difficult a taſk in the father; 'and deference, amidſt the impulſe of gay de-'ſires, appears unreaſonable to the ſon. There 'are ſo few who can grow old with a good 'grace, and yet fewer who can come ſlow 'enough into the world, that a father, were 'he to be actuated by his deſires, and a ſon, 'were he to conſult himſelf only, could neither 'of them behave himſelf as he ought to the 'other. But when reaſon interpoſes againſt in-'ſtinct, where it would carry either out of the 'intereſts of the other, there ariſes that happieſt 'intercourſe of good offices between thoſe deareſt 'relations of human life. The father, accord-'ing to the opportunities which are offered to 'him, is throwing down bleſſings on the ſon, 'and the ſon endeavouring to appear the worthy 'offspring of ſuch a father. It is after this 'manner that *Camillus* and his firſt-born dwell 'together. *Camillus* enjoys a pleaſing and in-'dolent old age, in which paſſion is ſubdued, 'and reaſon exalted. He waits the day of his 'diſſolution with a reſignation mixed with de-'light, and the ſon fears the acceſſion of his 'father's fortune with diffidence, leſt he ſhould

'not

'not enjoy or become it as well as his prede-
'ceſſor. Add to this, that the father knows
'he leaves a friend to the children of his friends,
'an eaſy landlord to his tenants, and an agree-
'able companion to his acquaintance. He be-
'lieves his ſon's behaviour will make him fre-
'quently remembered, but never wanted. This
'commerce is ſo well cemented, that without
'the pomp of ſaying, "Son, be a friend to
"ſuch a one when I am gone;" *Camillus*
'knows, being in his favour, is direction enough
'to the grateful youth who is to ſucceed him,
'without the admonition of his mentioning it.
'Theſe gentlemen are honoured in all their
'neighbourhood, and the ſame effect which the
'court has on the manners of a kingdom, their
'characters have on all who live within the in-
'fluence of them.

'My ſon and I are not of fortune to com-
'municate our good actions or intentions to ſo
'many as theſe gentlemen do; but I will be
'bold to ſay, my ſon has, by the applauſe and
'approbation which his behaviour towards me
has gained him, occaſioned that many an old
'man, beſides myſelf, has rejoiced. Other mens
'children follow the example of mine, and I
'have the inexpreſſible happineſs of overhearing
'our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their
'children, and ſay, with a voice of joy, there
'they go.

'You cannot, Mr. SPECTATOR, paſs your time
'better than in inſinuating the delights which
'theſe relations well regarded beſtow upon each
'other.

'other. Ordinary paſſages are no longer ſuch, 'but mutual love gives an importance to the 'moſt indifferent things, and a merit to actions 'the moſt inſignificant. When we look round 'the world, and obſerve the many miſunder-'ſtandings which are created by the malice and 'inſinuation of the meaneſt ſervants between 'people thus related, how neceſſary will it ap-'pear that it were inculcated that men would 'be upon their guard to ſupport a conſtancy 'of affection, and that grounded upon the 'principles of reaſon, not the impulſes of in-'ſtinct?

'It is from the common prejudices which men 'receive from their parents, that hatreds are 'kept alive from one generation to another; 'and when men act by inſtinct, hatreds will 'deſcend when good offices are forgotten. For 'the degeneracy of human life is ſuch, that our 'anger is more eaſily transferred to our children 'than our love. Love always gives ſomething 'to the object it delights in, and anger ſpoils 'the perſon againſt whom it is moved of ſome-'thing laudable in him: from this degeneracy 'therefore, and a ſort of ſelf-love, we are more 'prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, 'than to follow them in their friendſhips.

'One would think there ſhould need no more 'to make men keep up this ſort of relation with 'the utmoſt ſanctity, than to examine their own 'hearts. If every father remembered his own 'thoughts and inclinations when he was a ſon, 'and every ſon remembered what he expected

'from his father, when he himſelf was in a 'ſtate of dependence, this one reflection would 'preſerve men from being diſſolute or rigid in 'theſe ſeveral capacities. The power and ſub-'jection between them, when broken, make 'them more emphatically tyrants and rebels 'againſt each other, with greater cruelty of 'heart, than the diſruption of ſtates and em-'pires can poſſibly produce. I ſhall end this 'application to you with two letters which 'paſſed between a mother and ſon very lately, 'and are as follows.

'Dear FRANK,

'IF the pleaſures, which I have the grief to 'hear you purſue in town, do not take up all 'your time, do not deny your mother ſo much 'of it, as to read ſeriouſly this letter. You 'ſaid before Mr. *Letacre*, that an old woman 'might live very well in the country upon half 'my jointure, and that your father was a fond 'fool to give me a rent-charge of eight hundred 'a year to the prejudice of his ſon. What '*Letacre* ſaid to you upon that occaſion, you 'ought to have borne with more decency, as 'he was your father's well-beloved ſervant, than 'to have called him country-put. In the firſt 'place, *Frank*, I muſt tell you, I will have my 'rent duly paid, for I will make up to your 'ſiſters for the partiality I was guilty of, in 'making your father do ſo much as he has 'done for you. I may, it ſeems, live upon half 'my jointure! I lived upon much leſs, *Frank*,

'when

'when I carried you from place to place in theſe 'arms, and could neither eat, dreſs, or mind 'any thing for feeding and tending you a weakly 'child, and ſhedding tears when the convulſions 'you were then troubled with returned upon 'you. By my care you out-grew them, to throw 'away the vigour of your youth in the arms of 'harlots, and deny your mother what is not 'yours to detain. Both your ſiſters are crying 'to ſee the paſſion which I ſmother; but if you 'pleaſe to go on thus like a gentleman of the 'town, and forget all regards to yourſelf and 'family, I ſhall immediately enter upon your 'eſtate for the arrear due to me, and without 'one tear more condemn you for forgetting the 'fondneſs of your mother, as much as you have 'the example of your father. O *Frank*, do I 'live to omit writing myſelf,

'Your affectionate mother,

'A. T?'

'MADAM,

'I Will come down to-morrow and pay the 'money on my knees. Pray write ſo no 'more. I will take care you never ſhall, for 'I will be for ever hereafter,

'Your moſt dutiful ſon,

'F. T.

'I will bring down new heads for my ſiſters. 'Pray let all be forgotten.' T

N° 264 Wedneſday, January 2.

— Secretum iter, & fallentis ſemita vitæ.
HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 103.

— Cloſe retirement, and a life by ſtealth.
CREECH.

IT has been from age to age an affectation to love the pleaſure of ſolitude, amongſt thoſe who cannot poſſibly be ſuppoſed qualified for paſſing life in that manner. This people have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that ſubject, for which we are beholden to excellent perſons who delighted in being retired and abſtracted from the pleaſures that enchant the generality of the world. This way of life is recommended indeed with great beauty, and in ſuch a manner as diſpoſes the reader for the time to a pleaſing forgetfulneſs, or negligence of the particular hurry of life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that ſtate which he is charmed with in deſcription. But when we conſider the world itſelf, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philoſophic ſolitude, we ſhall be apt to change a regard to that ſort of ſolitude, for being a little ſingular in enjoying time after the way a man himſelf likes beſt in the world, without going ſo far as wholly to withdraw

withdraw from it. I have often obſerved, there is not a man breathing who does not differ from all other men, as much in the ſentiments of his mind, as the features of his face. The felicity is, when any one is ſo happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavours to exert himſelf according as that prompts him. Inſtead of this, which is an innocent method of enjoying a man's ſelf, and turning out of the general tracks wherein you have crowds of rivals, there are thoſe who purſue their own way out of a ſourneſs and ſpirit of contradiction: theſe men do every thing which they are able to ſupport, as if guilt and impunity could not go together. They chooſe a thing only becauſe another diſlikes it; and affect forſooth an inviolable conſtancy in matters of no manner of moment. Thus ſometimes an old fellow ſhall wear this or that ſort of cut in his cloaths with great integrity, while all the reſt of the world are degenerated into buttons, pockets, and loops unknown to their anceſtors. As inſignificant as even this is, if it were ſearched to the bottom, you perhaps would find it not ſincere, but that he is in the faſhion in his heart, and holds out from mere obſtinacy. But I am running from my intended purpoſe, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of paſſing away life, and is a contradiction to no man, but a reſolution to contract none of the exorbitant deſires by which others are enſlaved. The beſt way of ſeparating a man's ſelf from the world, is to give up the deſire of being known to it.

After a man has preſerved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time ſpent his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a ſlave. If they who affect ſhow and pomp knew how many of their ſpectators derided their trivial taſte, they would be very much leſs elated, and have an inclination to examine the merit of all they have to do with: they would ſoon find out that there are many who make a figure below what their fortune or merit entitles them to, out of mere choice, and an elegant deſire of eaſe and diſincumbrance. It would look like romance to tell you in this age of an old man who is contented to paſs for an humouriſt, and one who does not underſtand the figure he ought to make in the world, while he lives in a lodging of ten ſhillings a week with only one ſervant: while he dreſſes himſelf according to the ſeaſon in cloth or in ſtuff, and has no one neceſſary attention to any thing but the bell which calls to prayers twice a day. I ſay it would look like a fable to report that this gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great fortune, by ſecret methods, to other men. If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and of profeſſors of ſervice to him, he has every day he lives the conſcience that the widow, the fatherleſs, the mourner, and the ſtranger bleſs his unſeen hand in their prayers. This humouriſt gives up all the compliments which people of his own condition could make to him, for the pleaſures of helping the afflicted, ſupplying the needy, and befriending the neglected.

lected. This humouriſt keeps to himſelf much more than he wants, and gives a vaſt refuſe of his ſuperfluities to purchaſe heaven, and by freeing others from the temptations of worldly want, to carry a retinue with him thither.

Of all men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable character, I am the moſt enamoured of *Irus*, whoſe condition will not admit of ſuch largeſſes, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. *Irus*, though he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the world, in his real character, ſince five and twenty, at which age he ran out a ſmall patrimony, and ſpent ſome time after with rakes who had lived upon him: a courſe of ten years time, paſſed in all the little alleys, by-paths, and ſometimes open taverns and ſtreets of this town, gave *Irus* a perfect ſkill in judging of the inclinations of mankind, and acting accordingly. He ſeriouſly conſidered he was poor, and the general horror which moſt men have of all who are in that condition. *Irus* judged very rightly, that while he could keep his poverty a ſecret, he ſhould not feel the weight of it; he improved this thought into an affectation of cloſeneſs and covetouſneſs. Upon this one principle he reſolved to govern his future life; and in the thirty-ſixth year of his age he repaired to *Long-lane*, and looked upon ſeveral dreſſes which hung there deſerted by their firſt maſters, and expoſed to the purchaſe of the beſt bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay ſhabbineſs of clothes fit for a much younger man, to warm ones that

would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equipped from head to foot, with a little oaken cane in the form of a ſubſtantial man that did not mind his dreſs, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty pounds in ready money; and in this habit, with this fortune, he took his preſent lodging in Saint *John's Street*, at the manſion-houſe of a tailor's widow, who waſhes and can clear-ſtarch his bands. From that time to this, he has kept the main ſtock, without alteration under or over to the value of five pounds. He left off all his old acquaintance to a man, and all his arts of life, except the play of backgammon, upon which he has more than bore his charges. *Irus* has, ever ſince he came into this neighbourhood, given all the intimations, he ſkilfully could, of being a cloſe hunks worth money: no body comes to viſit him, he receives no letters, and tells his money morning and evening. He has, from the public papers, a knowledge of what generally paſſes, ſhuns all diſcourſes of money, but ſhrugs his ſhoulders when you talk of ſecurities; he denies his being rich with the air, which all do who are vain of being ſo: he is the oracle of a neighbouring juſtice of peace, who meets him at the coffee-houſe; the hopes that what he has muſt come to ſomebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect wherever he is known, that he every day has three or four invitations to dine at different places, which he generally takes care to chooſe in ſuch a manner, as not to ſeem inclined to the richer man. All

the

the young men reſpect him, and ſay he is juſt the ſame man he was when they were boys. He uſes no artifice in the world, but makes uſe of men's deſigns upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain peeviſhneſs, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could poſſibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His mien, his dreſs, his carriage, and his language are ſuch, that you would be at a loſs to gueſs whether in the active part of his life he had been a ſenſible citizen, or ſcholar that knew the world. Theſe are the great circumſtances in the life of *Irus*, and thus does he paſs away his days a ſtranger to mankind; and at his death, the worſt that will be ſaid of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an inclination to print the following letters; for that I have heard the author of them has ſomewhere or other ſeen me, and by an excellent faculty in mimicry my correſpondents tell me he can aſſume my air, and give my taciturnity a flyneſs which diverts more than any thing I could ſay if I were preſent. Thus I am glad my ſilence is atoned for to the good company in town. He has carried his ſkill in imitation ſo far, as to have forged a letter from my friend Sir ROGER in ſuch a manner, that any one but I who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

' Mr.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING obſerved in *Lilly*'s Grammar 'how ſweetly *Bacchus* and *Apollo* run in a 'verſe: I have, to preſerve the amity between 'them, called in *Bacchus* to the aid of my pro-'feſſion of the theatre. So that while ſome 'people of quality are beſpeaking plays of me to 'be acted upon ſuch a day, and others, hogſheads 'for their houſes againſt ſuch a time; I am 'wholly employed in the agreeable ſervice of 'wit and wine; Sir, I have ſent you Sir *Roger 'de Coverley*'s letter to me, which pray comply 'with in favour of the Bumper Tavern. Be 'kind, for you know a player's utmoſt pride is 'the approbation of the SPECTATOR.

'I am your admirer, though unknown,

'RICHARD ESTCOURT.'

'To Mr. ESTCOURT at his houſe in *Covent-Garden*.

'*Coverley, December* the 18th, 1711.

'Old comical Ones,

'THE hogſheads of neat port came ſafe, 'and have gotten thee good reputation in 'theſe parts; and I am glad to hear, that a fel-'low who has been laying out his money ever 'ſince he was born, for the mere pleaſure of 'wine, has bethought himſelf of joining profit 'and pleaſure together. Our ſexton (poor man) 'having received ſtrength from thy wine ſince

'his

'his fit of the gout, is hugely taken with it: 'he ſays it is given by nature for the uſe of 'families, that no ſteward's table can be with-'out it, that it ſtrengthens digeſtion, excludes 'ſurfeits, fevers and phyſic; which green wines 'of any kind cannot do. Pray get a pure ſnug 'room, and I hope next term to help fill your 'Bumper with our people of the club; but 'you muſt have no bells ſtirring when the 'SPECTATOR comes; I forbore ringing to 'dinner while he was down with me in the 'country. Thank you for the little hams 'and *Portugal* onions; pray keep ſome always 'by you. You know my ſupper is only good '*Cheſhire* cheeſe, beſt muſtard, a golden pippin, 'attended with a pipe of *John Sly*'s beſt. Sir '*Harry* has ſtolen all your ſongs, and tells the 'ſtory of the 5th of *November* to perfection.

'Yours, to ſerve you,

'ROGER DE COVERLEY.

'We have loſt old *John* ſince you were here.'

T

Thurſday,

N° 265 Thurſday, January 3.

Dixerit è multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? & rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?

OVID. de Art. Am. lib. 3. v. 7.

But ſome exclaim; what frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increaſe the craft of woman-kind;
Teach 'em new wiles and arts? As well you may
Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey.

CONGREVE.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be ζῶον φιλοκόσμον, 'an animal that delights in finery.' I have already treated of the ſex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular obſerved, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head, which we generally call the outſide.

This obſervation is ſo very notorious, that when in ordinary diſcourſe we ſay a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we expreſs ourſelves metaphorically, and ſpeak in relation to his underſtanding; whereas when we ſay of a woman, ſhe has a fine, a long, or a good head, we ſpeak only in relation to her commode.

It is obſerved among birds, that nature has laviſhed all her ornaments upon the male, who very

very often appears in a moſt beautiful head-dreſs: whether it be a creſt, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greateſt abundance upon the female part of our ſpecies, ſo they are very aſſiduous in beſtowing upon themſelves the fineſt garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not diſplay half the colours that appear in the garments of a *Britiſh* lady, when ſhe is dreſſed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for ſome time in a kind of moulting ſeaſon, with regard to that part of their dreſs, having caſt great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambrick, and in ſome meaſure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be ſubſtituted in the place of thoſe antiquated commodes. But our female projectors were all the laſt ſummer ſo taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing elſe; but having at length ſufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, 'that if 'you light your fire at both ends, the middle 'will ſhift for itſelf.'

I am engaged in this Speculation by a ſight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was

was ſtanding in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluſter of women ſitting together in the prettieſt coloured hoods that I ever ſaw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleaſure upon this little party-coloured aſſembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at firſt whether it might not be an embaſſy of *Indian* queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and ſaw ſo much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be *Engliſh*. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from obſerving any farther the colour of their hoods, though I could eaſily perceive by that unſpeakable ſatisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on thoſe pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this faſhion ſpreads daily, inſomuch that the Whig and Tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to ſhew their principles in their head-dreſs. Nay, if I may believe my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance, who intends to appear very ſuddenly in a rainbow hood, like the *Iris* in *Dryden*'s *Virgil*, not queſtioning but that among ſuch variety of colours ſhe ſhall have a charm for every heart.

My

My friend WILL, who very much values himſelf upon his great inſight into gallantry, tells me, that he can already gueſs at the humour a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of *Morocco* know the diſpoſition of their preſent emperor by the colour of the dreſs which he puts on. When *Meleſinda* wraps her head in flame-colour, her heart is ſet upon execution: when ſhe covers it with purple, I would not, ſays he, adviſe her lover to approach her: but if ſhe appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with ſafety.

WILL informs me likewiſe, that theſe hoods may be uſed as ſignals. Why elſe, ſays he, does *Cornelia* always put on a black hood when her huſband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend HONEYCOMB's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diverſity of colours in the hoods to the diverſity of complexion in the faces of my pretty country-women. *Ovid* in his Art of Love has given ſome precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from thoſe which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red ſtriped ſilk to the pale complexion, white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend WILL, who pretends to be a greater maſter in this art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the paleſt features look the moſt agreeable in white ſarſenet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepeſt ſcarlet, and that the darkeſt complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In ſhort, he is for loſing the colour of the

the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the ſun. This, ſays he, your *Ovid* himſelf has hinted, where he treats of theſe matters, when he tells us that the blue water nymphs are dreſſed in ſky-coloured garments; and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the light of the riſing ſun, is robed in ſaffron.

Whether theſe his obſervations are juſtly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have ſtood together behind the ladies, praiſe or diſpraiſe the complexion of a face which he never ſaw, from obſerving the colour of her hood, and has been very ſeldom out in theſe his gueſſes.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair ſex, I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the *Britiſh* ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good ſenſe, as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as induſtrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies: in the mean while I ſhall recommend to their moſt ſerious conſideration the ſaying of an old *Greek* poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ' ὐ χρυσία. C

Friday,

N° 266 Friday, January 4.

Id verò eſt, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperiſſe, quomodo adoleſcentulus
Meretricum ingenia & mores poſſit noſcere:
Maturè ut cùm cognôrit perpetuò oderit.

TER. Eun. Act 5. Sc. 4.

I look upon it as my maſter-piece, that I have found out how a young fellow may know the diſpoſition and behaviour of harlots, and by early knowing come to deteſt them.

NO vice or wickedneſs which people fall into from indulgence to deſires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the compaſſion of the virtuous part of the world; which indeed often makes me a little apt to ſuſpect the ſincerity of their virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other people's perſonal ſins. The unlawful commerce of the ſexes is of all other the hardeſt to avoid; and yet there is no one which you ſhall hear the rigider part of womankind ſpeak of with ſo little mercy. It is very certain that a modeſt woman cannot abhor the breach of chaſtity too much; but pray let her hate it for herſelf, and only pity it in others. WILL HONEYCOMB calls theſe over-offended ladies, the outrageouſly virtuous.

I do not deſign to fall upon failures in general, with relation to the gift of chaſtity, but at preſent only enter upon that large field, and begin with the conſideration of poor and public whores. The other evening paſſing along near *Covent-Garden*, I was jogged on the elbow as I turned into the Piazza, on the right hand coming out of *James Street*, by a young ſlim girl of about ſeventeen, who with a pert air aſked me if I was for a pint of wine. I do not know but I ſhould have indulged my curioſity in having ſome chat with her, but that I am informed the man of the *Bumper* knows me; and it would have made a ſtory for him not very agreeable to ſome part of my writings, though I have in others ſo frequently ſaid that I am wholly unconcerned in any ſcene I am in, but merely as a ſpectator. This impediment being in my way, we ſtood under one of the arches by twilight; and there I could obſerve as exact features as I had ever ſeen, the moſt agreeable ſhape, the fineſt neck and boſom, in a word, the whole perſon of a woman exquiſitely beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced wantonneſs in her look and air; but I ſaw it checked with hunger and cold: her eyes were wan and eager, her dreſs thin and tawdry, her mien genteel and childiſh. This ſtrange figure gave me much anguiſh of heart, and to avoid being ſeen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a crown. The poor thing ſighed, courtſied, and with a bleſſing, expreſſed with the utmoſt vehemence, turned from me. This creature is what they call

call 'newly come upon the town,' but who, I ſuppoſe, falling into cruel hands, was left in the firſt month from her diſhonour, and expoſed to paſs through the hands and diſcipline of one of thoſe hags of hell whom we call bawds. But leſt I ſhould grow too ſuddenly grave on this ſubject, and be myſelf outrageouſly good, I ſhall turn to a ſcene in one of *Fletcher*'s plays, where this character is drawn, and the œconomy of whoredom moſt admirably deſcribed. The paſſage I would point to is in the third ſcene of the ſecond act of the *Humorous Lieutenant*. *Leucippe*, who is agent for the king's luſt, and bawds at the ſame time for the whole court, is very pleaſantly introduced, reading her minutes as a perſon of buſineſs, with two maids, her under-ſecretaries, taking inſtructions at a table before her. Her women, both thoſe under her preſent tutelage, and thoſe which ſhe is laying wait for, are alphabetically ſet down in her book; and ſhe is looking over the letter *C*, in a muttering voice, as if between ſoliloquy and ſpeaking out, ſhe ſays,

'Her maidenhead will yield me; let me ſee now;
'She is not fifteen they ſay: for her complexion—
'*Cloe*, *Cloe*, *Cloe*, here I have her,
'*Cloe*, the daughter of a country gentleman;
'Her age upon fifteen. Now her complexion.
'A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,
'The body neatly built; ſhe ſtrikes a lute well,
'Sings moſt enticingly: theſe helps conſider'd,
'Her maidenhead will amount to ſome three hundred,
'Or three hundred and fifty crowns, 'twill bear it
'handſomely.

'Her father's poor, ſome little ſhare deducted,
'To buy him a hunting nag' ———

Theſe creatures are very well inſtructed in the circumſtances and manners of all who are any way related to the fair one whom they have a deſign upon. As *Cloe* is to be purchaſed with three hundred and fifty crowns, and the father taken off with a pad; the merchant's wife next to her, who abounds in plenty, is not to have downright money, but the mercenary part of her mind is engaged with a preſent of plate and a little ambition. She is made to underſtand that it is a man of quality who dies for her. The examination of a young girl for buſineſs, and the crying down her value for being a ſlight thing, together with every other circumſtance in the ſcene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true ſpirit of comedy; though it were to be wiſhed the author had added a circumſtance which ſhould make *Leucippe*'s baſeneſs more odious.

It muſt not be thought a digreſſion from my intended Speculation, to talk of bawds in a diſcourſe upon wenches; for a woman of the town is not thoroughly and properly ſuch, without having gone through the education of one of theſe houſes. But the compaſſionate caſe of very many is, that they are taken into ſuch hands without any the leaſt ſuſpicion, previous temptation, or admonition to what place they are going. The laſt week I went to an inn in the city to inquire for ſome proviſions which

which were ſent by a waggon out of the country; and as I waited in one of the boxes until the chamberlain had looked over his parcel, I heard an old and a young voice repeating the queſtions and reſponſes of the church catechiſm. I thought it no breach of good-manners to peep at a crevice, and look in at people ſo well employed; but who ſhould I ſee there but the moſt artful procureſs in the town, examining a moſt beautiful country-girl, who had come up in the ſame waggon with my things, 'Whether 'ſhe was well educated, could forbear playing 'the wanton with ſervants and idle fellows, of 'which this town,' ſays ſhe, 'is too full:' at the ſame time, 'Whether ſhe knew enough of 'breeding, as that if a 'ſquire or gentleman, 'or one that was her betters, ſhould give her a 'civil ſalute, ſhe ſhould courteſy and be humble 'nevertheleſs.' Her innocent forſooth's, yes's and't pleaſe you's, and ſhe would do her endeavour, moved the good old lady to take her out of the hands of a country bumkin her brother, and hire her for her own maid. I ſtaid until I ſaw them all marched out to take coach; the brother loaded with a great cheeſe, he prevailed upon her to take for her civilities to his ſiſter. This poor creature's fate is not far off that of her's whom I ſpoke of above, and it is not to be doubted, but after ſhe has been long enough a prey to luſt ſhe will be delivered over to famine. The ironical commendation of the induſtry and charity of theſe antiquated ladies, theſe directors of ſin, after they can no longer commit it,

makes up the beauty of the inimitable dedication to the *Plain-Dealer*, and is a maſter-piece of raillery on this vice. But to underſtand all the purlues of this game the better, and to illuſtrate this ſubject in future diſcourſes, I muſt venture myſelf, with my friend WILL, into the haunts of beauty and gallantry; from pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy, to diſtreſſed indigent wickedneſs expelled the harbours of the brothel. T

N° 267 Saturday, January 5.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii.
PROPERT. El. 34. l. 2. v. 65.

Give place, ye *Roman*, and ye *Grecian* wits.

THERE is nothing in nature ſo irkſome as general diſcourſes, eſpecially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reaſon I ſhall wave the diſcuſſion of that point which was ſtarted ſome years ſince, whether *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* may be called an heroic poem? Thoſe who will not give it that title, may call it, if they pleaſe, a divine poem. It will be ſufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the higheſt kind of poetry; and as for thoſe who alledge it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they ſhould ſay *Adam* is not *Æneas*, nor *Eve Helen*.

I ſhall

I ſhall therefore examine it by the rules of Epic poetry, and ſee whether it falls ſhort of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the beauties which are eſſential to that kind of writing. The firſt thing to be conſidered in an Epic poem, is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or leſs ſo. This action ſhould have three qualifications in it. Firſt, it ſhould be but one action. Secondly, it ſhould be an entire action; and, thirdly, it ſhould be a great action. To conſider the action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradiſe Loſt*, in theſe three ſeveral lights. *Homer* to preſerve the unity of his action haſtens into the midſt of things, as *Horace* has obſerved: had he gone up to *Leda*'s egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of *Helen*, or the inveſting of *Troy*, it is manifeſt that the ſtory of the poem would have been a ſeries of ſeveral actions. He therefore opens his poem with the diſcord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the ſeveral ſucceeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had paſſed before that fatal diſſention. After the ſame manner, *Æneas* makes his firſt appearance in the *Tyrrhene* ſeas, and within ſight of *Italy*, becauſe the action propoſed to be celebrated was that of his ſettling himſelf in *Latium*. But becauſe it was neceſſary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, *Virgil* makes his hero relate it by way of epiſode in the ſecond and third books of the *Æneid*. The contents

of both which books come before thoſe of the firſt book in the thread of the ſtory, though for preſerving of this unity of action they follow them in the diſpoſition of the poem. *Milton*, in imitation of theſe two great poets, opens his *Paradiſe Loſt* with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he propoſed to celebrate; and as for thoſe great actions, which preceded, in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, which would have entirely deſtroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the ſame order they happened, he caſt them into the fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh books, by way of epiſode to this noble poem.

Ariſtotle himſelf allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boaſt of as to the unity of his fable, though at the ſame time that great critic and philoſopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the *Greek* poet, by imputing it in ſome meaſure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* alſo labours in this particular, and has epiſodes which may be looked upon as excreſcences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem, which we have now under our conſideration, hath no other epiſodes than ſuch as naturally ariſe from the ſubject, and yet is filled with ſuch a multitude of aſtoniſhing incidents, that it gives us at the ſame time a pleaſure of the greateſt variety, and of the greateſt ſimplicity; uniform in its nature, though diverſified in the execution.

I muſt

I muſt obſerve alſo, that as *Virgil*, in the poem which was deſigned to celebrate the original of the *Roman* empire, has deſcribed the birth of its great rival, the *Carthaginian* commonwealth: *Milton*, with the like art, in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of thoſe angels who are his profeſſed enemies. Beſides the many other beauties in ſuch an epiſode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity ſo much as another epiſode would have done, that had not ſo great an affinity with the principal ſubject. In ſhort, this is the ſame kind of beauty which the critics admire in the *Spaniſh Friar*, or the *Double Diſcovery*, where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The ſecond qualification required in the action of an epic poem, is, that it ſhould be an entire action: an action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as *Ariſtotle* deſcribes it, when it conſiſts of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing ſhould go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no ſingle ſtep ſhould be omitted in that juſt and regular proceſs which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its original to its conſummation. Thus we ſee the anger of *Achilles* in its birth, its continuance and effects; and *Æneas*'s ſettlement in *Italy*, carried on through all the oppoſitions in his way to it both by ſea and land. The action in *Milton* excells, I think, both the former in this particular; we ſee it contrived

contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and puniſhed by heaven. The parts of it are told in the moſt diſtinct manner, and grow out of one another in the moſt natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatneſs. The anger of *Achilles* was of ſuch conſequence, that it embroiled the kings of *Greece*, deſtroyed the heroes of *Troy*, and engaged all the gods in factions. *Æneas*'s ſettlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæſars*, and gave birth to the *Roman* empire. *Milton*'s ſubject was ſtill greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of ſingle perſons or nations, but of a whole ſpecies. The united powers of hell are joined together for the deſtruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itſelf interpoſed. The principal actors are man in his greateſt perfection, and woman in her higheſt beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Meſſiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In ſhort, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part aſſigned it in this noble poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, ſhould be great. I will not preſume to ſay, that the book of games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil*'s ſimile of the top, and many other of the ſame kind in the *Iliad*,

Iliad, as liable to any cenſure in this particular; but I think we may ſay, without derogating from thoſe wonderful performances, that there is an unqueſtionable magnificence in every part of *Paradiſe Loſt*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan ſyſtem.

But *Ariſtotle*, by the greatneſs of the action, does not only mean that it ſhould be great in its nature, but alſo in its duration; or in other words, that it ſhould have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatneſs. The juſt meaſure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following ſimilitude. An animal, no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, becauſe the ſight takes it in at once, and has only a confuſed idea of the whole, and not a diſtinct idea of all its parts; if on the contrary you ſhould ſuppoſe an animal of ten thouſand furlongs in length, the eye would be ſo filled with a ſingle part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What theſe animals are to the eye, a very ſhort or a very long action would be to the memory. The firſt would be, as it were, loſt and ſwallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have ſhewn their principal art in this particular; the action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themſelves exceeding ſhort, but are ſo beautifully extended and diverſified by the invention of epiſodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable ſtory, ſufficient to employ

employ the memory without overcharging it. *Milton*'s action is enriched with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, that I have taken as much pleaſure in reading the contents of his books, as in the beſt invented ſtory I ever met with. It is poſſible, that the traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more circumſtances in them than the hiſtory of *The Fall of Man*, as it is related in ſcripture. Beſides, it was eaſier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to daſh the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few circumſtances upon which to raiſe his poem, but was alſo obliged to proceed with the greateſt caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithſtanding all the reſtraints he was under, he has filled his ſtory with ſo many ſurpriſing incidents, which bear ſo cloſe an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate reader, without giving offence to the moſt ſcrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from ſeveral hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* the ſpace of time, which is taken up by the action of each of thoſe poems; but as a great part of *Milton*'s ſtory was tranſacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the ſun and the ſphere of day, it is impoſſible to gratify the reader with ſuch a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than inſtructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circum-

circumſcribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days or hours.

This piece of criticiſm on *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* ſhall be carried on in the following *Saturday*'s papers. L

N° 268 Monday, January 7.

——————Minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum——————

HOR. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 29.

He cannot bear the raillery of the age.

CREECH.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at preſent I wholly forbear any attempt towards it: I am of opinion that I ought ſometimes to lay before the world the plain letters of my correſpondents in the artleſs dreſs in which they haſtily ſend them, that the reader may ſee I am not accuſer and judge myſelf, but that the indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed againſt the criminal.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS you are Spectator-General, I apply myſelf to you in the following caſe, *viz.* 'I do not wear a ſword, but I often divert myſelf at the theatre, where I frequently ſee a 'ſet of fellows pull plain people, by way of 'humour

'humour and frolic, by the noſe, upon frivolous 'or no occaſions. A friend of mine the other 'night applauding what a graceful exit Mr. '*Wilks* made, one of theſe noſe-wringers over-'hearing him, pinched him by the noſe. I was 'in the pit the other night, when it was very 'much crowded, a gentleman leaning upon me, 'and very heavily, I very civilly requeſted him 'to remove his hand; for which he pulled me 'by the noſe. I would not reſent it in ſo public 'a place, becauſe I was unwilling to create a 'diſturbance; but have ſince reflected upon it as 'a thing that is unmanly and diſingenuous, 'renders the noſe-puller odious, and makes the 'perſon pulled by the noſe look little and con-'temptible. This grievance I humbly requeſt 'you would endeavour to redreſs.

'I am your admirer, &c.

'JAMES EASY.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR diſcourſe of the 29th of *December* 'on love and marriage is of ſo uſeful a 'kind, that I cannot forbear adding my thoughts 'to yours on that ſubject. Methinks it is a 'misfortune, that the marriage ſtate, which in 'its own nature is adapted to give us the com-'pleteſt happineſs this life is capable of, ſhould 'be ſo uncomfortable a one to ſo many as it 'daily proves, But the miſchief generally pro-'ceeds from the unwiſe choice people make for 'themſelves, and an expectation of happineſs

'from

'from things not capable of giving it. Nothing 'but the good qualities of the perſon beloved 'can be a foundation for a love of judgment 'and diſcretion: and whoever expect happineſs 'from any thing but virtue, wiſdom, good-'humour, and a ſimilitude of manners, will 'find themſelves widely miſtaken. But how 'few are there who ſeek after theſe things, and 'do not rather make riches their chief if not 'their only aim? How rare is it for a man, 'when he engages himſelf in the thoughts of 'marriage, to place his hopes of having in ſuch 'a woman a conſtant, agreeable companion? 'one who will divide his cares and double 'his joys? who will manage that ſhare of his 'eſtate he intruſts to her conduct with prudence 'and frugality, govern his houſe with œconomy 'and diſcretion, and be an ornament to himſelf 'and family? Where ſhall we find the man 'who looks out for one who places her chief 'happineſs in the practice of virtue, and makes 'her duty her continual pleaſure? No: men 'rather ſeek for money as the complement of 'all their deſires; and regardleſs of what kind 'of wives they take, they think riches will be a 'miniſter to all kind of pleaſures, and enable 'them to keep miſtreſſes, horſes, hounds, to 'drink, feaſt, and game with their companions, 'pay their debts contracted by former extrava-'gancies, or ſome ſuch vile and unworthy end; 'and indulge themſelves in pleaſures which are 'a ſhame and ſcandal to human nature. Now as 'for the women; how few of them are there

'who

'who place the happineſs of their marriage in 'the having a wiſe and virtuous friend? one 'who will be faithful and juſt to all, and con- 'ſtant and loving to them? who with care and 'diligence will look after and improve the eſtate, 'and without grudging allow whatever is prudent 'and convenient? rather, how few are there 'who do not place their happineſs in out-ſhining 'others in pomp and ſhow? and that do not 'think within themſelves, when they have mar- 'ried ſuch a rich perſon, that none of their 'acquaintance ſhall appear ſo fine in their equi- 'page, ſo adorned in their perſons, or ſo mag- 'nificent in their furniture as themſelves? Thus 'their heads are filled with vain ideas; and I 'heartily wiſh I could ſay that equipage and 'ſhow were not the chief good of ſo many 'women as I fear it is.

'After this manner do both ſexes deceive 'themſelves, and bring reflections and diſgrace 'upon the moſt happy and moſt honourable ſtate 'of life; whereas if they would but correct their 'depraved taſte, moderate their ambition, and 'place their happineſs upon proper objects, we 'ſhould not find felicity in the marriage ſtate 'ſuch a wonder in the world as it now is.

'Sir, if you think theſe thoughts worth in- 'ſerting among your own, be pleaſed to give 'them a better dreſs, and let them paſs abroad; 'and you will oblige

'Your admirer,

'A B.'

'Mr.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS I was this day walking in the ſtreet, 'there happened to paſs by on the other 'ſide of the way a beauty, whoſe charms were ſo 'attracting that it drew my eyes wholly on that 'ſide, inſomuch that I neglected my own way, 'and chanced to run my noſe directly againſt a 'poſt; which the lady no ſooner perceived, but 'fell out into a fit of laughter, though at the 'ſame time ſhe was ſenſible that herſelf was the 'cauſe of my misfortune, which in my opinion 'was the greater aggravation of her crime. I 'being buſy wiping off the blood which trickled 'down my face, had not time to acquaint her 'with her barbarity, as alſo with my reſolution, '*viz.* never to look out of my way for one of 'her ſex more: therefore, that your humble 'ſervant may be revenged, he deſires you to in-'ſert this in one of your next papers, which he 'hopes will be a warning to all the reſt of the 'women-gazers, as well as to poor

'ANTHONY GAPE.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Deſire to know in your next, if the merry 'game of *the Parſon has loſt his Cloke*, is not 'mightily in vogue amongſt the fine ladies this '*Chriſtmas*; becauſe I ſee they wear hoods of 'all colours, which I ſuppoſe is for that pur-'poſe; if it is, and you think it proper, I will 'carry ſome of thoſe hoods with me to our 'ladies in *Yorkſhire*; becauſe they injoined me

'to bring them ſomething from *London* that 'was very new. If you can tell any thing in 'which I can obey their commands more agree-'ably, be pleaſed to inform me, and you will 'extremely oblige

'Your humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Dec.* 29.

'SINCE you appear inclined to be a friend 'to the diſtreſſed, I beg you would aſſiſt me 'in an affair under which I have ſuffered very 'much. The reigning toaſt of this place is '*Patetia*; I have purſued her with the utmoſt 'diligence this twelve-month, and find nothing 'ſtands in my way but one who flatters her more 'than I can. Pride is her favourite paſſion; 'therefore if you would be ſo far my friend as 'to make a favourable mention of her in one of 'your papers, I believe I ſhould not fail in my 'addreſſes. The ſcholars ſtand in rows, as they 'did to be ſure in your time, at her pew-door; 'and ſhe has all the devotion paid to her by a 'crowd of youths who are unacquainted with 'the ſex, and have inexperience added to their 'paſſion: however, if it ſucceeds according to 'my vows, you will make me the happieſt 'man in the world, and the moſt obliged 'amongſt all

'Your humble ſervants.'

'Mr.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Came to my miſtreſs's toilet this morning, 'for I am admitted when her face is ſtark 'naked: ſhe frowned, and cried piſh when I 'ſaid a thing that I ſtole; and I will be judged 'by you whether it was not very pretty. Ma-'dam, ſaid I, you ſhall forbear that part of 'your dreſs; it may be well in others, but you 'cannot place a patch where it does not hide a 'beauty.' T

N° 269 Tueſday, January 8.

——— *Ævo rariſſima noſtro*
Simplicitas ——— OVID. Ars. Am. l. 1. v. 241.

And brings our old ſimplicity again. DRYDEN.

I Was this morning ſurpriſed with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a man below deſired to ſpeak with me. Upon my aſking her who it was, ſhe told me it was a very grave elderly perſon, but that ſhe did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. He told me that his maſter came to town laſt night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in *Grays-Inn* walks. As I was wondering in

myſelf what had brought Sir ROGER to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his maſter was come up to get a ſight of prince *Eugene*, and that he deſired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleaſed with the curioſity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him ſay more than once in private diſcourſe, that he looked upon prince *Eugenio*, for ſo the knight always calls him, to be a greater man than *Scanderbeg*.

I was no ſooner come into *Grays-Inn* walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himſelf with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, to make uſe of his own phraſe, and is not a little pleaſed with any one who takes notice of the ſtrength which he ſtill exerts in his morning hemms.

I was touched with a ſecret joy at the ſight of the good old man, who before he ſaw me was engaged in converſation with a beggar-man that had aſked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out ſome work; but at the ſame time ſaw him put his hand in his pocket and give him ſix-pence.

Our ſalutations were very hearty on both ſides, conſiſting of many kind ſhakes of the hand, and ſeveral affectionate looks which we caſt upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my ſervice, and that the *Sunday* before he had made a moſt incomparable ſermon out of doctor *Barrow*. I have left, ſays he, all my affairs

affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have depoſited with him thirty marks, to be diſtributed among his poor pariſhioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his hand in his fob, and preſented me in his name with a tobacco-ſtopper, telling me that *Will* had been buſy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he had made a preſent of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and ſmokes. He added, that poor *Will* was at preſent under great tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the law of him for cutting ſome hazel ſticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country ſeat, he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was ſo very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But for my own part, ſays Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an account of the diverſions which had paſſed in his houſe during the holidays; for Sir ROGER, after the laudable cuſtom of his anceſtors, always keeps open houſe at *Chriſtmas*. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this ſeaſon, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongſt his neighbours, and that in particular he had ſent a ſtring of hogs-puddings with a

pack of cards to every poor family in the pariſh. I have often thought, ſays Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Chriſtmas* ſhould fall out in the middle of winter. It is the moſt dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would ſuffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and *Chriſtmas* gambols to ſupport them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this ſeaſon, and to ſee the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my ſmall beer, and ſet it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleaſed to ſee my tenants paſs away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and ſmutting one another. Our friend *Will Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and ſhews a thouſand roguiſh tricks upon theſe occaſions.

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried ſo much goodneſs in it. He then launched out into the praiſe of the late act of parliament for ſecuring the church of *England*, and told me, with great ſatisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Diſſenter, who chanced to dine at his houſe on *Chriſtmas* day, had been obſerved to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having diſpatched all our country matters, Sir ROGER made ſeveral inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagoniſt

goniſt Sir ANDREW FREEPORT. He aſked me with a kind of a ſmile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken the advantage of his abſence, to vent among them ſome of his republican doctrines; but ſoon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary ſeriouſneſs, tell me truly, ſays he, do not you think Sir ANDREW had a hand in the pope's proceſſion?——but without giving me time to anſwer him, well, well, ſays he, I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.

The knight then aſked me, if I had ſeen prince *Eugenio*, and made me promiſe to get him a ſtand in ſome convenient place where he might have a full ſight of that extraordinary man, whoſe preſence does ſo much honour to the *Britiſh* nation. He dwelt very long on the praiſes of this great general, and I found that, ſince I was with him in the country, he had drawn many obſervations together out of his reading in *Baker*'s chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having paſſed away the greateſt part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he aſked me if I would ſmoke a pipe with him over a diſh of coffee at *Squire*'s. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-houſe, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no ſooner ſeated himſelf

at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a diſh of coffee, a wax-candle, and the ſupplement, with ſuch an air of chearfulneſs and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room, who ſeemed to take pleaſure in ſerving him, were at once employed in his ſeveral errands, inſomuch that no body elſe could come at a diſh of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniencies about him. L.

N° 270 Wedneſday, January 9.

Diſcit enim citiùs, meminitque libentiùs illud,
Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat.
HOR. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 262.

For what's derided by the cenſuring crowd,
Is thought no more than what is juſt and good.
CREECH.

I Do not know that I have been in greater delight for theſe many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the laſt time the *Scornful Lady* was acted. So great an aſſembly of ladies placed in gradual rows in all the ornaments of jewels, ſilks and colours, gave ſo lively and gay an impreſſion to the heart, that methought the ſeaſon of the year was vaniſhed; and I did not think it an ill expreſſion of a young fellow who ſtood near me, that called the boxes thoſe beds of tulips. It was a pretty variation of the

the proſpect, when any one of theſe fine ladies roſe up and did honour to herſelf and friend at a diſtance, by courteſying; and gave opportunity to that friend to ſhew her charms to the ſame advantage in returning the ſalutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful, as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way, I muſt take the liberty to obſerve that I did not ſee any one who is uſually ſo full of civilities at church, offer at any ſuch indecorum during any part of the action of the play. Such beautiful proſpects gladden our minds, and when conſidered in general, give innocent and pleaſing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty may fix his imagination to his diſquiet; but the contemplation of a whole aſſembly together, is a defence againſt the encroachment of deſire: at leaſt to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abſtracted from the conſideration of its being the object of deſire; at power, only as it ſits upon another, without any hopes of partaking any ſhare of it; at wiſdom and capacity, without any pretenſions to rival or envy its acquiſitions: I ſay to me, who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the perſons of beautiful women, or warming myſelf into ambition from the ſucceſſes of other men, this world is not only a mere ſcene, but a very pleaſant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I ſhould have more imitators, than the powerfulleſt man in the nation has followers. To be no man's rival in love, or competitor in buſineſs,

buſineſs, is a character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among thoſe whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not ſtand ſo much in need of their approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in ſetting your heart on the ſame things which the generality doat on. By this means, and with this eaſy philoſophy, I am never leſs at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am ſeldom ſo well pleaſed with action as in that place; for moſt men follow nature no longer than while they are in their night-gowns, and all the buſy part of the day are in characters which they neither become nor act in with pleaſure to themſelves or their beholders. But to return to my ladies: I was very well pleaſed to ſee ſo great a crowd of them aſſembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phraſe is, is ſo juſt a picture of the vanity of the ſex in tormenting their admirers. The lady who pines for the man whom ſhe treats with ſo much impertinence and inconſtancy, is drawn with much art and humour. Her reſolutions to be extremely civil, but her vanity ariſing juſt at the inſtant that ſhe reſolved to expreſs herſelf kindly, are deſcribed as by one who had ſtudied the ſex. But when my admiration is fixed upon this excellent character, and two or three others in the play, I muſt confeſs I was moved with the utmoſt indignation at the trivial, ſenſeleſs, and unnatural repreſentation of the chaplain. It is poſſible there may be a pedant in holy orders, and we have

ſeen

ſeen one or two of them in the world; but ſuch a driveller as Sir *Roger*, ſo bereft of all manner of pride, which is the characteriſtic of a pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the head of the ſame man who drew the reſt of the play. The meeting between *Welford* and him ſhews a wretch without any notion of the dignity of his function; and it is out of all common ſenſe that he ſhould give an account of himſelf 'as one ſent four or five miles in a 'morning on foot for eggs.' It is not to be denied, but his part, and that of the maid, whom he makes love to, are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in itſelf, grows ſtill more ſo by the ſucceſs in the execution of it. It is ſo mean a thing to gratify a looſe age with a ſcandalous repreſentation of what is reputable among men, not to ſay what is ſacred, that no beauty, no excellence in an author ought to attone for it; nay, ſuch excellence is an aggravation of his guilt, and an argument that he errs againſt the conviction of his own underſtanding and conſcience. Wit ſhould be tried by this rule, and an audience ſhould riſe againſt ſuch a ſcene, as throws down the reputation of any thing which the conſideration of religion or decency ſhould preſerve from contempt. But all this evil ariſes from this one corruption of mind, that makes men reſent offences againſt their virtue, leſs than thoſe againſt their underſtanding. An author ſhall write as if he thought there was not one man of honour or woman of chaſtity in the houſe, and come off with

with applauſe: for an inſult upon all the ten commandments, with the little critics, is not ſo bad as the breach of an unity of time or place. Half-wits do not apprehend the miſeries that muſt neceſſarily flow from degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the ſupport of ſociety. Sir *Roger* and his miſtreſs are monſters of the poet's own forming; the ſentiments in both of them are ſuch as do not ariſe in fools of their education. We all know that a ſilly ſcholar, inſtead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the rank of ſuch as are really his ſuperiors: his arrogance is always founded upon particular notions of diſtinction in his own head, accompanied with a pedantic ſcorn of all fortune and pre-eminence, when compared with his knowledge and learning. This very one character of Sir *Roger*, as ſilly as it really is, has done more towards the diſparagement of Holy orders, and conſequently of virtue itſelf, than all the wit that author or any other could make up for in the conduct of the longeſt life after it. I do not pretend, in ſaying this, to give myſelf airs of more virtue than my neighbours, but aſſert it from the principles by which mankind muſt always be governed. Sallies of imagination are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth in the recommendation of what is praiſe-worthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magiſtrate, and ought to be received as ſuch by the people. T

Thurſday,

N° 271 Thurſday, January 10.

Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores.
VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 710.

Drawing a thouſand colours from the light.
DRYDEN.

I Receive a double advantage from the letters of my correſpondents; firſt, as they ſhew me which of my papers are moſt acceptable to them; and in the next place as they furniſh me with materials for new Speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make uſe of the letter itſelf, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; ſometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of ſpeaking and thinking, and always, if it can be done without prejudice to the ſenſe, omit the many compliments and applauſes which are uſually beſtowed upon me.

Beſides the two advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the letters that are ſent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the ſkilful management of the ſubſcribing part at the end of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the eaſe, both of myſelf and reader.

Some will have it that I often write to myſelf, and am the only punctual correſpondent I have. This

This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the public ſtuffed with my own commendations; and if inſtead of endeavouring to divert or inſtruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I ſhall leave theſe wiſe conjecturers to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

'SIR,

'I Was laſt *Thurſday* in an aſſembly of ladies, 'where there were thirteen different coloured hoods. Your Spectator of that day lying 'upon the table, they ordered me to read it to 'them, which I did with a very clear voice, until 'I came to the *Greek* verſe at the end of it. I muſt 'confeſs I was a little ſtartled at its popping upon 'me ſo unexpectedly. However, I covered my 'confuſion as well as I could, and after having 'muttered two or three hard words to myſelf, 'laughed heartily, and cried, a very good jeſt, 'faith. The ladies deſired me to explain it 'to them; but I begged their pardon for that, 'and told them, that if it had been proper for 'them to hear, they may be ſure the author 'would not have wrapped it up in *Greek*. I 'then let drop ſeveral expreſſions, as if there 'was ſomething in it that was not fit to be 'ſpoken before a company of ladies. Upon 'which the matron of the aſſembly, who was 'dreſſed in a cherry-coloured hood, com-'mended the diſcretion of the writer for hav-

'ing

'ing thrown his filthy thoughts into *Greek*, 'which was likely to corrupt but few of his 'readers. At the ſame time ſhe declared her-'ſelf very well pleaſed, that he had not given 'a deciſive opinion upon the new-faſhioned 'hoods, for to tell you truly, ſays ſhe, I was 'afraid he would have made us aſhamed to 'ſhew our heads. Now, Sir, you muſt know, 'ſince this unlucky accident happened to me 'in a company of ladies, among whom I paſſed 'for a moſt ingenious man, I have conſulted 'one who is well verſed in the *Greek* language, 'and he aſſures me upon his word, that your 'late quotation means no more, than "that "manners and not dreſs are the ornaments of a "woman." If this comes to the knowledge 'of my female admirers, I ſhall be very hard 'put to it to bring myſelf off handſomely. In 'the mean while I give you this account, that 'you may take care hereafter not to betray any 'of your well-wiſhers into the like inconveni-'encies. It is in the number of theſe that I beg 'leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

'TOM TRIPPIT.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR readers are ſo well pleaſed with 'your character of Sir ROGER DE COVER-'LEY, that there appeared a ſenſible joy in every 'coffee-houſe, upon hearing the old knight 'was come to town. I am now with a knot 'of his admirers, who make it their joint requeſt 'to you, that you would give us public notice

'of

'of the window or balcony where the knight 'intends to make his appearance. He has al- 'ready given great ſatisfaction to ſeveral who 'have ſeen him at *Squire*'s coffee-houſe. If 'you think fit to place your ſhort face at Sir 'ROGER'S left elbow, we ſhall take the hint, 'and gratefully acknowledge ſo great a favour.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

'C. D.'

'SIR,

'KNowing that you are very inquiſitive after 'every thing that is curious in nature, I 'will wait on you if you pleaſe in the duſk 'of the evening, with my ſhow upon my back, 'which I carry about with me in a box, as 'only conſiſting of a man, a woman, and an 'horſe. The two firſt are married, in which 'ſtate the little chevalier has ſo well acquitted 'himſelf, that his lady is with child. The 'big-bellied woman, and her huſband, with 'their whimſical palfrey, are ſo very light, that 'when they are put together into a ſcale, an 'ordinary man may weigh down the whole 'family. The little man is a bully in his na- 'ture; but when he grows choleric I confine 'him to his box until his wrath is over, by 'which means I have hitherto prevented him 'from doing miſchief. His horſe is likewiſe very 'vicious, for which reaſon I am forced to tie 'him cloſe to his manger with a packthread.

'The

'The woman is a coquette. She ſtruts as much 'as it is poſſible for a lady of two foot high, 'and would ruin me in ſilks, were not the 'quantity that goes to a large pin-cuſhion ſuf-'ficient to make her a gown and petticoat. She 'told me the other day, that ſhe heard the ladies 'wore coloured hoods, and ordered me to get 'her one of the fineſt blue. I am forced to 'comply with her demands while ſhe is in her 'preſent condition, being very willing to have 'more of the ſame breed. I do not know what 'ſhe may produce me, but provided it be a 'ſhow I ſhall be very well ſatisfied. Such novel-'ties ſhould not, I think, be concealed from the '*Britiſh* Spectator; for which reaſon I hope you 'will excuſe this preſumption in

'Your moſt dutiful, moſt obedient,

'and moſt humble ſervant,

L. 'S. T.'

N° 272 Friday, January 11.

——— *Longa eſt injuria, longæ*
Ambages—— VIRG. Æn. 1. v. 345.

Great is the injury, and long the tale.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE occaſion of this letter is of ſo 'great importance, and the circum-'ſtances of it ſuch, that I know you will 'but think it juſt to inſert it, in preference of all 'other matters that can preſent themſelves to 'your conſideration. I need not, after I have ſaid 'this, tell you that I am in love. The circum-'ſtances of my paſſion I ſhall let you under-'ſtand as well as a diſordered mind will admit. 'That curſed pickthank Mrs. *Jane!* alas, I am 'railing at one to you by her name as familiarly 'as if you were acquainted with her as well as 'myſelf: but I will tell you all, as faſt as the al-'ternate interruptions of love and anger will give 'me leave. There is a moſt agreeable young 'woman in the world whom I am paſſionately 'in love with, and from whom I have for 'ſome ſpace of time received as great marks of 'favour as were fit for her to give, or me to 'deſire. The ſucceſsful progreſs of the affair 'of all others the moſt eſſential towards a man's 'happineſs, gave a new life and ſpirit not only

'to

'to my behaviour and diſcourſe, but alſo a cer-
'tain grace to all my actions in the commerce
'of life in all things though never ſo remote
'from love. You know the predominate paſ-
'ſion ſpreads itſelf through all a man's tranſ-
'actions, and exalts or depreſſes him according
'to the nature of ſuch paſſion. But alas, I
'have not yet begun my ſtory, and what is
'making ſentences and obſervations, when a
'man is pleading for his life? To begin then:
'this lady has correſponded with me under
'the names of love, ſhe my *Belinda*, I her
'*Cleanthes*. Though I am thus well got into
'the account of my affair, I cannot keep in
'the thread of it ſo much as to give you the
'character of Mrs. *Jane*, whom I will not hide
'under a borrowed name; but let you know
'that this creature has been ſince I knew her
'very handſome, (though I will not allow her
'even ſhe *has been* for the future) and during
'the time of her bloom and beauty was ſo great
'a tyrant to her lovers, ſo over-valued herſelf
'and under-rated all her pretenders, that they
'have deſerted her to a man; and ſhe knows
'no comfort but that common one to all in her
'condition, the pleaſure of interrupting the
'amours of others. It is impoſſible but you
'muſt have ſeen ſeveral of theſe volunteers in
'malice, who paſs their whole time in the moſt
'laborious way of life, in getting intelligence,
'running from place to place with new whiſpers,
'without reaping any other benefit but the hopes
'of making others as unhappy as themſelves.

'Mrs. *Jane* happened to be at a place where I, 'with many others well acquainted with my 'paſſion for *Belinda*, paſſed a *Chriſtmas*-evening. 'There was among the reſt a young lady, ſo 'free in mirth, ſo amiable in a juſt reſerve 'that accompanied it; I wrong her to call it a 'reſerve, but there appeared in her a mirth or 'chearfulneſs which was not a forbearance of 'more immoderate joy, but the natural ap-'pearance of all which could flow from a mind 'poſſeſſed of an habit of innocence and purity. 'I muſt have utterly forgot *Belinda* to have taken 'no notice of one who was growing up to the 'ſame womanly virtues which ſhine to perfec-'tion in her, had I not diſtinguiſhed one who 'ſeemed to promiſe to the world the ſame life 'and conduct with my faithful and lovely *Be-'linda*. When the company broke up, the 'fine young thing permitted me to take care 'of her home. Mrs. *Jane* ſaw my particular 'regard to her, and was informed of my at-'tending her to her father's houſe. She came 'early to *Belinda* the next morning, and aſked 'her if Mrs. Such-a-one had been with her? 'No. If Mr. Such-a-one's lady? No. Nor 'your couſin Such-a-one? No. Lord, ſays, 'Mrs. *Jane*, what is the friendſhip of women? '——Nay, they may well laugh at it. And did 'no one tell you any thing of the behaviour of 'your lover Mr. What-d'ye-call laſt night? But 'perhaps it is nothing to you that he is to be 'married to young Mrs.—— on *Tueſday* next? '*Belinda* was here ready to die with rage and

'jealouſy.

'jealouſy. Then Mrs. *Jane* goes on: I have a 'young kinſman who is clerk to a great con-'veyancer, who ſhall ſhew you the rough draught 'of the marriage ſettlement. The world ſays her 'father gives him two thouſand pounds more 'than he could have with you. I went inno-'cently to wait on *Belinda* as uſual, but was not 'admitted; I writ to her, and my letter was ſent 'back unopened. Poor *Betty* her maid, who 'is on my ſide, has been here juſt now blubber-'ing, and told me the whole matter. She ſays 'ſhe did not think I could be ſo baſe; and 'that ſhe is now ſo odious to her miſtreſs for 'having ſo often ſpoke well of me, that ſhe dare 'not mention me more. All our hopes are 'placed in having theſe circumſtances fairly re-'preſented in the SPECTATOR, which *Betty* 'ſays ſhe dare not but bring up as ſoon as it 'is brought in; and has promiſed when you 'have broke the ice to own this was laid be-'tween us: and when I can come to an hearing, 'the young lady will ſupport what we ſay by 'her teſtimony, that I never ſaw her but that 'once in my whole life. Dear Sir, do not 'omit this true relation, nor think it too par-'ticular; for there are crowds of forlorn co-'quettes who intermingle themſelves with other 'ladies, and contract familiarities out of malice, 'and with no other deſign but to blaſt the hopes 'of lovers, the expectation of parents, and the 'benevolence of kindred. I doubt not but I 'ſhall be, Sir,

'Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

'CLEANTHES.'

'SIR, *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, *Jan.* 10.

'THE other day entering a room adorned 'with the fair ſex, I offered, after the 'uſual manner, to each of them a kiſs; but 'one, more ſcornful than the reſt, turned her 'cheek. I did not think it proper to take any 'notice of it until I had aſked your advice.

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'E. S.'

The correſpondent is deſired to ſay which cheek the offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Pariſh-veſtry, *January* 9.

'All ladies who come to church in the new-'faſhioned hoods, are deſired to be there before 'divine ſervice begins, leſt they divert the atten-'tion of the congregation.

T 'RALPF.'

Saturday,

N° 273 Saturday, January 12.

—— *Notandi ſunt tibi mores.* HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 156.

Note well the manners.

HAVING examined the action of *Paradiſe Loſt*, let us in the next place conſider the actors. This is *Ariſtotle*'s method of conſidering, firſt the fable, and ſecondly the manners; or, as we generally call them in *Engliſh*, the fable and the characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his characters: every god that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been ſuitable to no other deity. His princes are as much diſtinguiſhed by their manners, as by their dominions; and even thoſe among them, whoſe characters ſeem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a ſpeech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not aſcribe to the perſon that ſpeaks or acts, without ſeeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outſhine all other poets in the variety, but alſo in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian*

princes a perſon who had lived thrice the age of man, and converſed with *Theſeus*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the firſt race of heroes. His principal actor is the ſon of a goddeſs, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewiſe a place in his poem, and the venerable *Trojan* prince, who was the father of ſo many kings and heroes. There is in theſe ſeveral characters of *Homer*, a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though at the ſame time, to give them the greater variety, he has deſcribed a *Vulcan*, that is a buffoon among his gods, and a *Therſites* among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely ſhort of *Homer* in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. *Æneas* is indeed a perfect character, but as for *Achates*, though he is ſtiled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deſerve that title. *Gyas*, *Mneſtheus*, *Sergeſtus* and *Cloanthus*, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character;

——'*Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*'

There are indeed ſeveral natural incidents in the part of *Aſcanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be ſufficiently admired. I do not ſee any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lauſus* and *Mezentius* are almoſt parallels to *Pallas* and *Evander*. The characters of *Niſus* and

and *Euryalus* are beautiful, but common. We muſt not forget the parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and ſome few others, which are fine improvements on the *Greek* poet. In ſhort, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the perſons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in thoſe of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the characters of *Milton*, we ſhall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole ſpecies of mankind was in two perſons at the time to which the ſubject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct characters in theſe two perſons. We ſee man and woman in the higheſt innocence and perfection, and in the moſt abject ſtate of guilt and infirmity. The two laſt characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two firſt are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was ſo ſenſible of this defect in the ſubject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a ſhadowy and fictitious nature, in the perſons of Sin and Death, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithſtanding the fineneſs of this allegory may atone for it in ſome meaſure, I cannot think that perſons of ſuch a chimerical exiſtence are proper actors in an epic poem; becauſe there is not that meaſure of probability annexed to them, which

which is requiſite in writings of this kind, as I ſhall ſhew more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an actreſs in the *Æneid*, but the part ſhe acts is very ſhort, and none of the moſt admired circumſtances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Diſpenſary* and the *Lutrin*, ſeveral allegorical perſons of this nature, which are very beautiful in thoſe compoſitions, and may, perhaps, be uſed as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion, ſuch characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part I ſhould be glad the reader would think ſo, for the ſake of the poem I am now examining, and muſt further add, that if ſuch empty unſubſtantial beings may be ever made uſe of on this occaſion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than thoſe of which I am now ſpeaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of *Ulyſſes* in *Homer*'s *Odyſſey* is very much admired by *Ariſtotle*, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the ſubtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and diſcoveries of his perſon in ſeveral parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than *Ulyſſes*, puts in practice many more wiles and ſtratagems, and hides himſelf under a greater variety of ſhapes and appearances, all of

of which are ſeverally detected, to the great delight and ſurpriſe of the reader.

We may likewiſe obſerve with how much art the poet has varied ſeveral characters of the perſons that ſpeak in his infernal aſſembly. On the contrary, how has he repreſented the whole Godhead exerting itſelf towards man in its full benevolence under the three-fold diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor muſt we omit the perſon of *Raphael*, who, amidſt his tenderneſs and friendſhip for man, ſhews ſuch a dignity and condeſcenſion in all his ſpeech and behaviour, as are ſuitable to a ſuperior nature. The angels are indeed as much diverſified in *Milton*, and diſtinguiſhed by their proper parts, as the gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The reader will find nothing aſcribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner ſuitable to their reſpective characters.

There is another circumſtance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to thoſe two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having choſen, for their heroes, perſons who were ſo nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote founder of *Rome*. By this means their countrymen, whom they principally propoſed to themſelves for their readers, were particularly attentive to all the parts of their ſtory, and ſympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A *Roman* could not

not but rejoice in the eſcapes, ſucceſſes and victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes or diſappointments that befel him; as a *Greek* muſt have had the ſame regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain that each of thoſe poems have loſt this great advantage among thoſe readers to whom their heroes are as ſtrangers, or indifferent perſons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this reſpect, ſince it is impoſſible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country or people he may belong to, not to be related to the perſons who are the principal actors in it; but what is ſtill infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our repreſentatives. We have an actual intereſt in every thing they do, and no leſs than our utmoſt happineſs is concerned, and lies at ſtake in all their behaviour.

I ſhall ſubjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable obſervation out of *Ariſtotle*, which hath been very much miſ-repreſented in the quotations of ſome modern critics. 'If a 'man of perfect and conſummate virtue falls 'into a misfortune, it raiſes our pity, but not 'our terror, becauſe we do not fear that it may 'be our own caſe, who do not reſemble the 'ſuffering perſon.' But as that great philoſopher adds, 'If we ſee a man of virtue mixt with 'infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does not 'only raiſe our pity but our terror; becauſe we 'are afraid that the like misfortunes may happen

'to

'to ourſelves, who reſemble the character of 'the ſuffering perſon.'

I ſhall take another opportunity to obſerve, that a perſon of an abſolute and conſummate virtue ſhould never be introduced in tragedy, and ſhall only remark in this place, that the foregoing obſervation of *Ariſtotle*, though it may be true in other occaſions, does not hold in this; becauſe in the preſent caſe, though the perſons who fall into misfortune are of the moſt perfect and conſummate virtue, it is not to be conſidered as what may poſſibly be, but what actually is our own caſe; ſince we are embarked with them on the ſame bottom, and muſt be partakers of their happineſs or miſery.

In this, and ſome other very few inſtances, *Ariſtotle*'s rules for epic poetry, which he had drawn from his reflections upon *Homer*, cannot be ſuppoſed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made ſince his time; ſince it is plain his rules would ſtill have been more perfect, could he have peruſed the *Æneid* which was made ſome hundred years after his death.

In my next, I ſhall go through other parts of *Milton*'s poem; and hope that what I ſhall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only ſerve as a comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Ariſtotle*. C

Monday,

N° 274 Monday, January 14.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis ———

HOR. Sat. 2. l. 1. v. 37.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend. ——— POPE.

I HAVE upon ſeveral occaſions, that have occurred ſince I firſt took into my thoughts the preſent ſtate of fornication, weighed with myſelf, in behalf of guilty females, the impulſes of fleſh and blood, together with the arts and gallantries of crafty men; and reflect with ſome ſcorn that moſt part of what we in our youth think gay and polite, is nothing elſe but an habit of indulging a pruriency that way. It will coſt ſome labour to bring people to ſo lively a ſenſe of this, as to recover the manly modeſty in the behaviour of my men readers, and the baſhful grace in the faces of my women; but in all caſes which come into debate, there are certain things previouſly to be done before we can have a true light into the ſubject matter; therefore it will, in the firſt place, be neceſſary to conſider the impotent wenchers and induſtrious hags, who are ſupplied with, and are conſtantly ſupplying new ſacrifices to the devil of luſt. You

You are to know then, if you are ſo happy as not to know it already, that the great havock which is made in the habitations of beauty and innocence, is committed by ſuch as can only lay waſte and not enjoy the ſoil. When you obſerve the preſent ſtate of vice and virtue, the offenders are ſuch as one would think ſhould have no impulſe to what they are purſuing; as in buſineſs, you ſee ſometimes fools pretend to be knaves, ſo in pleaſure, you will find old men ſet up for wenchers. This latter ſort of men are the great baſis and fund of iniquity in the kind we are ſpeaking of: you ſhall have an old rich man often receive ſcrawls from the ſeveral quarters of the town, with deſcriptions of the new wares in their hands, if he will pleaſe to ſend word when he will be waited on. This interview is contrived, and the innocent is brought to ſuch indecencies as from time to time baniſh ſhame and raiſe deſire. With theſe preparatives the hags break their wards by little and little, until they are brought to loſe all apprehenſions of what ſhall befal them in the poſſeſſion of younger men. It is a common poſtſcript of a hag to a young fellow whom ſhe invites to a new woman, 'She has, I aſſure you, ſeen none but old 'Mr. Such-a-one.' It pleaſes the old fellow that the nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his bounty ſhe is accommodated with enough to dreſs her for other lovers. This is the moſt ordinary method of bringing beauty and poverty into the poſſeſſion of the town: but the particular caſes of kind keepers, ſkilful

'pimps,

pimps, and all others who drive a ſeparate trade, and are not in the general ſociety or commerce of ſin, will require diſtinct conſideration. At the ſame time that we are thus ſevere on the abandoned, we are to repreſent the caſe of others with that mitigation as the circumſtances demand. Calling names does no good; to ſpeak worſe of any thing than it deſerves, does only take off from the credit of the accuſer, and has implicitly the force of an apology in the behalf of the perſon accuſed. We ſhall therefore, according as the circumſtances differ, vary our appellations of theſe criminals: thoſe who offend only againſt themſelves, and are not ſcandalous to ſociety, but out of deference to the ſober part of the world, have ſo much good left in them as to be aſhamed, muſt not be huddled in the common word due to the worſt of women; but regard is to be had to their circumſtances when they fell, to the uneaſy perplexity under which they lived under ſenſeleſs and ſevere parents, to the importunity of poverty, to the violence of a paſſion in its beginning well grounded, and all other alleviations which make unhappy women reſign the characteriſtic of their ſex, modeſty. To do otherwiſe than thus, would be to act like a pedantic Stoic, who thinks all crimes alike, and not like an impartial SPECTATOR, who looks upon them with all the circumſtances that diminiſh or enhance the guilt. I am in hopes, if this ſubject be well purſued, women will hereafter from their infancy be treated with an eye to their future

ſtate

ſtate in the world; and not have their tempers made too untractable from an improper ſourneſs or pride, or too complying from familiarity or forwardneſs contracted at their own houſes. After theſe hints on this ſubject, I ſhall end this paper with the following genuine letter; and deſire all who think they may be concerned in future ſpeculations on this ſubject, to ſend in what they have to ſay for themſelves for ſome incidents in their lives, in order to have proper allowances made for their conduct.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Jan.* 5, 1711.

'THE ſubject of your yeſterday's paper is 'of ſo great importance, and the thorough 'handling of it may be ſo very uſeful to the 'preſervation of many an innocent young crea-'ture, that I think every one is obliged to fur-'niſh you with what lights he can, to expoſe 'the pernicious arts and practices of thoſe un-'natural women called bawds. In order to 'this the incloſed is ſent you, which is *ver-'batim* the copy of a letter written by a bawd 'of figure in this town to a noble lord. I 'have concealed the names of both, my inten-'tion being not to expoſe the perſons but the 'thing.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant.'

'My Lord,

'I Having a great eſteem for your honour, 'and a better opinion of you than of any of 'the quality, makes me acquaint you of an 'affair that I hope will oblige you to know. 'I have a niece that came to town about a 'fortnight ago. Her parents being lately dead 'ſhe came to me, expecting to have found me in 'ſo good a condition as to a ſet her up in a 'milliner's ſhop. Her father gave fourſcore 'pounds with her for five years: her time is 'out, and ſhe is not ſixteen; as pretty a black 'gentlewoman as ever you ſaw, a little woman, 'which I know your lordſhip likes; well ſhaped, 'and as fine a complexion for red and white as 'ever I ſaw; I doubt not but your lordſhip 'will be of the ſame opinion. She deſigns to 'go down about a month hence except I can 'provide for her, which I cannot at preſent: 'her father was one with whom all he had 'died with him, ſo there is four children left 'deſtitute; ſo if your lordſhip thinks fit to 'make an appointment where I ſhall wait on 'you with my niece, by a line or two, I ſtay 'for your anſwer; for I have no place fitted 'up ſince I left my houſe, fit to entertain your 'honour. I told her ſhe ſhould go with me to 'ſee a gentleman a very good friend of mine; 'ſo I deſire you to take no notice of my letter, 'by reaſon ſhe is ignorant of the ways of the 'town. My lord, I deſire if you meet us to 'come alone; for upon my word and honour

you

'you are the firſt that ever I mentioned her
'to. So I remain,
'your lordſhip's
'moſt humble ſervant to command.

'I beg of you to burn it when you have read
'it.' T

N° 275 Tueſday, January 15.

——*Tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile*——
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 300.

A head no hellebore can cure.

I Was yeſterday engaged in an aſſembly of virtuoſos, where one of them produced many curious obſervations which he had lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us ſeveral wonderful diſcoveries, which he had alſo made on the ſame ſubject, by the help of very fine glaſſes. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furniſhed diſcourſe for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were ſtarted on this occaſion, preſented to my imagination ſo many new ideas, that by mixing with thoſe which are already there, they employed my fancy all the laſt night, and compoſed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the diſſection of a beau's head, and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the firſt with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a curſory and ſuperficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glaſſes to it, we made a very odd diſcovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not ſuch in reality, but an heap of ſtrange materials wound up in that ſhape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the ſeveral cavities of the ſkull. For, as *Homer* tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only ſomething like it; ſo we found that the brain of a beau is not real brain, but only ſomething like it.

The *Pineal* gland, which many of our modern philoſophers ſuppoſe to be the ſeat of the ſoul, ſmelled very ſtrong of eſſence and orange-flower water, and was encompaſſed with a kind of horny ſubſtance, cut into a thouſand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, inſomuch that the ſoul, if there had been any here, muſt have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We obſerved a large *antrum* or cavity in the *ſinciput*, that was filled with ribbons, lace and embroidery, wrought together in a moſt curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewiſe imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of theſe *antrums* or cavities was ſtuffed with inviſible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and

and other trumpery of the ſame nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which ſet the whole company a ſneezing, and by the ſcent diſcovered itſelf to be right *Spaniſh*. The ſeveral other cells were ſtored with commodities of the ſame kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each ſide of the head, which I muſt not omit. That on the right ſide was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falſhoods, vows, promiſes, and proteſtations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There iſſued out a duct from each of theſe cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and paſſed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We diſcovered ſeveral little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their ſeveral paſſages. One of them extended itſelf to a bundle of ſonnets and little muſical inſtruments. Others ended in ſeveral bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the ſkull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of ſpungy ſubſtance, which the *French* anatomiſts call *Galimatias*, and the *Engliſh* nonſenſe.

The ſkins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much ſurpriſed us, had not in them any ſingle blood-veſſel that we were able to diſcover, either with or without our glaſſes; from whence we concluded, that

the party when alive muſt have been intirely deprived of the faculty of bluſhing.

The *Os Cribriſorme* was exceedingly ſtuffed, and in ſome places damaged with ſnuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that ſmall muſcle which is not often diſcovered in diſſections, and draws the noſe upwards, when it expreſſes the contempt which the owner of it has, upon ſeeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not underſtand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muſcle which performs the motion ſo often mentioned by the *Latin* poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his noſe or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, ſaving only, that the *Muſculi Amatorii*, or, as we may tranſlate it into *Engliſh*, the ogling muſcles, were very much worn and decayed with uſe; whereas on the contrary, the elevator, or the muſcle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been uſed at all.

I have only mentioned in this diſſection ſuch new diſcoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of thoſe parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the ſkull, the face, and indeed the whole outward ſhape and figure of the head, we could not diſcover any difference from what we obſerve in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the perſon to whom this head belonged, had paſſed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dreſſed well, talked loud, laughed

laughed frequently, and on particular occaſions had acquitted himſelf tolerably at a ball or an aſſembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-ſhovel, having been ſurpriſed by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering ſome civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its ſeveral kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, ſuch as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aſide under a broad piece of ſcarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repoſitory of diſſections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be ſo difficult as that of another brain, for that he had obſerved ſeveral of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial ſubſtance, which he looked upon to be true quick-ſilver.

He applied himſelf in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewiſe laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this diſſection; but being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I ſhall reſerve this ſubject for the ſpeculation of another day. L

N° 276 Wedneſday, January 16.

Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.

HOR. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 42.

Miſconduct ſcreen'd behind a ſpecious name.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Hope you have philoſophy enough to be 'capable of bearing the mention of your 'faults. Your papers which regard the fallen 'part of the fair ſex, are, I think, written with 'an indelicacy, which makes them unworthy 'to be inſerted in the writings of a moraliſt who 'knows the world. I cannot allow that you 'are at liberty to obſerve upon the actions of 'mankind with the freedom which you ſeem to 'reſolve upon; at leaſt if you do ſo, you ſhould 'take along with you the diſtinction of manners 'of the world, according to the quality and 'way of life of the perſons concerned. A man 'of breeding ſpeaks of even misfortune among 'ladies without giving it the moſt terrible aſpect 'it can bear: and this tenderneſs towards them, 'is much more to be preſerved when you ſpeak 'of vices. All mankind are ſo far related, that 'care is to be taken, in things to which all are 'liable, you do not mention what concerns 'one in terms which ſhall diſguſt another. 'Thus to tell a rich man of the indigence of 'a kinſ-

'a kinſman of his, or abruptly inform a virtuous 'woman of the lapſe of one who until then 'was in the ſame degree of eſteem with herſelf, 'is in a kind involving each of them in ſome 'participation of thoſe diſadvantages. It is there-'fore expected from every writer, to treat his 'argument in ſuch a manner, as is moſt proper 'to entertain the ſort of readers to whom his 'diſcourſe is directed. It is not neceſſary when 'you write to the tea-table, that you ſhould 'draw vices which carry all the horror of ſhame 'and contempt: if you paint an impertinent 'ſelf-love, an artful glance, an aſſumed com-'plexion, you ſay all which you ought to ſup-'poſe they can poſſibly be guilty of. When 'you talk with this limitation, you behave your-'ſelf ſo as that you may expect others in con-'verſation may ſecond your raillery; but when 'you do it in a ſtile which every body elſe 'forbears, in reſpect to their quality, they have 'an eaſy remedy in forbearing to read you, 'and hearing no more of their faults. A man 'that is now and then guilty of intemperance 'is not to be called a drunkard; but the rule 'of polite raillery, is to ſpeak of a man's faults 'as if you loved him. Of this nature is what 'was ſaid by *Cæſar*: when one was railing 'with an uncourtly vehemence, and broke out, 'What muſt we call him who was taken in 'an intrigue with another man's wife? *Cæſar* 'anſwered very gravely, "A careleſs fellow." 'This was at once a reprimand for ſpeaking 'of a crime which in thoſe days had not the

'abhorrence

'abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as 'an intimation that all intemperate behaviour 'before ſuperiors loſes its aim, by accuſing in a 'method unfit for the audience. A word to 'the wiſe. All I mean here to ſay to you is, 'that the moſt free perſon of quality can go no 'further than being a kind woman; and you 'ſhould never ſay of a man of figure worſe, 'than that he knows the world.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant.

'FRANCIS COURTLY.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a woman of an unſpotted reputation, 'and know nothing I have ever done which 'ſhould encourage ſuch inſolence; but here was 'one the other day, and he was dreſſed like a 'gentleman too, who took the liberty to name 'the words, luſty fellow, in my preſence. I 'doubt not but you will reſent it in behalf of,

'Sir, your humble ſervant,

'CELIA.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU lately put out a dreadful paper, 'wherein you promiſe a full account of 'the ſtate of criminal love; and call all the 'fair who have tranſgreſſed in that kind by one 'very rude name which I do not care to repeat: 'but I deſire to know of you whether I am or

'I am

'I am not of thoſe? My caſe is as follows. I 'am kept by an old bachelor, who took me ſo 'young, that I knew not how he came by me; 'he is a bencher of one of the inns of court, 'a very gay healthy old man; which is a very 'lucky thing for him, who has been, he tells 'me, a ſcowerer, a ſcamperer, a breaker of 'windows, an invader of conſtables, in the 'days of yore, when all dominion ended with 'the day, and males and females met helter 'ſkelter, and the ſcowerers drove before them 'all who pretended to keep up order or rule to 'the interruption of love and honour. This 'is his way of talk, for he is very gay when he 'viſits me; but as his former knowledge of the 'town has alarmed him into an invincible jea-'louſy, he keeps me in a pair of ſlippers, neat 'bodice, warm petticoats, and my own hair 'woven in ringlets, after a manner, he ſays, 'he remembers. I am not miſtreſs of one far-'thing of money, but have all neceſſaries pro-'vided for me, under the guard of one who 'procured for him while he had any deſires to 'gratify. I know nothing of a wench's life, 'but the reputation of it: I have a natural 'voice, and a pretty untaught ſtep in dancing. 'His manner is to bring an old fellow who has 'been his ſervant from his youth, and is grey-'headed: this man makes on the violin a 'certain jiggiſh noiſe to which I dance, and 'when that is over I ſing to him ſome looſe air 'that has more wantonneſs than muſic in it. 'You muſt have ſeen a ſtrange windowed houſe

'near

'near *Hyde-Park*, which is ſo built that no one 'can look out at any of the apartments; my 'rooms are after that manner, and I never ſee 'man, woman or child, but in company with 'the two perſons above-mentioned. He ſends 'me in all the books, pamphlets, plays, operas 'and ſongs that come out; and his utmoſt de-'light in me as a woman, is to talk over all his 'old amours in my preſence, to play with my 'neck, ſay "the time was," give me a kiſs, and 'bid me be ſure to follow the directions of my 'guardian (the above-mentioned lady) and I 'ſhall never want. The truth of my caſe is, I 'ſuppoſe, that I was educated for a purpoſe he 'did not know he ſhould be unfit for when I 'came to years. Now, Sir, what I aſk of you, 'as a caſuiſt, is to tell me how far in theſe cir-'cumſtances I am innocent, though ſubmiſſive; 'he guilty, though impotent?

'I am, Sir,

'Your conſtant reader,

'PUCELLA.'

'To the man called the SPECTATOR.

'FRIEND,

'FOraſmuch as at the birth of thy labour, 'thou didſt promiſe upon thy word, that 'letting alone the vanities that do abound, thou 'wouldſt only endeavour to ſtrengthen the 'crooked morals of this our *Babylon*, I gave

'credit

'credit to thy fair ſpeeches, and admitted one 'of thy papers, every day ſave *Sunday*, into my 'houſe; for the edification of my daughter '*Tabitha*, and to the end that *Suſannah* the wife 'of my boſom might profit thereby. But alas! 'my friend, I find that thou art a liar, and 'that the truth is not in thee; elſe why didſt 'thou in a paper which thou didſt lately put 'forth, make mention of thoſe vain coverings 'for the heads of our females, which thou 'loveſt to liken unto tulips, and which are 'lately ſprung up among us? Nay, why didſt 'thou make mention of them in ſuch a ſeeming, 'as if thou didſt approve the invention, inſo-'much that my daughter *Tabitha* beginneth 'to wax wanton, and to luſt after theſe fooliſh 'vanities? Surely thou doſt ſee with the eyes 'of the fleſh. Verily therefore, unleſs thou 'doſt ſpeedily amend and leave off following 'thine own imaginations, I will leave off thee.

'Thy friend as hereafter thou doſt demean 'thyſelf,

'HEZEKIAH BROADBRIM.'

T

Thurſday,

N° 277 Thurſday, January 17.

——*fas eſt & ab hoſte doceri.*

OVID Met. l. 4. v. 428.

Receive inſtruction from an enemy.

I Preſume I need not inform the polite part of my readers, that before our correſpondence with *France* was unhappily interrupted by the war, our ladies had all their faſhions from thence; which the milliners took care to furniſh them with by means of a jointed baby, that came regularly over, once a month, habited after the manner of the moſt eminent toaſts in *Paris*.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hotteſt time of the war, the ſex made ſeveral efforts, and raiſed large contributions towards the importation of this wooden *Mademoiſelle*.

Whether the veſſel they ſet out was loſt or taken, or whether its cargo was ſeized on by the officers of the Cuſtom-houſe as a piece of contraband goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain their firſt attempts were without ſucceſs, to the no ſmall diſappointment of our whole female world; but as their conſtancy and application, in a matter of ſo great importance, can never be ſufficiently commended, I am glad to find, that in ſpite of all oppoſition, they have at

at length carried their point, of which I received advice by the two following letters.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am ſo great a lover of whatever is *French*, 'that I lately diſcarded an humble admirer, 'becauſe he neither ſpoke that tongue, nor 'drank claret. I have long bewailed, in ſecret, 'the calamities of my ſex during the war, in 'all which time we have laboured under the in-'ſupportable inventions of *Engliſh* tire-women, 'who, though they ſometimes copy indifferently 'well, can never compoſe with that *Goût* they 'do in *France*.

'I was almoſt in deſpair of ever more ſeeing 'a model from that dear country, when laſt '*Sunday* I overheard a lady, in the next pew 'to me, whiſper another, that at the *Seven-*'*Stars* in *King-Street*, *Covent-Garden*, there 'was a *Mademoiſelle* completely dreſſed juſt 'come from *Paris*.

'I was in the utmoſt impatience during the 'remaining part of the ſervice, and as ſoon 'as ever it was over, having learnt the mil-'liner's *Addreſſe*, I went directly to her houſe 'in *King-Street*, but was told that the *French* 'lady was at a perſon of quality's in *Pall-*'*Mall*, and would not be back again until very 'late that night. I was therefore obliged to 'renew my viſit early this morning, and had 'then a full view of the dear moppet from head 'to foot.

'You

'You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculouſly I find we have all been truſſed up during the war, and how infinitely the *French* dreſs excels ours.

'The mantua has no leads in the ſleeves, and I hope we are not lighter than the *French* ladies, ſo as to want that kind of ballaſt; the petticoat has no whale-bone, but ſits with an air altogether gallant and *degagè:* the *coiffure* is inexpreſſibly pretty; and in ſhort, the whole dreſs has a thouſand beauties in it, which I would not have as yet made too public.

'I thought fit, however, to give this notice, that you may not be ſurpriſed at my appearing *à la mode de Paris* on the next birth-night.

'I am, Sir,

'your humble ſervant,

'TERAMINTA.'

Within an hour after I had read this letter, I received another from the owner of the puppet.

'SIR,

'ON *Saturday* laſt being the 12th inſtant, there arrived at my houſe in *King-ſtreet, Covent-Garden*, a *French* baby for the year 1712. I have taken the utmoſt care to have her dreſſed by the moſt celebrated tire-women and mantua-makers in *Paris*, and do not find

'that

'that I have any reaſon to be ſorry for the 'expence I have been at in her clothes and im- 'portation: however, as I know no perſon who 'is ſo good a judge of dreſs as yourſelf, if 'you pleaſe to call at my houſe in your way 'to the city, and take a view of her, I promiſe 'to amend whatever you ſhall diſapprove in your 'next paper, before I exhibit her as a pattern 'to the public.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble admirer,

'and moſt obedient ſervant,

'BETTY CROSS-STITCH.'

As I am willing to do any thing in reaſon for the ſervice of my countrywomen, and had much rather prevent faults than find them, I went laſt night to the houſe of the above-mentioned Mrs. *Croſs-ſtitch*. As ſoon as I entered, the maid of the ſhop, who, I ſuppoſe, was prepared for my coming, without aſking me any queſtions, introduced me to the little damſel, and ran away to call her miſtreſs.

The puppet was dreſſed in a cherry-coloured gown and petticoat, with a ſhort working apron over it, which diſcovered her ſhape to the moſt advantage. Her hair was cut and divided very prettily, with ſeveral ribbons ſtuck up and down in it. The milliner aſſured me, that her complexion was ſuch as was worn by all the ladies of the beſt faſhion in *Paris*. Her head was extremely high, on which ſubject having long

ſince declared my ſentiments, I ſhall ſay nothing more to it at preſent. I was alſo offended at a ſmall patch ſhe wore on her breaſt, which I cannot ſuppoſe is placed there with any good deſign.

Her necklace was of an immoderate length, being tied before in ſuch a manner, that the two ends hung down to her girdle; but whether theſe ſupply the place of kiſſing-ſtrings in our enemy's country, and whether our *Britiſh* ladies have any occaſion for them, I ſhall leave to their ſerious conſideration.

After having obſerved the particulars of her dreſs, as I was taking a view of it all together, the ſhop-maid, who is a pert wench, told me that *Mademoiſelle* had ſomething very curious in the tying of her garters; but as I pay a due reſpect even to a pair of ſticks when they are in petticoats, I did not examine into that particular.

Upon the whole I was well enough pleaſed with the appearance of this gay lady, and the more ſo becauſe ſhe was not talkative, a quality very rarely to be met with in the reſt of her countrywomen.

As I was taking my leave, the milliner farther informed me, that with the aſſiſtance of a watchmaker, who was her neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. *Powel*, ſhe had alſo contrived another puppet, which by the help of ſeveral little ſprings to be wound up within it, could move all its limbs, and that ſhe had ſent it over to her correſpondent in *Paris* to be taught the various leanings

leanings and bendings of the head, the riſing of the boſom, the courteſy and recovery, the genteel trip, and the agreeable jet, as they are now practiſed in the court of *France*.

She added that ſhe hoped ſhe might depend upon having my encouragement as ſoon as it arrived; but as this was a petition of too great importance to be anſwered *extempore*, I left her without reply, and made the beſt of my way to WILL HONEYCOMB's lodgings, without whoſe advice I never communicate any thing to the public of this nature. X

N° 278 Friday, January 18.

——*Sermones ego mallem*
Repentes per humum —— HOR. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 250.
I rather chooſe a low and creeping ſtile.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SIR,

'YOUR having done conſiderable ſervices 'in this great city, by rectifying the diſ-'orders of families, and ſeveral wives having 'preferred your advice and directions to thoſe of 'their huſbands, emboldens me to apply to you 'at this time. I am a ſhop-keeper, and though 'but a young man, I find by experience that 'nothing but the utmoſt diligence both of huſ-

'band and wife, among trading people, can 'keep affairs in any tolerable order. My wife 'at the beginning of our eſtabliſhment ſhewed 'herſelf very aſſiſting to me in my buſineſs as 'much as could lie in her way, and I have reaſon 'to believe it was with her inclination; but of late 'ſhe has got acquainted with a ſchoolman, who 'values himſelf for his great knowledge in the '*Greek* tongue. He entertains her frequently 'in the ſhop with diſcourſes of the beauties and 'excellencies of that language; and repeats to 'her ſeveral paſſages out of the *Greek* poets, 'wherein he tells her there is unſpeakable har-'mony and agreeable ſounds that all other lan-'guages are wholly unacquainted with. He has 'ſo infatuated her with his jargon, that inſtead 'of uſing her former diligence in the ſhop, ſhe 'now neglects the affairs of the houſe, and is 'wholly taken up with her tutor in learning by 'heart ſcraps of *Greek*, which ſhe vents upon 'all occaſions. She told me ſome days ago, 'that whereas I uſe ſome *Latin* inſcriptions in 'my ſhop, ſhe adviſed me with a great deal of 'concern to have them changed into *Greek*; 'it being a language leſs underſtood, would be 'more conformable to the myſtery of my pro-'feſſion; that our good friend would be aſſiſt-'ing to us in this work; and that a certain 'faculty of gentlemen would find themſelves 'ſo much obliged to me, that they would infal-'libly make my fortune: in ſhort her frequent 'importunities upon this and other impertí-'nencies of the like nature make me very 'uneaſy;

'uneaſy; and if your remonſtrances have no 'more effect upon her than mine, I am afraid 'I ſhall be obliged to ruin myſelf to procure 'her a ſettlement at *Oxford* with her tutor, 'for ſhe is already too mad for *Bedlam*. Now, 'Sir, you ſee the danger my family is expoſed 'to, and the likelihood of my wife's becoming 'both troubleſome and uſeleſs, unleſs her read-'ing herſelf in your paper may make her 'reflect. She is ſo very learned that I cannot 'pretend by word of mouth to argue with her. 'She laughed out at your ending a paper in '*Greek*, and ſaid it was a hint to women of 'literature, and very civil not to tranſlate it to 'expoſe them to the vulgar. You ſee how it 'is with,

'Sir, your humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you have that humanity and compaſſion 'in your nature that you take ſuch pains to 'make one think you have, you will not deny 'your advice to a diſtreſſed damſel, who intends 'to be determined by your judgment in a matter 'of great importance to her. You muſt know 'then, there is an agreeable young fellow, to 'whoſe perſon, wit, and humour no body makes 'any objection, that pretends to have been long 'in love with me. To this I muſt add, whe-'ther it proceeds from the vanity of my nature, 'or the ſeeming ſincerity of my lover, I will 'not pretend to ſay, that I verily believe he 'has a real value for me; which if true, you

'will allow may juſtly augment his merit with
'his miſtreſs. In ſhort, I am ſo ſenſible of his
'good qualities, and what I owe to his paſſion,
'that I think I could ſooner reſolve to give up
'my liberty to him than any body elſe, were
'there not an objection to be made to his for-
'tunes, in regard they do not anſwer the utmoſt
'mine may expect, and are not ſufficient to
'ſecure me from undergoing the reproachful
'phraſe ſo commonly uſed, that ſhe has played
'the fool. Now, though I am one of thoſe
'few who heartily deſpiſe equipage, diamonds,
'and a coxcomb; yet ſince ſuch oppoſite no-
'tions from mine prevail in the world, even
'amongſt the beſt, and ſuch as are eſteemed
'the moſt prudent people, I cannot find in my
'heart to reſolve upon incurring the cenſure of
'thoſe wiſe folks, which I am conſcious I ſhall
'do, if when I enter into a married ſtate, I
'diſcover a thought beyond that of equalling,
'if not advancing my fortunes. Under this
'difficulty I now labour, not being in the leaſt
'determined whether I ſhall be governed by the
'vain world, and the frequent examples I meet
'with, or hearken to the voice of my lover,
'and the motions I find in my heart in favour
'of him. Sir, your opinion and advice in this
'affair, is the only thing I know can turn the
'balance; and which I earneſtly intreat I may
'receive ſoon; for until I have your thoughts
'upon it, I am engaged not to give my ſwain
'a final diſcharge.

'Beſides

'Beſides the particular obligation you will lay 'on me, by giving this ſubject room in one of 'your papers, it is poſſible it may be of uſe to 'ſome others of my ſex, who will be as grate-'ful for the favour as,

'Sir, your humble ſervant,

'FLORINDA.

'P. S. To tell you the truth, I am married 'to him already, but pray ſay ſomething to 'juſtify me.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will forgive us profeſſors of muſic if 'we make a ſecond application to you, in 'order to promote our deſign of exhibiting enter-'tainments of muſic in *York-Buildings*. It is 'induſtriouſly inſinuated, that our intention is 'to deſtroy operas in general; but we beg of 'you to inſert this plain explanation of ourſelves 'in your paper. Our purpoſe is only to im-'prove our circumſtances, by improving the art 'which we profeſs. We ſee it utterly deſtroyed 'at preſent, and as we were the perſons who 'introduced operas, we think it a groundleſs 'imputation that we ſhould ſet up againſt the 'opera itſelf. What we pretend to aſſert is, 'that the ſongs of different authors injudiciouſly 'put together, and a foreign tone and manner 'which are expected in every thing now per-'formed amongſt us, has put muſic itſelf to a

'ſtand; inſomuch that the ears of the people 'cannot now be entertained with any thing but 'what has an impertinent gaiety, without any 'juſt ſpirit, or a languiſhment of notes, without 'any paſſion or common ſenſe. We hope thoſe 'perſons of ſenſe and quality who have done 'us the honour to ſubſcribe, will not be 'aſhamed of their patronage towards us, and 'not receive impreſſions that patroniſing us is 'being for or againſt the opera, but truly 'promoting their own diverſions in a more juſt 'and elegant manner than has been hitherto 'performed.

'We are, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervants,

'THOMAS CLAYTON.
'NICOLINO HAYM.
'CHARLES DIEUPART.

'There will be no performances in *York-Buildings* until after that of the ſubſcription.'

T

Saturday,

N° 279 Saturday, January 19.

Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 316.

He knows what beſt befits each character.

WE have already taken a general ſurvey of the fable and characters in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*. The parts which remain to be conſidered, according to *Ariſtotle*'s method, are the ſentiments and the language. Before I enter upon the firſt of theſe, I muſt advertiſe my reader, that it is my deſign as ſoon as I have finiſhed my general reflections on theſe four ſeveral heads, to give particular inſtances out of the poem which is now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be obſerved under each of them, as alſo of ſuch other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premiſe, that the reader may not judge too haſtily of this piece of criticiſm, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has ſeen the whole extent of it.

The ſentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author aſcribes to the perſons whom he introduces, and are juſt when they are conformable to the characters of the ſeveral perſons. The ſentiments have likewiſe a relation to things as well as perſons, and

and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the subject. If in either of these cases the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other passion, we ought to consider whether the sentiments he makes use of are proper for those ends. *Homer* is censured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though at the same time those, who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that delicacy in some of his sentiments which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Besides, if there are blemishes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greatest part of them. In short, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanness of some of his sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the propriety of his sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this particular: nor must we omit one consideration which adds to his honour and reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced persons whose characters are commonly known among men, and such as are to be met with either in history, or in ordinary conversation. *Milton*'s characters, most of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It shews a greater genius in *Shakespear* to have drawn his *Caliban*,

Calyban, than his *Hotſpur* or *Julius Cæſar:* the one was to be ſupplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, hiſtory and obſervation. It was much eaſier therefore for *Homer* to find proper ſentiments for an aſſembly of *Grecian* generals, than for *Milton* to diverſify his infernal council with proper characters, and inſpire them with a variety of ſentiments. The loves of *Dido* and *Æneas* are only copies of what has paſſed between other perſons. *Adam* and *Eve*, before the fall, are a different ſpecies from that of mankind, who are deſcended from them; and none but a poet of the moſt unbounded invention, and the moſt exquiſite judgment, could have filled their converſation and behaviour with ſo many apt circumſtances during their ſtate of innocence.

Nor is it ſufficient for an epic poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are natural, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are ſublime. *Virgil* in this particular falls ſhort of *Homer*. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the ſame time has not ſo many thoughts that are ſublime and noble. The truth of it is, *Virgil* ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleaſes us by the force of his own genius; but ſeldom elevates and tranſports us where he does not fetch his hints from *Homer*.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his diſtinguiſhing excellence, lies in the ſublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival

rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatneſs of his ſentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impoſſible for the imagination of man to diſtend itſelf with greater ideas, than thoſe which he has laid together in his firſt, ſecond, and ſixth books. The ſeventh, which deſcribes the creation of the world, is likewiſe wonderfully ſublime, though not ſo apt to ſtir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor conſequently ſo perfect in the epic way of writing, becauſe it is filled with leſs action. Let the judicious reader compare what *Longinus* has obſerved on ſeveral paſſages in *Homer*, and he will find parallels for moſt of them in the *Paradiſe Loſt*.

From what has been ſaid we may infer, that as there are two kinds of ſentiments, the natural and the ſublime, which are always to be purſued in an heroic poem, there are alſo two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil:* he has none of thoſe trifling points and puerilities that are ſo often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the epigrammatic turns of *Lucan*, none of thoſe ſwelling ſentiments which are ſo frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of thoſe mixed embelliſhments of *Taſſo*. Every thing is juſt and natural. His ſentiments ſhew that he had a perfect inſight into human nature, and that

that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it.

Mr. *Dryden* has in ſome places, which I may hereafter take notice of, miſrepreſented *Virgil*'s way of thinking as to this particular, in the tranſlation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the falſe refinements of later ages. *Milton*, it muſt be confeſt, has ſometimes erred in this reſpect, as I ſhall ſhew more at large in another paper; though conſidering how all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did ſometimes comply with the vicious taſte which ſtill prevails ſo much among modern writers.

But ſince ſeveral thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an epic poet ſhould not only avoid ſuch ſentiments as are unnatural or affected, but alſo ſuch as are mean and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great field of raillery to men of more delicacy than greatneſs of genius, by the homelineſs of ſome of his ſentiments. But, as I have before ſaid, theſe are rather to be imputed to the ſimplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may alſo add, of that which he deſcribed, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. *Zoilus*, among the ancients, and Monſieur *Perrault*, among the moderns, puſhed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of ſome ſuch ſentiments. There is no blemiſh

to

to be obſerved in *Virgil* under this head, and but a very few in *Milton*.

I ſhall give but one inſtance of this impropriety of thought in *Homer*, and at the ſame time compare it with an inſtance of the ſame nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments, which raiſe laughter, can very ſeldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whoſe buſineſs it is to excite paſſions of a much nobler nature. *Homer*, however, in his characters of *Vulcan* and *Therſites*, in his ſtory of *Mars* and *Venus*, in his behaviour of *Irus*, and in other paſſages, has been obſerved to have lapſed into the burleſque character, and to have departed from that ſerious air which ſeems eſſential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which riſes in the fifth book, upon *Monætes*, where he is repreſented as thrown overboard, and drying himſelf upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is ſo well timed, that the ſevereſt critic can have nothing to ſay againſt it; for it is in the book of games and diverſions, where the reader's mind may be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently relaxed for ſuch an entertainment. The only piece of pleaſantry in *Paradiſe Loſt*, is where the evil ſpirits are deſcribed as rallying the angels upon the ſucceſs of their new-invented artillery. This paſſage I look upon to be the moſt exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing elſe but a ſtring of puns, and thoſe too very indifferent ones.

——— Satan

——— Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O friends, why come not on thoſe victors proud!
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we
To entertain them fair with *open front*,
And breaſt, (what could we more?) propounding terms
Of compoſition, ſtraight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell
As they would dance: yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace; but I ſuppoſe
If our propoſals once again were *heard*,
We ſhould compel them to a quick *reſult*.
To whom thus *Belial* in like gameſome mood:
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of *weight*,
Of *hard contents*, and full of force urg'd home;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And *ſtumbled* many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well *underſtand*;
Not *underſtood*, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes *walk not upright*.
Thus they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing ——

Monday,

N° 280 Monday, January 21.

Principibus placuiſſe viris non ultima laus eſt.
HOR. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 35.

To pleaſe the great is not the ſmalleſt praiſe.
CREECH.

THE deſire of pleaſing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to thoſe with whom he converſes, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleaſing others ariſes from innate benevolence, it never fails of ſucceſs; if from a vanity to excel, its diſappointment is no leſs certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with the natural bent to do acceptable things from a delight he takes in them merely as ſuch; and the affectation of that character is what conſtitutes a fop. Under theſe leaders one may draw up all thoſe who make any manner of figure, except in dumb ſhow. A rational and ſelect converſation is compoſed of perſons, who have the talent of pleaſing with delicacy of ſentiments flowing from habitual chaſtity of thought; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to mirth, and is uſually peſtered with conſtrained, obſcene, and painful witticiſms. Now and then you meet with a man, ſo exactly formed for pleaſing, that it is no matter what he

is

is doing or ſaying, that is to ſay, that there need no manner of importance in it, to make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but muſt be attended with happy circumſtances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which diſtinguiſhes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and eſteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the vigour of his age and the gaiety of life, but has paſſed through very conſpicuous ſcenes in it; though no ſoldier, he has ſhared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generoſity on a deciſive day of battle. To have thoſe qualities which only make other men conſpicuous in the world as it were ſupernumerary to him, is a circumſtance which gives weight to his moſt indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready-caſh to a trader, ſo is acknowledged merit immediate diſtinction, and ſerves in the place of equipage to a gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in mirth, important in buſineſs, and regarded with love, in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have ſuch particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleaſing which muſt carry men through the world who cannot pretend to ſuch advantages. Falling in with the particular humour or manner of one above you, abſtracted from the general rules of good behaviour, is the life of a ſlave. A paraſite differs in nothing from the meaneſt ſervant, but that the footman hires himſelf for

bodily labour, ſubjected to go and come at the will of his maſter, but the other gives up his very ſoul: he is proſtituted to ſpeak, and profeſſes to think after the mode of him whom he courts. This ſervitude to a patron, in an honeſt nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we will ſpeak of thoſe methods only, which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy talent of pleaſing either thoſe above you or below you, ſeems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your ſincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need no more be ſaid in honour of it, than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The guilty man has an honour for the judge who with juſtice pronounces againſt him the ſentence of death itſelf. The author of the ſentence at the head of this paper, was an excellent judge of human life, and paſſed his own in company the moſt agreeable that ever was in the world. *Auguſtus* lived amongſt his friends, as if he had his fortune to make in his own court: candor and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was veſted with, were what made him in the utmoſt manner agreeable among a ſet of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the diſpoſal of an empire, without the pleaſures of their mutual converſation. A certain unanimity of taſte and judgment, which

which is natural to all of the ſame order in the ſpecies, was the band of this ſociety; and the emperor aſſumed no figure in it, but what he thought was his due from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleaſures and ſentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wiſe, are incapable of taſting the refined pleaſure of ſuch an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their converſations. *Horace*, in the diſcourſe from whence I take the hint of the preſent ſpeculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in converſation with men of power; but he ſpeaks it with an air of one who had no need of ſuch an application for any thing which related to himſelf. It ſhews he underſtood what it was to be a ſkilful courtier, by juſt admonitions againſt importunity, and ſhewing how forcible it was to ſpeak modeſtly of your own wants. There is indeed ſomething ſo ſhameleſs in taking all opportunities to ſpeak of your own affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the beggar, who expoſes his ſores, which inſtead of moving compaſſion makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about ſixteen years ago an honeſt fellow, who ſo juſtly underſtood how diſagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of *Irus*, whom I have formerly mentioned. This man, whom I have

miſſed for ſome years in my walks, and have heard was ſome way employed about the army, made it a maxim, that good wigs, delicate linen, and a chearful air, were to a poor dependent the ſame that working tools are to a poor artificer. It was no ſmall entertainment to me, who knew his circumſtances, to ſee him, who had faſted two days, attribute the thinneſs they told him of to the violence of ſome gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The ſkilful diſſembler carried this on with the utmoſt addreſs; and if any ſuſpected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himſelf in ſome faſhionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty; which ſaved his credit with thoſe on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troubleſome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favour from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleaſing ſo as to ſucceed in the world, when there are crowds who have, in city, town, court, and country, arrived at conſiderable acquiſitions, and yet ſeem incapable of acting in any conſtant tenor of life, but have gone on from one ſucceſsful error to another: therefore I think I may ſhorten this inquiry after the method of pleaſing; and as the old beau ſaid to his ſon, once for all, 'Pray, *Jack*, be a fine gentleman,' ſo may I, to my reader, abridge my inſtructions, and finiſh the art of pleaſing, in a word, 'Be 'rich.' T

Tueſday,

N° 281 Tueſday, January 22.

Pectoribus inhians ſpirantia conſulit exta.
VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 64.

Anxious the reeking entrails he conſults.

HAVING already given an account of the diſſection of a Beau's Head, with the ſeveral diſcoveries made on that occaſion; I ſhall here, according to my promiſe, enter upon the diſſection of a Coquette's Heart, and communicate to the public ſuch particularities as we obſerved in that curious piece of anatomy.

I ſhould perhaps have waved this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promiſe by ſeveral of my unknown correſpondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the requeſt of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it; which I ſhall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this viſionary diſſection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reaſon of the many labyrinths and receſſes which are to be found in

it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to shew the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it shewed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat,

coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as ſoon as an ill-ſhaped periwig, a clumſy pair of ſhoes, or an unfaſhionable coat came into his houſe: nay, he proceeded ſo far as to aſſure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he ſtood by it, the liquor mounted very ſenſibly, and immediately ſunk again upon his looking ſerious. In ſhort, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of ſenſe or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the caſe and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itſelf. The outward ſurface of it was extremely ſlippery, and the *Mucro*, or point, ſo very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a ſmooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twiſted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are uſually found in other hearts; inſomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and muſt have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilſt it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very obſervable, namely, that, upon examining all the veſſels which came into it or iſſued out of it, we could not diſcover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewiſe, that ſeveral of thoſe little nerves in the heart which are affected by the ſentiments of love, hatred, and other paſſions, did not deſcend to this before

us from the brain, but from the muſcles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and conſequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when upon looking into the inſide of it, I ſaw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our hiſtorians deſcribe the apartments of *Roſamond*'s bower. Several of theſe little hollows were ſtuffed with innumerable ſorts of trifles, which I ſhall forbear giving any particular account of, and ſhall therefore only take notice of what lay firſt and uppermoſt, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our microſcopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We were informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addreſſes of ſeveral who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one ſhe converſed with believe that ſhe regarded him with an eye of kindneſs; for which reaſon we expected to have ſeen the impreſſion of multitudes of faces among the ſeveral plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great ſurpriſe not a ſingle print of this nature diſcovered itſelf until we came into the very core and center of it. We there obſerved a little figure, which upon applying our glaſſes to it, appeared dreſſed in a very fantaſtic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had ſeen the face before, but could not poſſibly recollect either the place or time; when, at length, one of the company,

company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the reſt, ſhewed us plainly by the make of its face, and the ſeveral turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceaſed beau, whoſe head I gave ſome account of in my laſt *Tueſday*'s paper.

As ſoon as we had finiſhed our diſſection, we reſolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourſelves the nature of its ſubſtance, which differed in ſo many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we obſerved in it a certain ſalamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midſt of fire and flame, without being conſumed, or ſo much as ſinged.

As we were admiring this ſtrange phænomenon, and ſtanding round the heart in a circle, it gave a moſt prodigious ſigh, or rather crack, and diſperſed all at once in ſmoke and vapour. This imaginary noiſe, which methought was louder than the burſt of a cannon, produced ſuch a violent ſhake in my brain, that it diſſipated the fumes of ſleep, and left me in an inſtant broad awake. L.

Wedneſday,

N° 282 Wedneſday, January 23.

——*Spes incerta futuri.* VIRG. Æn. 8. v. 580.

—— Hopes and fears in equal balance laid.
DRYDEN.

IT is a lamentable thing that every man is full of complaints, and conſtantly uttering ſentences againſt the fickleneſs of fortune, when people generally bring upon themſelves all the calamities they fall into, and are conſtantly heaping up matter for their own ſorrow and diſappointment. That which produces the greateſt part of the deluſions of mankind, is a falſe hope which people indulge with ſo ſanguine a flattery to themſelves, that their hearts are bent upon fantaſtical advantages which they had no reaſon to believe ſhould ever have arrived to them. By this unjuſt meaſure of calculating their happineſs, they often mourn with real affliction for imaginary loſſes. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourſelves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular ſet of people, who, in their own favour, reſolve every thing that is poſſible into what is probable, and then reckon on that probability as on what muſt certainly happen. WILL HONEYCOMB, upon my obſerving his looking on a lady, with ſome particular attention, gave me an account of the great diſtreſſes which had laid waſte that her very fine face,

face, and had given an air of melancholy to a very agreeable perſon. That lady and a couple of ſiſters of hers, were, ſaid WILL, fourteen years ago, the greateſt fortunes about town; but without having any loſs by bad tenants, by bad ſecurities, or any damage by ſea or land, are reduced to very narrow circumſtances. They were at that time the moſt inacceſſible haughty beauties in town; and their pretenſions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, were raiſed upon the following ſcheme, according to which all their lovers were anſwered.

'Our father is a youngiſh man, but then our 'mother is ſomewhat older, and not likely to 'have any children; his eſtate, being 800 *l. per* '*annum*, at 20 years purchaſe, is worth 16,000*l.* 'Our uncle, who is above 50, has 400*l. per* '*annum*, which at the aforeſaid rate is 8000*l.* 'There's a widow aunt, who has 10,000*l.* at 'her own diſpoſal left by her huſband, and an 'old maiden aunt who has 6000*l.* Then our 'father's mother has 900*l. per Annum*, which 'is worth 18,000*l.* and 1000*l.* each of us has 'of her own, which cannot be taken from us. 'Theſe ſummed up together ſtand thus.

Father's 800 — —		16,000
Uncle's 400 — —		8,000
Aunts	10,000 / 6,000	16,000
Grandmother 900 —		18,000
Own 1000 each —		3,000
	Total	61,000

This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000*l.* each; and allowance being given for enlargement upon common fame, we may lawfully paſs for 30,000*l.* fortunes.

'In proſpect of this, and the knowledge of their 'own perſonal merit, every one was contemptible 'in their eyes, and they refuſed thoſe offers which 'had been frequently made them. But mark the 'end: the mother dies, the father is married 'again and has a ſon, on him was entailed the 'father's, uncle's, and grandmother's eſtate. This 'cut off 42,000 *l.* The maiden aunt married a 'tall *Iriſhman*, and with her went the 6000 *l.* 'The widow died, and left but enough to pay 'her debts and bury her; ſo that there remained 'for theſe three girls but their own 1000 *l.* They 'had by this time paſſed their prime, and got on 'the wrong ſide of thirty; and muſt paſs the re-'mainder of their days, upbraiding mankind that 'they mind nothing but money, and bewailing 'that virtue, ſenſe and modeſty, are had at pre-'ſent in no manner of eſtimation.'

I mention this caſe of ladies before any other, becauſe it is the moſt irreparable: for though youth is the time leſs capable of reflection, it is in that ſex the only ſeaſon in which they can advance their fortunes. But if we turn our thoughts to the men, we ſee ſuch crowds of unhappy from no other reaſon, but an ill-grounded hope, that it is hard to ſay which they rather deſerve, our pity or contempt. It is not unpleaſant to ſee a fellow, grown old in attendance, and after having paſſed half a life in ſervitude, call himſelf the unhappieſt of all men, and pretend to be diſappointed becauſe a courtier broke his word. He that promiſes himſelf any thing but what may naturally ariſe from his

his own property or labour, and goes beyond the deſire of poſſeſſing above two parts in three even of that, lays up for himſelf an increaſing heap of afflictions and diſappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men, and theſe are by being either agreeable or conſiderable. The generality of mankind do all things for their own ſakes; and when you hope any thing from perſons above you, if you cannot ſay, I can be thus agreeable, or thus ſerviceable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious, in hoping for any other than to be neglected, for ſuch as can come within theſe deſcriptions of being capable to pleaſe, or ſerve your patron, when his humour or intereſts call for their capacity either way.

It would not methinks be an uſeleſs compariſon between the condition of a man who ſhuns all the pleaſures of life, and of one who makes it his buſineſs to purſue them. Hope in the recluſe makes his auſterities comfortable, while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneaſineſs from his enjoyments. What is the difference in the happineſs of him who is macerated by abſtinence, and his who is ſurfeited with exceſs? He who reſigns the world, has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, anger, but is in conſtant poſſeſſion of a ſerene mind; he who follows the pleaſures of it, which are in their very nature diſappointing, is in conſtant ſearch of care, ſolicitude, remorſe, and confuſion.

' Mr.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *January* 14, 1712.

'I Am a young woman, and have my fortune 'to make, for which reaſon I come conſtantly 'to church to hear divine ſervice, and make 'conqueſts: but one great hindrance in this my 'deſign is, that our clerk, who was once a gar-'dener, has this *Chriſtmas* ſo over-decked the 'church with greens, that he has quite ſpoiled 'my proſpect, inſomuch that I have ſcarce ſeen 'the young baronet I dreſs at theſe three weeks, 'though we have both been very conſtant at our 'devotions, and do not ſit above three pews off. 'The church, as it is now equipped, looks more 'like a green-houſe than a place of worſhip: the 'middle iſle is a very pretty ſhady walk, and the 'pews look like ſo many arbours on each ſide 'of it. The pulpit itſelf has ſuch cluſters of 'ivy, holly, and roſemary about it, that a light 'fellow in our pew took occaſion to ſay, that the 'congregation heard the word out of a buſh, 'like *Moſes*. Sir *Anthony Love*'s pew in parti-'cular is ſo well hedged, that all my batteries 'have no effect. I am obliged to ſhoot at ran-'dom among the boughs, without taking any 'manner of aim. Mr. SPECTATOR, unleſs you 'will give orders for removing theſe greens, I 'ſhall grow a very aukward creature at church, 'and ſoon have little elſe to do there but to ſay 'my prayers. I am in haſte,

'Dear Sir,

'your moſt obedient ſervant,

'JENNY SIMPER.'

T

N° 283 Thurſday, January 24.

Magiſter artis & largitor ingeni
Venter ——— PERS. Prolog. v. 10.

Neceſſity is the mother of invention.
Engliſh Proverb.

LUCIAN rallies the philoſophers in his time, who could not agree whether they ſhould admit riches into the number of real goods; the profeſſors of the ſeverer ſects threw them quite out, while others as reſolutely inſerted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the firſt were wholly diſcarded; and I do not find any one ſo hardy at preſent as to deny that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the beſt and wiſeſt of men, though they may poſſibly deſpiſe a good part of thoſe things which the world calls pleaſures, can, I think, hardly be inſenſible of that weight and dignity which a moderate ſhare of wealth adds to their characters, counſels, and actions.

We find it is a general complaint in profeſſions and trades, that the richeſt members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falſly imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever

ever beſtowing their favours on ſuch as leaſt want them: whereas if we fairly conſider their proceedings in this caſe, we ſhall find them founded on undoubted reaſon: ſince ſuppoſing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent perſon, rather than from one whoſe circumſtances ſeem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reaſon alſo makes the common-wealth regard her richeſt ſubjects, as thoſe who are moſt concerned for her quiet and intereſt, and conſequently fitteſt to be intruſted with her higheſt employments. On the contrary, *Catiline*'s ſaying to thoſe men of deſperate fortunes, who applied themſelves to him, and of whom he afterwards compoſed his army, that 'they had no-'thing to hope for but a civil war,' was too true not to make the impreſſions he deſired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have ſaid in praiſe of money, will be more than ſufficient with moſt of my readers to excuſe the ſubject of my preſent paper, which I intend as an eſſay on 'the ways to raiſe a man's fortune, or 'the art of growing rich.'

The firſt and moſt infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift: all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practiſe this virtue, and I believe there are very few perſons, who, if they pleaſe to reflect on their paſt lives, will not find that had they ſaved all thoſe little ſums which they have ſpent unneceſſarily

neceſſarily, they might at preſent have been maſters of a competent fortune. Diligence juſtly claims the next place to thrift: I find both theſe excellently well recommended to common uſe in the three following *Italian* proverbs.

'Never do that by proxy which you can do yourſelf.'
'Never defer that until to-morrow which you can 'do to-day.'
'Never neglect ſmall matters and expences.'

A third inſtrument of growing rich, is method in buſineſs, which, as well as the two former, is alſo attainable by perſons of the meaneſt capacities.

The famous *De Wit*, one of the greateſt ſtateſmen of the age in which he lived, being aſked by a friend, how he was able to diſpatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, That his whole art conſiſted in doing one thing at once. If, ſays he, I have any neceſſary diſpatches to make, I think of nothing elſe until thoſe are finiſhed; if any domeſtic affairs require my attention, I give myſelf up wholly to them until they are ſet in order.

In ſhort, we often ſee men of dull and phlegmatic tempers, arriving to great eſtates, by making a regular and orderly diſpoſition of their buſineſs, and that without it the greateſt parts and moſt lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to an happy iſſue.

From what has been ſaid, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of

good common ſenſe may, if he pleaſes, in his particular ſtation of life, moſt certainly be rich. The reaſon why we ſometimes ſee that men of the greateſt capacities are not ſo, is either becauſe they deſpiſe wealth in compariſon of ſomething elſe; or at leaſt are not content to be getting an eſtate, unleſs they may do it their own way, and at the ſame time enjoy all the pleaſures and gratifications of life.

But beſides theſe ordinary forms of growing rich, it muſt be allowed that there is room for genius, as well in this as in all other circumſtances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long ſince very numerous, and though ſo many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly ſtill remaining ſo large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might eaſily ſit down and draw up ſuch a plan for the conduct and ſupport of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily ſee methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonſtrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of *Scaramouche*, the firſt famous *Italian* comedian, that being at *Paris* and in great want, he bethought himſelf of conſtantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying ſnuff, never failed to deſire a taſte of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of ſeveral different ſorts, he ſold it again at a lower rate

to

to the ſame perfumer, who finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or 'ſnuff 'of a thouſand flowers.' The ſtory farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable ſubſiſtence, until making too much haſte to grow rich, he one day took ſuch an unreaſonable pinch out of the box of a *Swiſs* officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing juſtice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is ſcarce yet twelve years old, has with great induſtry and application attained to the art of beating the grenadiers march on his chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himſelf and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a deſign, if the war continues, to purchaſe a drum at leaſt, if not a pair of colours.

I ſhall conclude theſe inſtances with the device of the famous *Rabelais*, when he was at a great diſtance from *Paris*, and without money to bear his expences thither. This ingenious author being thus ſharp ſet, got together a convenient quantity of brick-duſt, and having diſpoſed of it into ſeveral papers, writ upon one, 'poiſon for Monſieur,' upon a ſecond 'poiſon for the Dauphin,' and on a third, 'poiſon for the King.' Having made this proviſion for the royal family of *France*, he laid his papers ſo that his landlord, who was an inquiſitive man, and a good ſubject, might get a ſight of them.

The plot ſucceeded as he deſired: the hoſt gave immediate intelligence to the ſecretary of ſtate. The ſecretary preſently ſent down a ſpecial meſſenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expence with proper accommodations on the road. As ſoon as he appeared he was known to be the celebrated *Rabelais*, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jeſt was only laughed at; for which a leſs eminent droll would have been ſent to the gallies.

Trade and commerce might doubtleſs be ſtill varied a thouſand ways, out of which would ariſe ſuch branches as have not yet been touched. The famous *Doily* is ſtill freſh in every ones memory, who raiſed a fortune by finding out materials for ſuch ſtuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he diſcovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we ſhould hardly have been able to carry on the laſt war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general; but as the moſt natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having obſerved, ſince my being a Spectator in the world, greater eſtates got about *'Change*, than at *Whitehall* or *Saint James*'s. I believe I may alſo add, that the firſt acquiſitions are generally attended with more ſatisfaction, and as good a conſcience.

I muſt not however cloſe this eſſay, without obſerving that what has been ſaid is only intended for perſons in the common ways of thriving, and

and is not deſigned for thoſe men who from low beginnings puſh themſelves up to the top of ſtates, and the moſt conſiderable figures in life. My maxim of ſaving is not deſigned for ſuch as theſe, ſince nothing is more uſual than for thrift to diſappoint the ends of ambition; it being almoſt impoſſible that the mind ſhould be intent upon trifles, while it is at the ſame time forming ſome great deſign.

I may therefore compare theſe men to a great poet, who, as *Longinus* ſays, while he is full of the moſt magnificent ideas, is not always at leiſure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art.

I would however have all my readers take great care how they miſtake themſelves for uncommon geniuſſes, and men above rule, ſince it is very eaſy for them to be deceived in this particular. X

N° 284 Friday, January 25.

Poſthabui tamen illorum mea ſeria ludo.

VIRG. Ecl. 7. v. 17.

Their mirth to ſhare, I bid my buſineſs wait.

AN unaffected behaviour is without queſtion a very great charm; but under the notion of being unconſtrained and diſengaged, people take upon them to be unconcerned in any duty of life. A general negligence is what they aſſume upon all occaſions, and ſet up for an averſion to all manner of buſineſs and attention. 'I am the careleſſeſt creature in the 'world, I have certainly the worſt memory of 'any man living,' are frequent expreſſions in the mouth of a pretender of this ſort. It is a profeſſed maxim with theſe people never to think; there is ſomething ſo ſolemn in reflection, they, forſooth, can never give themſelves time for ſuch a way of employing themſelves. It happens often that this ſort of man is heavy enough in his nature to be a good proficient in ſuch matters as are attainable by induſtry; but alas! he has ſuch an ardent deſire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the faults of a perſon of ſpirit, that he profeſſes himſelf the moſt unfit man living for any manner of application. When this humour enters into the head

head of a female, ſhe generally profeſſes ſickneſs upon all occaſions, and acts all things with an indiſpoſed air: ſhe is offended, but her mind is too lazy to raiſe her to anger, therefore ſhe lives only as actuated by a violent ſpleen and gentle ſcorn. She has hardly curioſity to liſten to ſcandal of her acquaintance, and has never attention enough to hear them commended. This affectation in both ſexes makes them vain of being uſeleſs, and take a certain pride in their inſignificancy.

Oppoſite to this folly is another no leſs unreaſonable, and that is the impertinence of being always in a hurry. There are thoſe who viſit ladies, and beg pardon, before they are well ſeated in their chairs, that they juſt called in, but are obliged to attend buſineſs of importance elſewhere the very next moment: thus they run from place to place, profeſſing that they are obliged to be ſtill in another company than that which they are in. Theſe perſons who are juſt going ſomewhere elſe ſhould never be detained; let all the world allow that buſineſs is to be minded, and their affairs will be at an end. Their vanity is to be importuned, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs would effectually diſpatch them. The travelling ladies, who have half the town to ſee in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in a conſtant hurry; but it is inexcuſable in men to come where they have no buſineſs, to profeſs they abſent themſelves where they have. It has been remarked by ſome nice obſervers and critics, that there is

nothing diſcovers the true temper of a perſon ſo much as his letters. I have by me two epiſtles, which are written by two people of the different humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a man cannot obſerve upon himſelf when he ſits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himſelf to paper the ſame man that he is in the freedom of converſation. I have hardly ſeen a line from any of theſe gentlemen, but ſpoke them as abſent from what they were doing, as they profeſs they are when they come into company. For the folly is, that they have perſuaded themſelves they really are buſy. Thus their whole time is ſpent in ſuſpenſe of the preſent moment to the next, and then from the next to the ſucceeding, which to the end of life is to paſs away with pretence to many things, and execution of nothing.

'SIR,

'THE poſt is juſt going out, and I have many other letters of very great importance to write this evening, but I could not omit making my compliments to you for your civilities to me when I was laſt in town. It is my misfortune to be ſo full of buſineſs, that I cannot tell you a thouſand things which I have to ſay to you. I muſt deſire you to communicate the contents of this to no one living; but believe me to be, with the greateſt fidelity, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient,
'humble ſervant,
'STEPHEN COURIER.'

'MADAM,

'I Hate writing, of all things in the world; however, though I have drank the waters, and am told I ought not to uſe my eyes ſo much, I cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you I have been to the laſt degree hipped ſince I ſaw you. How could you entertain ſuch a thought, as that I ſhould hear of that ſilly fellow with patience? Take my word for it, there is nothing in it; and you may believe it when ſo lazy a creature as I am undergo the pains to aſſure you of it by taking pen, ink, and paper in my hand. Forgive this, you know I ſhall not often offend in this kind. I am very much

'Your ſervant,

'BRIDGET EITHERDOWN.

'The fellow is of your country, pr'ythee ſend me word however whether he has ſo great an eſtate.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Jan.* 24, 1712.

'I Am clerk of the pariſh from whence Mrs. *Simper* ſends her complaint, in your yeſterday's Spectator. I muſt beg of you to publiſh this as a public admonition to the aforeſaid Mrs. *Simper*, otherwiſe all my honeſt care in the diſpoſition of the greens in the church will have no effect: I ſhall therefore with your leave lay before you the whole matter. I was

'formerly,

'formerly, as ſhe charges me, for ſeveral years 'a gardener in the county of *Kent:* but I muſt 'abſolutely deny, that it is out of any affection 'I retain for my old employment that I have 'placed my greens ſo liberally about the church, 'but out of a particular ſpleen I conceived 'againſt Mrs. *Simper*, and others of the ſame 'ſiſterhood, ſome time ago. As to herſelf, I 'had one day ſet the hundredth *Pſalm*, and 'was ſinging the firſt line in order to put the 'congregation into the tune, ſhe was all the 'while courtſying to Sir *Anthony*, in ſo affected 'and indecent a manner, that the indignation I 'conceived made me forget myſelf ſo far, as 'from the tune of that *Pſalm* to wander into '*Southwell* tune, and from thence into *Windſor* 'tune, ſtill unable to recover myſelf until I 'had with the utmoſt confuſion ſet a new one. 'Nay, I have often ſeen her riſe up and ſmile, 'and courteſy to one at the lower end of the 'church in the midſt of a *gloria patri*; and 'when I have ſpoke the aſſent to a prayer with 'a long *Amen* uttered with decent gravity, ſhe 'has been rolling her eyes round about in ſuch 'a manner, as plainly ſhewed, however ſhe 'was moved, it was not towards an heavenly 'object. In fine, ſhe extended her conqueſts ſo 'far over the males, and raiſed ſuch envy in 'the females, that what between love of thoſe, 'and the jealouſy of theſe, I was almoſt the 'only perſon that looked in a prayer-book all 'church-time. I had ſeveral projects in my 'head, to put a ſtop to this growing miſchief;

'but

'but as I have long lived in *Kent*, and there 'often heard how the *Kentiſh* men evaded the 'conqueror, by carrying green boughs over 'their heads, it put me in mind of practiſing 'this device againſt Mrs. *Simper*. I find I have 'preſerved many a young man from her eye-'ſhot by this means; therefore humbly pray 'the boughs may be fixed, until ſhe ſhall give 'ſecurity for her peaceable intentions.

'Your humble ſervant,

T 'FRANCIS STERNHOLD.'

N° 285 Saturday, January 26.

Ne, quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur Heros,
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.
HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 227.

But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much,
To make a God, a Hero, or a King
(Stript of his golden crown, and purple robe)
Deſcend to a mechanic dialect;
Nor (to avoid ſuch meanneſs) ſoaring high,
With empty ſound, and airy notions, fly.
ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters and ſentiments in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, we are in the laſt place to conſider

ſider the language; and as the learned world is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this point, I hope they will excuſe me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to thoſe who judge the moſt advantageouſly of the author.

It is requiſite that the language of an heroic poem ſhould be both perſpicuous and ſublime. In proportion as either of theſe two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perſpicuity is the firſt and moſt neceſſary qualification; inſomuch that a good-natured reader ſometimes overlooks a little ſlip even in the grammar or *ſyntax*, where it is impoſſible for him to miſtake the poet's ſenſe. Of this kind is that paſſage in *Milton*, wherein he ſpeaks of *Satan:*

'——— God and his Son except,
'Created thing nought valu'd he nor ſhunn'd.'

And that in which he deſcribes *Adam* and *Eve.*

'*Adam* the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
'His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters *Eve.*'

It is plain, that in the former of theſe paſſages acccording to the natural *ſyntax*, the divine perſons mentioned in the firſt line are repreſented as created beings; and that, in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their ſons and daughters. Such little blemiſhes as theſe, when the thought is great and natural, we ſhould, with *Horace*, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakneſs of human nature, which cannot attend

attend to each minute particular, and give the laſt finiſhing to every circumſtance in ſo long a work. The ancient critics therefore, who were acted by a ſpirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of ſpeech, on purpoſe to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of thoſe authors who had ſo many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearneſs and perſpicuity were only to be conſulted, the poet would have nothing elſe to do but to clothe his thoughts in the moſt plain and natural expreſſions. But ſince it often happens that the moſt obvious phraſes, and thoſe which are uſed in ordinary converſation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanneſs by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar, a poet ſhould take particular care to guard himſelf againſt idiomatic ways of ſpeaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many poorneſſes of expreſſion upon this account, as taking up with the firſt phraſes that offered, without putting themſelves to the trouble of looking after ſuch as would not only have been natural, but alſo elevated and ſublime. *Milton* has but few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with ſome inſtances, as in the following paſſages.

'Embrios and idiots, eremites and friers
'*White*, *black*, and *gray*, with all their *trumpery*,
'Here pilgrims roam ——
'—— A while diſcourſe they hold,
'*No fear leſt dinner cool*; when thus began
'Our author ——'

'Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
'The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
'My head, ill fare our anceſtor impure,
'*For this we may thank* Adam' ———

The great maſters in compoſition, know very well that many an elegant phraſe becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debaſed by common uſe. For this reaſon the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over thoſe which are written in languages that are now ſpoken. Were there any mean phraſes or idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not ſhock the ear of the moſt delicate modern reader, ſo much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, becauſe we never hear them pronounced in our ſtreets, or in ordinary converſation.

It is not therefore ſufficient, that the language of an epic poem be perſpicuous, unleſs it be alſo ſublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phraſes of ſpeech. The judgment of a poet very much diſcovers itſelf in ſhunning the common roads of expreſſion, without falling into ſuch ways of ſpeech as may ſeem ſtiff and unnatural; he muſt not ſwell into a falſe ſublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the *Greeks*, *Æſchylus*, and ſometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius*; and among our own countrymen, *Shakeſpear* and *Lee*. In theſe authors the affectation of greatneſs often hurts the perſpicuity

perſpicuity of the ſtile, as in many others the endeavour after perſpicuity prejudices its greatneſs.

Ariſtotle has obſerved, that the idiomatic ſtile may be avoided, and the ſublime formed, by the following methods. Firſt, by the uſe of metaphors: ſuch are thoſe of *Milton*.

'*Imparadis'd* in one another's arms.
'——— And in his hand a reed
'Stood waving *tipt* with fire. ——
'The graſſy clods now *calv'd*. ——
'*Spangled* with eyes' ——

In theſe and innumerable other inſtances, the metaphors are very bold but juſt; I muſt however obſerve that the metaphors are not ſo thick ſown in *Milton*, which always ſavours too much of wit; that they never claſh with one another, which, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, turns a ſentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he ſeldom has recourſe to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raiſing the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make uſe of the idioms of other tongues. *Virgil* is full of the *Greek* forms of ſpeech, which the critics call *Helleniſms*, as *Horace* in his odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the ſeveral dialects which *Homer* has made uſe of for this end. *Milton*, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with *Ariſtotle*'s rule, has infuſed a great many *Latiniſms* as well as *Græciſms*, and ſometimes *Hebraiſms*, into the language of his poem: as towards the beginning of it.

Nor

'*Nor* did they *not* perceive the evil plight
'In which they were, *or* the fierce pains *not* feel.
'Yet to their gen'ral's voice they ſoon obey'd.—
'—— Who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
'The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
'And through the *palpable obſcure* find out
'His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy flight
'Upborne with indefatigable wings
'Over the *vaſt abrupt!*

'—— So both *aſcend*
'In *the viſions* of God'—— B. II.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the ſubſtantive, the tranſpoſition of words, the turning the adjective into a ſubſtantive, with ſeveral other foreign modes of ſpeech which this poet has naturalized to give his verſe the greater ſound, and throw it out of proſe.

The third method mentioned by *Ariſtotle* is what agrees with the genius of the *Greek* language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more uſed by *Homer* than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phraſe by the addition of words, which may either be inſerted or omitted, as alſo by the extending or contracting of particular words by the inſertion or omiſſion of certain ſyllables. *Milton* has put in practice this method of raiſing his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the paſſage above-mentioned, *Eremite*, for what is hermit, in common diſcourſe. If you obſerve the meaſure of his verſe, he

he has with great judgment ſuppreſſed a ſyllable in ſeveral words, and ſhortened thoſe of two ſyllables into one, by which method, beſides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of perſons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Heſſebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made uſe of that which is not the moſt commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The ſame reaſon recommended to him ſeveral old words, which alſo makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I muſt likewiſe take notice, that there are in *Milton* ſeveral words of his own coining, as 'Cerberean, miſcreated, hell-doom'd, embryon atoms,' and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our *Engliſh* poet, I would recommend him to a diſcourſe in *Plutarch*, which ſhews us how frequently *Homer* has made uſe of the ſame liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the nobleſt words and phraſes which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the *Engliſh* poets have ever done before or after him, and made the ſublimity of his ſtile equal to that of his ſentiments.

I have been the more particular in theſe obſervations on *Milton*'s ſtile, becauſe it is that

part of him in which he appears the moſt ſingular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my obſervations out of *Ariſtotle*, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which ſome have taken to his poem upon this account; though after all, I muſt confeſs that I think his ſtile, though admirable in general, is in ſome places too much ſtiffened and obſcured by the frequent uſe of thoſe methods, which *Ariſtotle* has preſcribed for the raiſing of it.

This redundancy of thoſe ſeveral ways of ſpeech, which *Ariſtotle* calls 'foreign language,' and with which *Milton* has ſo much enriched, and in ſome places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper for his uſe, becauſe his poem is written in blank verſe. Rhyme, without any other aſſiſtance, throws the language off from proſe, and very often makes an indifferent phraſe paſs unregarded; but where the verſe is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of ſound, and energy of expreſſion, are indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſupport the ſtile, and keep it from falling into the flatneſs of proſe.

Thoſe who have not a taſte for this elevation of ſtile, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expreſſion, would do well to ſee how *Ariſtotle* has treated an ancient author called *Euclid*, for his inſipid mirth upon this occaſion. Mr. *Dryden* uſed to call theſe ſort of men his proſe-critics.

I ſhould, under this head of the language, conſider *Milton*'s numbers, in which he has made

made uſe of ſeveral eliſions, that are not cuſtomary among other *Engliſh* poets, as may be particularly obſerved in his cutting off the letter Y, when it precedes a vowel. This, and ſome other innovations in the meaſure of his verſe, has varied his numbers in ſuch a manner, as makes them incapable of ſatiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the ſame uniform meaſure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I ſhall cloſe theſe reflections upon the language of *Paradiſe Loſt*, with obſerving that *Milton* has copied after *Homer* rather than *Virgil* in the length of his periods, the copiouſneſs of his phraſes, and the running of his verſes into one another. L

N° 286 Monday, January 28.

Nomina honeſta prætenduntur vitiis.
TACIT. Ann. l. 14. c. 21.

Specious names are lent to cover vices.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan.* 18, 1712.

'I Pretend not to inform a gentleman of ſo 'juſt a taſte, whenever he pleaſes to uſe it; 'but it may not be amiſs to inform your 'readers that there is a falſe delicacy as well 'as a true one. True delicacy, as I take it,

'consists in exactness of judgment and dignity 'of sentiment, or if you will, purity of affec- 'tion, as this is opposed to corruption and gross- 'ness. There are pedants in breeding as well 'as in learning. The eye that cannot bear the 'light is not delicate but sore. A good consti- 'tution appears in the soundness and vigour 'of the parts, not in the squeamishness of the 'stomach: and a false delicacy is affectation, 'not politeness. What then can be the standard 'of delicacy but truth and virtue? Virtue, 'which, as the satirist long since observed, is 'real honour; whereas the other distinctions 'among mankind are merely titular. Judging 'by that rule, in my opinion, and in that of 'many of your virtuous female readers, you are 'so far from deserving Mr. *Courtly*'s accusation, 'that you seem too gentle, and to allow too 'many excuses for an enormous crime, which 'is the reproach of the age, and is in all its 'branches and degrees expressly forbidden by 'that religion we pretend to profess; and whose 'laws, in a nation that calls itself christian, 'one would think should take place of those 'rules which men of corrupt minds, and those 'of weak understandings follow. I know not 'any thing more pernicious to good manners, 'than the giving fair names to foul actions; 'for this confounds vice and virtue, and takes 'off that natural horror we have to evil. An 'innocent creature, who would start at the 'name of strumpet, may think it pretty to be 'called a mistress, especially if her seducer has

'taken

'taken care to inform her, that a union of 'hearts is the principal matter in the ſight of 'heaven, and that the buſineſs at church is 'a mere idle ceremony. Who knows not that 'the difference between obſcene and modeſt 'words expreſſing the ſame action, conſiſts only 'in the acceſſary idea, for there is nothing im-'modeſt in letters and ſyllables. Fornication 'and adultery are modeſt words; becauſe they 'expreſs an evil action as criminal, and ſo as 'to excite horror and averſion: whereas words 'repreſenting the pleaſure rather than the ſin, 'are for this reaſon indecent and diſhoneſt. 'Your papers would be chargeable with ſome-'thing worſe than indelicacy, they would be 'immoral, did you treat the deteſtable ſins of 'uncleanneſs in the ſame manner as you rally 'an impertinent ſelf-love, and an artful glance; 'as thoſe laws would be very unjuſt, that ſhould 'chaſtiſe murder and petty larceny with the 'ſame puniſhment. Even delicacy requires 'that the pity ſhewn to diſtreſſed indigent wick-'edneſs, firſt betrayed into, and then expelled 'the harbours of the brothel, ſhould be changed 'to deteſtation, when we conſider pampered 'vice in the habitations of the wealthy. The 'moſt free perſon of quality, in Mr. *Courtly*'s 'phraſe, that is, to ſpeak properly, a woman of 'figure who has forgot her birth and breeding, 'diſhonoured her relations and herſelf, aban-'doned her virtue and reputation, together 'with the natural modeſty of her ſex, and 'riſked her very ſoul, is ſo far from deſerving

'to be treated with no worſe character than that 'of a kind woman, (which is doubtleſs Mr. '*Courtly*'s meaning, if he has any) that one 'can ſcarce be too ſevere on her, in as much 'as ſhe ſins againſt greater reſtraints, is leſs 'expoſed, and liable to fewer temptations, than 'beauty in poverty and diſtreſs. It is hoped 'therefore, Sir, that you will not lay aſide 'your generous deſign of expoſing that monſtrous 'wickedneſs of the town, whereby a multitude 'of innocents are ſacrificed in a more barbarous 'manner than thoſe who were offered to *Moloch*. 'The unchaſte are provoked to ſee their vice 'expoſed, and the chaſte cannot rake into ſuch 'filth without danger of defilement; but a mere 'SPECTATOR may look into the bottom, and 'come off without partaking in the guilt. The 'doing ſo will convince us you purſue public 'good, and not merely your own advantage: but 'if your zeal ſlackens, how can one help think-'ing that Mr. *Courtly*'s letter is but a feint to 'get off from a ſubject, in which either your 'own, or the private and baſe ends of others to 'whom you are partial, or thoſe of whom you 'are afraid, would not endure a reformation?

'I am, Sir, your humble ſervant and admirer,
'ſo long as you tread in the paths of truth,
'virtue, and honour.'

Mr.

'*Trin. Coll. Cantab. Jan.* 12, 1711-12.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my fortune to have a chamber-fellow, 'with whom, though I agree very well in 'many ſentiments, yet there is one in which 'we are as contrary as light and darkneſs. We 'are both in love; his miſtreſs is a lovely fair, 'and mine a lovely brown. Now as the praiſe 'of our miſtreſſes beauty employs much of our 'time, we have frequent quarrels in entering 'upon that ſubject, while each ſays all he can 'to defend his choice. For my own part, I 'have racked my fancy to the utmoſt; and 'ſometimes, with the greateſt warmth of ima-'gination, have told him, that night was 'made before day, and many more fine things, 'though without any effect: nay, laſt night 'I could not forbear ſaying, with more heat 'than judgment, that the devil ought to be 'painted white. Now my deſire is, Sir, that 'you would be pleaſed to give us in black 'and white your opinion in the matter of diſ-'pute between us; which will either furniſh 'me with freſh and prevailing arguments to 'maintain my own taſte, or make me with 'leſs repining allow that of my chamber-fellow. 'I know very well that I have *Jack Cleveland* 'and *Bond*'s *Horace* on my ſide; but when he has 'ſuch a band of rhimers and romance-writers, 'with which he oppoſes me, and is ſo continually 'chiming to the tune of golden treſſes, yellow 'locks, milk, marble, ivory, ſilver, ſwans, ſnow,

'daiſies, doves, and the lord knows what; 'which he is always ſounding with ſo much 'vehemence in my ears, that he often puts 'me into a brown ſtudy how to anſwer him; 'and I find that I am in a fair way to be quite 'confounded, without your timely aſſiſtance af-'forded to, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant.

'PHILOBRUNE.'

N°287 Tueſday, January 29.

Ω φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
Τοῖς νῶν ἔχουσι κἀγαθοῖς; MENAND.

Dear native land, how do the good and wiſe
Thy happy clime and countleſs bleſſings prize!

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happineſs, that were I to chooſe of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I ſhould moſt certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is eſtabliſhed in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reaſon and conviction; but if I ſhall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am ſure it is an honeſt prejudice, it is a prejudice that ariſes from the love of my country, and therefore ſuch an one as I will always indulge. I have in ſeveral papers endeavoured to expreſs my

my duty and eſteem for the church of *England*, and deſign this as an eſſay upon the civil part of our conſtitution, having often entertained myſelf with reflections on this ſubject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the moſt reaſonable, which is moſt conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be conſiſtent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from ſubjection to another ſo far as the order and œconomy of government will permit.

Liberty ſhould reach every individual of a people, as they all ſhare one common nature; if it only ſpreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, ſince ſuch a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of thoſe who are deprived of it, by ſetting before them a diſagreeable ſubject of compariſon.

This liberty is beſt preſerved, where the legiſlative power is lodged in ſeveral perſons, eſpecially if thoſe perſons are of different ranks and intereſts; for where they are of the ſame rank, and conſequently have an intereſt to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a deſpotical government in a ſingle perſon. But the greateſt ſecurity a people can have for their liberty, is when the legiſlative power is in the hands of perſons ſo happily diſtinguiſhed, that by providing for the particular intereſts of their ſeveral ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or in other words, when there

is

is no part of the people that has not a common intereſt with at leaſt one part of the legiſlators.

If there be but one body of legiſlators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a caſting voice, and one of them muſt at length be ſwallowed up by diſputes and contentions that will neceſſarily ariſe between them. Four would have the ſame inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cauſe too much confuſion. I could never read a paſſage in *Polybius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this purpoſe, without a ſecret pleaſure in applying it to the *Engliſh* conſtitution, which it ſuits much better than the *Roman*. Both theſe great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixt government, conſiſting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtleſs in their thoughts the conſtitution of the *Roman* commonwealth, in which the conſul repreſented the king, the ſenate the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This diviſion of the three powers in the *Roman* conſtitution was by no means ſo diſtinct and natural, as it is in the *Engliſh* form of government. Among ſeveral objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are thoſe that affect the conſular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a caſting voice in it; for which reaſon, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other ſat at home, the public buſineſs was ſometimes at a ſtand, while the conſuls pulled two different ways in it. Beſides, I do not find

that

that the conſuls had ever a negative voice in the paſſing of a law, or decree of ſenate, ſo that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the firſt miniſters of ſtate, than a diſtinct branch of the ſovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the legiſlature. Had the conſuls been inveſted with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occaſions for a dictatorſhip, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the ſubverſion of the whole conſtitution.

Such an hiſtory as that of *Suetonius*, which gives us a ſucceſſion of abſolute princes, is to me an unanſwerable argument againſt deſpotic power. Where the prince is a man of wiſdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is abſolute; but ſince in the common run of mankind, for one that is wiſe and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to ſtand to its chance, or to have its public happineſs or miſery depend on the virtues or vices of a ſingle perſon. Look into the hiſtory I have mentioned, or into any ſeries of abſolute princes, how many tyrants muſt you read through, before you come to an emperor that is ſupportable! But this is not all; an honeſt private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an abſolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleaſes with impunity, you extinguiſh his fear, and conſequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of

of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs-apparent to grand empires, when in the poſſeſſion of them, have become ſuch monſters of luſt and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature!

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, ſay they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodneſs and juſtice, I ſhould be for following this great model; but where goodneſs and juſtice are not eſſential to the ruler, I would by no means put myſelf into his hands to be diſpoſed of according to his particular will and pleaſure.

It is odd to conſider the connection between deſpotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one perſon more than man, makes the reſt leſs. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the loweſt ſtate of ſlavery, and conſequently ſunk in the moſt groſs and brutal ignorance. *European* ſlavery is indeed a ſtate of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three diviſions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that thoſe who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly deſtitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where theſe abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flouriſh. As a man muſt have no ſlaviſh fears and apprehenſions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or ſpecu-

ſpeculation, and puſh his reſearches into all the abſtruſe corners of truth; ſo it is neceſſary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniencies of life.

The firſt thing every one looks after, is to provide himſelf with neceſſaries. This point will engroſs our thoughts until it be ſatisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleaſures and amuſements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whoſe pleaſures will lie in reading and contemplation. Theſe are the two great ſources of knowledge, and as men grow wiſe they naturally love to communicate their diſcoveries; and others ſeeing the happineſs of ſuch a learned life, and improving by their converſation, emulate, imitate, and ſurpaſs one another, until a nation is filled with races of wiſe and underſtanding perſons. Eaſe and plenty are therefore the great cheriſhers of knowledge; and as moſt of the deſpotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally overrun with ignorance and barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithſtanding ſeveral of its princes are abſolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning, but the reaſon is becauſe the ſubjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himſelf in his full tyranny like the princes of the eaſtern nations, leſt his ſubjects ſhould be invited to new-mould their conſtitution, having ſo many proſpects of liberty within their view. But in all deſpotic governments, though a particular prince

prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may obſerve from *Auguſtus*'s reign, how the *Romans* loſt themſelves by degrees until they fell to an equality with the moſt barbarous nations that ſurrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free ſtates, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from thoſe at preſent; ſo different are the geniuſſes which are formed under *Turkiſh* ſlavery, and *Grecian* liberty.

Beſides poverty and want, there are other reaſons that debaſe the minds of men, who live under ſlavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of deſpotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not inſiſted upon by others, is, I think, an unanſwerable argument againſt that form of government, as it ſhews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil inſtitutions. L

Wedneſday,

N° 288 Wedneſday, January 30.

——*Pavor eſt utrique moleſtus.*

HOR. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 10.

Both fear alike.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you ſpoke of the jilts and co-
'quettes, you then promiſed to be very
'impartial, and not to ſpare even your
'own ſex, ſhould any of their ſecret or open
'faults come under your cognizance; which has
'given me encouragement to deſcribe a certain
'ſpecies of mankind under the denomination of
'male jilts. They are gentlemen who do not de-
'ſign to marry, yet, that they may appear to have
'ſome ſenſe of gallantry, think they muſt pay
'their *devoirs* to one particular fair; in order
'to which they ſingle out from amongſt the herd
'of females her to whom they deſign to make
'their fruitleſs addreſſes. This done, they firſt
'take every opportunity of being in her com-
'pany, and then never fail upon all occaſions
'to be particular to her, laying themſelves at
'her feet, proteſting the reality of their paſſion
'with a thouſand oaths, ſoliciting a return, and
'ſaying as many fine things as their ſtock of
'wit will allow; and if they are not deficient
'that way, generally ſpeak ſo as to admit of a

'double

'double interpretation; which the credulous 'fair is apt to turn to her own advantage; 'ſince it frequently happens to be a raw, in- 'nocent, young creature, who thinks all the 'world as ſincere as herſelf, and ſo her unwary 'heart becomes an eaſy prey to thoſe deceitful 'monſters, who no ſooner perceive it, but im- 'mediately they grow cool, and ſhun her whom 'they before ſeemed ſo much to admire, and 'proceed to act the ſame common-place villainy 'towards another. A coxcomb flushed with 'many of theſe infamous victories ſhall ſay he 'is ſorry for the poor fools, proteſt and vow 'he never thought of matrimony, and wonder 'talking civilly can be ſo ſtrangely miſinterpret- 'ed. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, you that are a 'profeſſed friend to love, will, I hope, obſerve 'upon thoſe who abuſe that noble paſſion, and 'raiſe it in innocent minds by a deceitful affecta- 'tion of it, after which they deſert the enamour- 'ed. Pray beſtow a little of your counſel to thoſe 'fond believing females who already have or are 'in danger of broken hearts; in which you will 'oblige a great part of this town, but in a par- 'ticular manner,

'Sir,

'Your (yet heart-whole) admirer

'and devoted humble ſervant,

'MELAINIA.'

Melainia's complaint is occaſioned by ſo general a folly, that it is wonderful one could ſo

ſo long overlook it. But this falſe gallantry proceeds from an impotence of mind, which makes thoſe who are guilty of it incapable of purſuing what they themſelves approve. Many a man wiſhes a woman his wife whom he dares not take for ſuch. Though no one has power over his inclinations or fortunes, he is a ſlave to common fame. For this reaſon I think *Melainia* gives them too ſoft a name in that of male coquets. I know not why irreſolution of mind ſhould not be more contemptible than impotence of body; and theſe frivolous admirers would be but tenderly uſed, in being only included in the ſame term with the inſufficient another way. They whom my correſpondent calls male coquets, ſhall hereafter be called fribblers. A fribbler is one who profeſſes rapture and admiration for the woman to whom he addreſſes, and dreads nothing ſo much as her conſent. His heart can flutter by the force of imagination, but cannot fix from the force of judgment. It is not uncommon for the parents of young women of moderate fortune to wink at the addreſſes of fribblers, and expoſe their children to the ambiguous behaviour which *Melainia* complains of, until by the fondneſs to one they are to loſe, they become incapable of love towards others, and by conſequence in their future marriage lead a joyleſs or a miſerable life. As therefore I ſhall in the ſpeculations which regard love be as ſevere as I ought on jilts and libertine women, ſo will I be as little merciful to inſignificant and miſ-

chievous men. In order to this, all viſitants who frequent families wherein there are young females, are forthwith required to declare themſelves, or abſent from places where their preſence baniſhes ſuch as would paſs their time more to the advantage of thoſe whom they viſit. It is a matter of too great moment to be dallied with; and I ſhall expect from all my young people a ſatisfactory account of appearances. *Strephon* has from the publication hereof ſeven days to explain the riddle he preſented to *Eudamia*; and *Chloris* an hour after this comes to her hand, to declare whether ſhe will have *Philotas*, whom a woman of no leſs merit than herſelf, and of ſuperior fortune, languiſhes to call her own.

'To the SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'SINCE ſo many dealers turn authors, and 'write quaint advertiſements in praiſe of 'their wares, one who from an author turned 'dealer may be allowed for the advancement 'of trade to turn author again. I will not 'however ſet up like ſome of them, for ſelling 'cheaper than the moſt able honeſt tradeſmen 'can; nor do I ſend this to be better known for 'choice and cheapneſs of china and japan wares, 'tea, fans, muſlins, pictures, arrac, and other '*Indian* goods. Placed as I am in *Leadenhall-ſtreet*, near the *India*-company, and the centre of

'of that trade, thanks to my fair cuſtomers, my 'warehouſe is graced as well as the benefit days 'of my plays and operas; and the foreign goods 'I ſell ſeem no leſs acceptable than the foreign 'books I tranſlated, *Rabelais* and Don *Quixote*: 'this the critics allow me, and while they like 'my wares they may diſpraiſe my writing. But 'as it is not ſo well known yet that I frequently 'croſs the ſeas of late, and ſpeaking *Dutch* and '*French*, beſides other languages, I have the 'conveniency of buying and importing rich bro-'cades, *Dutch* atlaſſes, with gold and ſilver, or 'without, and other foreign ſilks of the neweſt 'modes and beſt fabrics, fine *Flanders* lace, 'linens, and pictures, at the beſt hand: this my 'new way of trade I have fallen into I cannot 'better publiſh than by an application to you. 'My wares are fit only for ſuch as your readers; 'and I would beg of you to print this addreſs in 'your paper, that thoſe whoſe minds you adorn 'may take the ornaments for their perſons and 'houſes from me. This, Sir, if I may preſume 'to beg it, will be the greater favour, as I have 'lately received rich ſilks and fine lace to a con-'ſiderable value, which will be ſold cheap for a 'quick return, and as I have alſo a large ſtock 'of other goods. *Indian* ſilks were formerly a 'great branch of our trade; and ſince we muſt 'not ſell them, we muſt ſeek amends by deal-'ing in others. This I hope will plead for one 'who would leſſen the number of teizers of the 'muſes, and who, ſuiting his ſpirit to his cir-'cumſtances, humbles the poet to exalt the

'citizen. Like a true tradeſman, I hardly ever 'look into any books but thoſe of accompts. 'To ſay the truth, I cannot, I think, give you 'a better idea of my being a downright man of 'traffic, than by acknowledging I oftener read 'the advertiſements, than the matter of even 'your paper. I am under a great temptation 'to take this opportunity of admoniſhing other 'writers to follow my example, and trouble the 'town no more; but as it is my preſent buſi-'neſs to increaſe the number of buyers rather 'than ſellers, I haſten to tell you that I am,

'Sir,

'your moſt humble

'and moſt obedient ſervant,

'PETER MOTTEUX.'

T

Thurſday,

N° 289 Thurſday, January 31.

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.
HOR. Od. 4. l. 1. v. 15.

Life's ſpan forbids us to extend our cares,
And ſtretch our hopes beyond our years.
CREECH.

UPON taking my ſeat in a coffee-houſe; I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hotteſt ſeaſons of news, and at a time perhaps that the *Dutch* mail is juſt come in, they hear me aſk the coffee-man for his laſt week's bill of mortality: I find that I have been ſometimes taken on this occaſion for a pariſh ſexton, ſometimes for an undertaker, and ſometimes for a doctor of phyſic. In this, however, I am guided by the ſpirit of a philoſopher, as I take occaſion from hence to reflect upon the regular increaſe and diminution of mankind, and conſider the ſeveral various ways through which we paſs from life to eternity. I am very well pleaſed with theſe weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind ſuch thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reaſonable creature; and can conſider, with pleaſure to myſelf, by which of thoſe deliverances, or as we commonly call them, diſtempers, I may poſſibly make my eſcape out of

this world of ſorrows, into that condition of exiſtence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is poſſible for me at preſent to conceive.

But this is not all the uſe I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is in my opinion an unanſwerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without ſuppoſing ourſelves under the conſtant care of a ſupreme Being, give any poſſible account for that nice proportion, which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males, and that of females, who are brought into the world? What elſe could adjuſt in ſo exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its loſſes, and divide theſe new ſupplies of people into ſuch equal bodies of both ſexes? Chance could never hold the balance with ſo ſteady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent ſuperviſor, we ſhould ſometimes be over-charged with multitudes, and at others waſte away into a deſart: we ſhould be ſometimes a *populus virorum*, as *Florus* elegantly expreſſes it, 'a ge-'neration of males,' and at others a ſpecies of women. We may extend this conſideration to every ſpecies of living creatures, and conſider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable corps, if I may uſe that term, whoſe quotas have been kept intire near five thouſand years in ſo wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a ſingle ſpecies loſt during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals,

mals, or particular ones of every ſpecies in each continent and iſland, I could almoſt ſay in every wood, marſh or mountain, what aſtoniſhing inſtances would they be of that providence which watches over all its works?

I have heard of a great man in the *Romiſh* church, who, upon reading thoſe words in the fifth chapter of *Geneſis*, 'And all the days that 'Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, 'and he died; and all the days of *Seth* were 'nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; 'and all the days of *Methuſelah* were nine 'hundred and ſixty-nine years, and he died;' immediately ſhut himſelf up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth purſuing, which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in hiſtory which is ſo improving to the reader, as thoſe accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent perſons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful ſeaſon. I may alſo add, that there are no parts in hiſtory which affect and pleaſe the reader in ſo ſenſible a manner. The reaſon I take to be this, becauſe there is no other ſingle circumſtance in the ſtory of any perſon, which can poſſibly be the caſe of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we ſee a perſon at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he ſays or does, becauſe we are ſure that ſome time or other

we ſhall ourſelves be in the ſame melancholy circumſtances. The general, the ſtateſman, or the philoſopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, ſooner or later, we ſhall certainly reſemble.

It is, perhaps, for the ſame kind of reaſon that few books, written in *Engliſh*, have been ſo much peruſed as Doctor *Sherlock*'s diſcourſe upon death; though at the ſame time I muſt own, that he who has not peruſed this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the ſtrongeſt perſuaſives to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The conſideration, with which I ſhall cloſe this eſſay upon death, is one of the moſt ancient and moſt beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being ſo very common, and ſo univerſally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it ſhews that it falls in with the general ſenſe of mankind. In ſhort, I would have every one conſider, that he is in this life nothing more than a paſſenger, and that he is not to ſet up his reſt here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that ſtate of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This ſingle conſideration would be ſufficient to extinguiſh the bitterneſs of hatred, the thirſt of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleaſed with the paſſage of *Antiphanes* a very ancient poet, who lived near an

an hundred years before *Socrates*, which repreſents the life of man under this view, as I have here tranſlated it word for word. 'Be not grieved,' ſays he, 'above meaſure for thy deceaſed 'friends. They are not dead, but have only 'finiſhed that journey which it is neceſſary for 'every one of us to take: we ourſelves muſt go 'to that great place of reception in which they 'are all of them aſſembled, and in this general 'rendezvous of mankind, live together in ano-'ther ſtate of being.'

I think I have, in a former paper, taken notice of thoſe beautiful metaphors in ſcripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and thoſe who paſs through it are called ſtrangers and ſojourners upon earth. I ſhall conclude this with a ſtory, which I have ſomewhere read in the travels of Sir *John Chardin*; that gentleman after having told us, that the inns which receive the caravans in *Perſia*, and the eaſtern countries, are called by the name of caravanſaries, gives us a relation to the following purpoſe.

A derviſe, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the town of *Balk*, went into the king's palace by miſtake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravanſary. Having looked about him for ſome time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and ſpread his carpet, in order to repoſe himſelf upon it after the manner of the eaſtern nations. He had not been long in this poſture before he was diſcovered by ſome of the guards, who aſked him what was his buſineſs in that 'place?

place? The derviſe told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravanſary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the houſe he was in was not a caravanſary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himſelf paſſed through the gallery during this debate, and ſmiling at the miſtake of the derviſe, aſked him how he could poſſibly be ſo dull as not to diſtinguiſh a palace from a caravanſary? Sir, ſays the derviſe, give me leave to aſk your majeſty a queſtion or two. Who were the perſons that lodged in this houſe when it was firſt built? The King replied, 'His 'anceſtors.' And who, ſays the derviſe, was the laſt perſon that lodged here? The king replied, 'his father.' And who is it, ſaid the derviſe, that lodges here at preſent? The king told him, 'that it was he himſelf.' And who, ſays the derviſe, will be here after you? The king anſwered, 'the young prince his ſon.' 'Ah ſir,' ſaid the derviſe, 'a houſe that changes 'its inhabitants ſo often, and receives ſuch a 'perpetual ſucceſſion of gueſts, is not a palace 'but a caravanſary.' L

Friday,

N° 290 Friday, February 1.

Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba.
HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 97.

Forgets his ſwelling and gigantic words.
ROSCOMMON.

THE players, who know I am very much their friend, take all opportunities to expreſs a gratitude to me for being ſo. They could not have a better occaſion of obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They deſired my friend WILL HONEYCOMB to bring me to the reading of a new tragedy; it is called *The Diſtreſſed Mother*. I muſt confeſs, though ſome days are paſſed ſince I enjoyed that entertainment, the paſſions of the ſeveral characters dwell ſtrongly upon my imagination; and I congratulate the age, that they are at laſt to ſee truth and human life repreſented in the incidents which concern heroes and heroines. The ſtile of the play is ſuch as becomes thoſe of the firſt education, and the ſentiments worthy thoſe of the higheſt figure. It was a moſt exquiſite pleaſure to me, to obſerve real tears drop from the eyes of thoſe who had long made it their profeſſion to diſſemble affliction; and the player, who read, frequently throw down the book, until he had given vent to the humanity which roſe in him at ſome irreſiſtible touches of the imagined

imagined ſorrow. We have ſeldom had any female diſtreſs on the ſtage, which did not, upon cool examination, appear to flow from the weakneſs rather than the misfortune of the perſon repreſented: but in this tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned paſſions of ſuch as are enamoured of each other merely as they are men and women, but their regards are founded upon high conceptions of each other's virtue and merit; and the character which gives name to the play, is one who has behaved herſelf with heroic virtue in the moſt important circumſtances of a female life, thoſe of a wife, a widow, and a mother. If there be thoſe whoſe minds have been too attentive upon the affairs of life, to have any notion of the paſſion of love in ſuch extremes as are known only to particular tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned conſiderations, the ſorrow of the heroine will move even the generality of mankind. Domeſtic virtues concern all the world, and there is no one living who is not intereſted that *Andromache* ſhould be an imitable character. The generous affection to the memory of her deceaſed huſband, that tender care for her ſon, which is ever heightened with the conſideration of his father, and theſe regards preſerved in ſpite of being tempted with the poſſeſſion of the higheſt greatneſs, are what cannot but be venerable even to ſuch an audience as at preſent frequents the *Engliſh* theatre. My friend WILL HONEYCOMB commended ſeveral tender things that were ſaid, and told me they were very genteel; but

but whiſpered me, that he feared the piece was not buſy enough for the preſent taſte. To ſupply this, he recommended to the players to be very careful in their ſcenes, and above all things, that every part ſhould be perfectly new-dreſſed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my friend's admonition, becauſe there are a great many in his claſs of criticiſm who may be gained by it; but indeed the truth is, that as to the work itſelf, it is every where nature. The perſons are of the higheſt quality in life, even that of princes; but their quality is not repreſented by the poet, with direction that guards and waiters ſhould follow them in every ſcene, but their grandeur appears in greatneſs of ſentiments, flowing from minds worthy their condition. To make a character truly great, this author underſtands that it ſhould have its foundation in ſuperior thoughts and maxims of conduct. It is very certain, that many an honeſt woman would make no difficulty, though ſhe had been the wife of *Hector*, for the ſake of a kingdom, to marry the enemy of her huſband's family and country; and indeed who can deny but ſhe might be ſtill an honeſt woman, but no heroine? That may be defenſible, nay laudable in one character, which would be in the higheſt degree exceptionable in another. When *Cato Uticenſis* killed himſelf, *Cottius*, a *Roman* of ordinary quality and character, did the ſame thing; upon which one ſaid, ſmiling, '*Cottius* might have 'lived, though *Cæſar* has ſeized the *Roman* 'liberty.' *Cottius*'s condition might have been the

the ſame, let things at the upper end of the world paſs as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this work, is, that the perſons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes ariſe rather from unguarded virtue than propenſity to vice. The town has an opportunity of doing itſelf juſtice in ſupporting the repreſentations of paſſion, ſorrow, indignation, even deſpair itſelf, within the rules of decency, honour and good-breeding; and ſince there is no one can flatter himſelf his life will be always fortunate, they may here ſee ſorrow as they would wiſh to bear it whenever it arrives.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am appointed to act a part in the new 'tragedy called *The Diſtreſſed Mother*: it 'is the celebrated grief of *Oreſtes* which I am 'to perſonate; but I ſhall not act it as I ought, 'for I ſhall feel it too intimately to be able to 'utter it. I was laſt night repeating a paragraph 'to myſelf, which I took to be an expreſſion of 'rage, and in the middle of the ſentence there 'was a ſtroke of ſelf-pity which quite unmanned 'me. Be pleaſed, Sir, to print this letter, that 'when I am oppreſſed in this manner at ſuch 'an interval, a certain part of the audience may 'not think I am out; and I hope with this 'allowance to do it to ſatisfaction.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'GEORGE POWELL.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS I was walking the other day in the 'park, I ſaw a gentleman with a very 'ſhort face; I deſire to know whether it was 'you. Pray inform me as ſoon as you can, 'leſt I become the moſt heroic *Hecatiſſa*'s 'rival.

'Your humble ſervant to command,

'SOPHIA.'

'DEAR MADAM,

'IT is not me you are in love with, for I was 'very ill and kept my chamber all that 'day.

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'The SPECTATOR.'

N° 291 Saturday, February 2.

—Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura ——

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 351.

But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE now conſidered *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* under thoſe four great heads, of the fable, the characters, the ſentiments, and the language; and have ſhewn that he excels, in general, under each of theſe heads. I hope that I have made ſeveral diſcoveries, which may appear new, even to thoſe who are verſed in critical learning. Were I indeed to chooſe my readers, by whoſe judgment I would ſtand or fall, they ſhould not be ſuch as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* critics, but alſo with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well verſed in the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, without which a man very often fancies that he underſtands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticiſm as in all other ſciences and ſpeculations; one who brings with him any implicit

implicit notions and obſervations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps ſeveral little hints that had paſſed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not theſe previous lights is very often an utter ſtranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it ſufficient, that a man, who ſets up for a judge in criticiſm, ſhould have peruſed the authors above-mentioned, unleſs he has alſo a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidſt his own blunders, miſtakes the ſenſe of thoſe he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearneſs and perſpicuity. *Ariſtotle*, who was the beſt critic, was alſo one of the beſt logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. *Locke*'s Eſſay on Human Underſtanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himſelf maſter of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the ſame time it is very certain that an author, who has not learned the art of diſtinguiſhing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and ſetting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will loſe himſelf in confuſion and obſcurity. I might further obſerve that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* critic, who has not ſhewn, even in the ſtile of his criticiſms,

that he was a maſter of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is there is nothing more abſurd, than for a man to ſet up for a critic, without a good inſight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of thoſe, who have endeavoured to ſignalize themſelves by works of this nature, among our *Engliſh* writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly diſcover, by the phraſes which they make uſe of, and by their confuſed way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the moſt common and ordinary ſyſtems of arts and ſciences. A few general rules extracted out of the *French* authors, with a certain cant of words, has ſometimes ſet up an illiterate heavy writer for a moſt judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may diſcover a critic who has neither taſte nor learning, is this, that he ſeldom ventures to praiſe any paſſage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticiſm turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is ſo very eaſy to ſucceed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publiſhing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn ſeveral paſſages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in thoſe two celebrated lines,

'Errors, like ſtraws, upon the ſurface flow;
'He who would ſearch for pearl, muſt dive below.'

A true

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to diſcover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world ſuch things as are worth their obſervation. The moſt exquiſite words and fineſt ſtrokes of an author are thoſe which very often appear the moſt doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a reliſh for polite learning; and they are theſe, which a ſour undiſtinguiſhing critic generally attacks with the greateſt violence. *Tully* obſerves, that it is very eaſy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered in *Engliſh*, 'a glowing 'bold expreſſion,' and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticiſm. A little wit is equally capable of expoſing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though ſuch a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an underſtanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of thoſe whoſe hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itſelf.

Such a mirth as this is always unſeaſonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemiſh, the ſubject of deriſion. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper ſubject, is dull and ſtupid; but one, who ſhews it in an improper place, is as impertinent and abſurd. Beſides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with

any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often cenſures a paſſage, not becauſe there is any fault in it, but becauſe he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleaſantry are very unfair and diſingenuous in works of criticiſm, in which the greateſt maſters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a ſerious and inſtructive air.

As I intend in my next paper to ſhew the defects in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, I thought fit to premiſe theſe few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I ſhall juſt point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I muſt alſo obſerve with *Longinus*, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapſes and inadvertences, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are ſcrupulouſly exact and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I ſhall conclude my paper with a ſtory out of *Boccalini*, which ſufficiently ſhews us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the ſort of critics I have been here mentioning. A famous critic, ſays he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a preſent of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciouſly, and reſolved to make the author a ſuitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he ſet before him a ſack of wheat, as it had been juſt threſhed

threſhed out of the ſheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aſide by itſelf. The critic applied himſelf to the taſk with great induſtry and pleaſure, and, after having made the due ſeparation, was preſented by *Apollo* with the chaff for his pains. L

N° 292 Monday, February 4.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquò veſtigia flectit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor.
TIBULL. Eleg. 2. l. 4. v. 8.

Whate'er ſhe does, where'er her ſteps ſhe bends,
Grace on each action ſilently attends.

AS no one can be ſaid to enjoy health, who is only not ſick, without he feel within himſelf a lightſome and invigorating principle, which will not ſuffer him to remain idle, but ſtill ſpurs him on to action; ſo in the practice of every virtue, there is ſome additional grace required, to give a claim of excelling in this or that particular action. A diamond may want poliſhing, though the value be ſtill intrinſically the ſame; and the ſame good may be done with different degrees of luſtre. No man ſhould be contented with himſelf that he barely does well, but he ſhould perform every thing in the beſt and moſt becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his book of *Offices*, becauſe there was no time of life in which ſome correſpondent duty might not be practiſed; nor is there a duty without a certain decency accompanying it, by which every virtue it is joined to will ſeem to be doubled. Another may do the ſame thing, and yet the action want that air and beauty which diſtinguiſh it from others; like that inimitable ſunſhine *Titian* is ſaid to have diffuſed over his landſkips; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other perſon.

There is no one action in which this quality I am ſpeaking of will be more ſenſibly perceived, than in granting a requeſt or doing an office of kindneſs. *Mummius*, by his way of conſenting to a benefaction, ſhall make it loſe its name; while *Carus* doubles the kindneſs and the obligation: from the firſt the deſired requeſt drops indeed at laſt, but from ſo doubtful a brow, that the obliged has almoſt as much reaſon to reſent the manner of beſtowing it, as to be thankful for the favour itſelf. *Carus* invites with a pleaſing air, to give him an opportunity of doing an act of humanity, meets the petition half way, and conſents to a requeſt with a countenace which proclaims the ſatisfaction of his mind in aſſiſting the diſtreſſed.

The decency then that is to be obſerved in liberality ſeems to conſiſt in its being performed with ſuch chearfulneſs, as may expreſs the godlike pleaſure that is to be met with in obliging one's fellow-creatures; that may ſhew good-nature and

and benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in ſome men, run upon the tilt, and taſte of the ſediments of a grutching uncommunicative diſpoſition.

Since I have intimated that the greateſt decorum is to be preſerved in the beſtowing our good offices, I will illuſtrate it a little by an example drawn from private life, which carries with it ſuch a profuſion of liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the humanity and good-nature which accompanies it. It is a letter of *Pliny*'s, which I ſhall here tranſlate, becauſe the action will beſt appear in its firſt dreſs of thought, without any foreign or ambitious ornaments.

Pliny to Quintilian.

'THough I am fully acquainted with the 'contentment and juſt moderation of your 'mind, and the conformity the education you 'have given your daughter bears to your own 'character; yet ſince ſhe is ſuddenly to be mar-'ried to a perſon of diſtinction, whoſe figure in 'the world makes it neceſſary for her to be at a 'more than ordinary expence in clothes and 'equipage ſuitable to her huſband's quality; by 'which, though her intrinſic worth be not aug-'mented, yet will it receive both ornament and 'luſtre: and knowing your eſtate to be as 'moderate as the riches of your mind are abun-'dant, I muſt challenge to myſelf ſome part 'of the burden; and as a parent of your child,

'I preſent her with twelve hundred and fifty 'crowns towards theſe expences; which ſum 'had been much larger, had I not feared the 'ſmallneſs of it would be the greateſt induce-'ment with you to accept of it. Farewel.'

Thus ſhould a benefaction be done with a good grace, and ſhine in the ſtrongeſt point of light; it ſhould not only anſwer all the hopes and exigencies of the receiver, but even out-run his wiſhes: it is this happy manner of behaviour which adds new charms to it, and ſoftens thoſe gifts of art and nature, which otherwiſe would be rather diſtaſteful than agreeable. Without it, valour would degenerate into brutality, learning into pedantry, and the genteeleſt demeanour into affectation. Even religion itſelf, unleſs decency be the handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make people appear guilty of ſourneſs and ill-humour: but this ſhews virtue in her firſt original form, adds a comelineſs to religion, and gives its profeſſors the juſteſt title to the beauty of holineſs. A man fully inſtructed in this art, may aſſume a thouſand ſhapes, and pleaſe in all: he may do a thouſand actions ſhall become none other but himſelf; not that the things themſelves are different, but the manner of doing them.

If you examine each feature by itſelf, *Aglaura* and *Calliclea* are equally handſome; but take them in the whole, and you cannot ſuffer the compariſon: the one is full of numberleſs nameleſs graces, the other of as many nameleſs faults.

The

The comelineſs of perſon, and the decency of behaviour, add infinite weight to what is pronounced by any one. It is the want of this that often makes the rebukes and advice of old rigid perſons of no effect, and leave a diſpleaſure in the minds of thoſe they are directed to: but youth and beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming ſeverity, is of mighty force to raiſe, even in the moſt profligate, a ſenſe of ſhame. In *Milton*, the Devil is never deſcribed aſhamed but once, and that at the rebuke of a beauteous angel.

'So ſpake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,
'Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
'Invincible: abaſh'd the Devil ſtood,
'And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw,
'Virtue in her own ſhape how lovely! ſaw, and pin'd
'His loſs.'

The care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greateſt minds to their laſt moments. They avoided even an undecent poſture in the very article of death. Thus *Cæſar* gathered his robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himſelf; and the greateſt concern that appeared in the behaviour of *Lucretia*, when ſhe ſtabbed herſelf, was, that her body ſhould lie in an attitude worthy the mind which had inhabited it.

——*Ne non procumbat honeſtè,*
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.
OVID. Faſt. l. 3. v. 833.

'Twas her laſt thought, how decently to fall.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young woman without a fortune; 'but of a very high mind: that is, good Sir, 'I am to the laſt degree proud and vain. I 'am ever railing at the rich, for doing things, 'which, upon ſearch into my heart, I find I am 'only angry becauſe I cannot do the ſame my-'ſelf. I wear the hooped petticoat, and am 'all in callicoes when the fineſt are in ſilks. It 'is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; 'therefore if you pleaſe, a lecture on that ſub-'ject for the ſatisfaction of

'Your uneaſy humble ſervant,

'JEZEBEL.'

N° 293 Tueſday, February 5.

Πᾶσιν γὰρ εὐφρονῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.

Frag. vet. Poet.

The prudent ſtill have fortune on their ſide.

THE famous *Gratian*, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himſelf at court, adviſes his reader to aſſociate himſelf with the fortunate, and to ſhun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithſtanding the baſeneſs of the precept to an honeſt mind, may have ſomething uſeful

uſeful in it for thoſe who puſh their intereſt in the world. It is certain a great part of what we call good or ill fortune, riſes out of right or wrong meaſures and ſchemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, cardinal *Richelieu* uſed to ſay, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the ſame thing. As the cardinal himſelf had a great ſhare both of prudence and good-fortune, his famous antagoniſt, the count *d'Olivarez*, was diſgraced at the court of *Madrid*, becauſe it was alledged againſt him that he had never any ſucceſs in his undertakings. This, ſays an eminent author, was indirectly accuſing him of imprudence.

Cicero recommended *Pompey* to the *Romans* for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good-fortune. It was, perhaps, for the reaſon above-mentioned, namely, that a ſeries of good-fortune ſuppoſes a prudent management in the perſon whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the dictator, but ſeveral of the *Roman* emperors, as is ſtill to be ſeen upon their medals, among their other titles, gave themſelves that of *Felix* or fortunate. The heathens, indeed, ſeem to have valued a man more for his good-fortune than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for thoſe who have not a ſtrong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with many diſtinguiſhing bleſſings, that has not ſome extraordinary

extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the ſupreme eye, though perhaps it is not diſcovered by my obſervation? What is the reaſon *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s heroes do not form a reſolution, or ſtrike a blow, without the conduct and direction of ſome deity? Doubtleſs, becauſe the poets eſteemed it the greateſt honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the beſt way of praiſing a man was to recount thoſe favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the perſon on whom they deſcended.

Thoſe who believe a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments act very abſurdly, if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his ſucceſſes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our births and deaths, I ſhould think a man's good-fortune the meaſure and ſtandard of his real merit, ſince Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections, but in the preſent life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the preſſure of misfortunes, has reaſon to cry out, as they ſay *Brutus* did a little before his death, 'O Virtue, I have worſhipped thee 'as a ſubſtantial good, but I find thou art an 'empty name.'

But to return to our firſt point: though prudence does undoubtedly in a great meaſure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeſeen accidents and occurrences, which very often pervert the fineſt ſchemes that can be laid by human wiſdom.

'The

'The race is not always to the ſwift, nor the 'battle to the ſtrong.' Nothing leſs than infinite wiſdom can have an abſolute command over fortune; the higheſt degree of it, which man can poſſeſs, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to ſuch contingencies as may riſe in the proſecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being ſo fortunate as he might poſſibly have been without it. A perſon who only aims at what is likely to ſucceed, and follows cloſely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with thoſe great and unforeſeen ſucceſſes, which are often the effect of a ſanguine temper, or a more happy raſhneſs; and this perhaps may be the reaſon, that, according to the common obſervation, fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, ſince man is ſo ſhort-ſighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him ſo various, I cannot but be of doctor *Tillotſon*'s opinion in another caſe, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very deſirable there ſhould be ſuch a Being of infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, on whoſe direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great preſumption to aſcribe our ſucceſſes to our own management, and not to eſteem ourſelves upon any bleſſing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquiſition of our own prudence.

dence. I am very well pleaſed with a medal which was ſtruck by queen *Elizabeth*, a little after the defeat of the invincible Armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of *Spain*, and others who were the enemies of that great princeſs, to derogate from her glory, aſcribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of ſtorms and tempeſts, than to the bravery of the *Engliſh*. Queen *Elizabeth*, inſtead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herſelf upon ſuch a ſignal favour of Providence, and accordingly in the reverſe of the medal above-mentioned, has repreſented a fleet beaten by a tempeſt, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inſcription, *Afflavit Deus & diſſipantur*. 'He blew with his wind, and they 'were ſcattered.'

It is remarkable of a famous *Grecian* general, whoſe name I cannot at preſent recollect, and who had been a particular favourite of fortune, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of ſeveral great actions, 'and in this fortune had no ſhare.' After which it is obſerved in hiſtory, that he never proſpered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance, and a conceitedneſs of our own abilities, are very ſhocking and offenſive to men of ſenſe and virtue, we may be ſure they are highly diſpleaſing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by ſeveral of his diſpenſations ſeems purpoſely to ſhew us, that our own ſchemes

ſchemes or prudence have no ſhare in our advancements.

Since on this ſubject I have already admitted ſeveral quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little *Perſian* fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the ſea, and finding itſelf loſt in ſuch an immenſity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: 'Alas! What an inſignificant creature am I in 'this prodigious ocean of waters; my exiſtence 'is of no concern to the univerſe, I am reduced 'to a kind of nothing, and am leſs than the 'leaſt of the works of God.' It ſo happened that an oyſter, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and ſwallow it up in the midſt of this its humble ſoliloquy. The drop, ſays the fable, lay a great while hardening in the ſhell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long ſeries of adventures, is at preſent that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the *Perſian* diadem. L

Wedneſday,

N° 294 Wedneſday, February 6.

Difficile eſt plurimùm virtutem revereri qui ſemper ſecundâ fortunâ ſit uſus. TULL. ad Herennium.

The man, who is always fortunate, cannot eaſily have a great reverence for virtue.

INSOLENCE is the crime of all others which every man is apt to rail at; and yet is there one reſpect in which almoſt all men living are guilty of it, and that is in the caſe of laying a greater value upon the gifts of fortune than we ought. It is here in *England* come into our very language, as a propriety of diſtinction, to ſay, when we would ſpeak of perſons to their advantage, they are people of condition. There is no doubt but the proper uſe of riches implies that a man ſhould exert all the good qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a man of condition or quality, one who, according to the wealth he is maſter of, ſhews himſelf juſt, beneficent, and charitable, that term ought very deſervedly to be had in the higheſt veneration; but when wealth is uſed only as it is the ſupport of pomp and luxury, to be rich is very far from being a recommendation to honour and reſpect. It is indeed the greateſt inſolence imaginable, in a creature who would feel the extremes of thirſt and

and hunger, if he did not prevent his appetites before they call upon him, to be ſo forgetful of the common neceſſity of human nature, as never to caſt an eye upon the poor and needy. The fellow who eſcaped from a ſhip which ſtruck upon a rock in the weſt, and joined with the country-people to deſtroy his brother-ſailors, and make her a wreck, was thought a moſt execrable creature; but does not every man who enjoys the poſſeſſion of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unſupplied diſtreſs of other men, betray the ſame temper of mind? When a man looks about him, and with regard to riches and poverty beholds ſome drawn in pomp and equipage, and they and their very ſervants with an air of ſcorn and triumph overlooking the multitude that paſs by them; and, in the ſame ſtreet, a creature of the ſame make crying out in the name of all that is good and ſacred to behold his miſery and give him ſome ſupply againſt hunger and nakedneſs; who would believe theſe two beings were of the ſame ſpecies? But ſo it is, that the conſideration of fortune has taken up all our minds, and, as I have often complained, poverty and riches ſtand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence. But in all ſeaſons there will be ſome inſtances of perſons who have ſouls too large to be taken with popular prejudices, and while the reſt of mankind are contending for ſuperiority in power and wealth, have their thoughts bent upon the neceſſities of thoſe below them. The charity-ſchools, which have

been erected of late years, are the greateſt inſtances of public ſpirit the age has produced: but indeed when we conſider how long this ſort of beneficence has been on foot, it is rather from the good management of thoſe inſtitutions, than from the number or value of the benefactions to them, that they make ſo great a figure. One would think it impoſſible, that in the ſpace of fourteen years there ſhould not have been five thouſand pounds beſtowed in gifts this way, nor ſixteen hundred children, including males and females, put out to methods of induſtry. It is not allowed me to ſpeak of luxury and folly with the ſevere ſpirit they deſerve; I ſhall only therefore ſay, I ſhall very readily compound with any lady in a hoop-petticoat if ſhe gives the price of one half yard of the ſilk towards clothing, feeding, and inſtructing an innocent helpleſs creature of her own ſex in one of theſe ſchools. The conſciouſneſs of ſuch an action will give her features a nobler life on this illuſtrious day, than all the jewels that can hang in her hair, or can be cluſtered in her boſom. It would be uncourtly to ſpeak in harſher words to the fair, but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monſtrous how a man can live with ſo little reflection as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjuſt and diſproportioned to the reſt of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others. As for this particular occaſion of theſe ſchools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do an handſome thing

thing without return? do it for an infant that is not ſenſible of the obligation. Would you do it for public good? do it for one who will be an honeſt artificer. Would you do it for the ſake of heaven? give it to one who ſhall be inſtructed in the worſhip of him for whoſe ſake you gave it. It is methinks a moſt laudable inſtitution this, if it were of no other expectation than that of producing a race of good and uſeful ſervants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious education. What would not a man do, in common prudence, to lay out in purchaſe of one about him, who would add to all his orders he gave the weight of the Commandments to enforce an obedience to them? for one who would conſider his maſter as his father, his friend, and benefactor, upon the eaſy terms, and in expectation of no other return but moderate wages and gentle uſage? It is the common vice of children to run too much among the ſervants; from ſuch as are educated in theſe places they would ſee nothing but lowlineſs in the ſervant, which would not be diſingenuous in the child. All the ill offices and defamatory whiſpers, which take their birth from domeſtics, would be prevented, if this charity could be made univerſal; and a good man might have a knowledge of the whole life of the perſons he deſigns to take into his houſe for his own ſervice, or that of his family or children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing dependencies: and the obligation would have a paternal air in the maſter, who would be relieved from much care

and anxiety from the gratitude and diligence of an humble friend attending him as his ſervant. I fall into this diſcourſe from a letter ſent to me, to give me notice that fifty boys would be clothed, and take their ſeats, at the charge of ſome generous benefactors, in St. *Bride*'s church on *Sunday* next. I wiſh I could promiſe to myſelf any thing which my correſpondent ſeems to expect from a publication of it in this paper; for there can be nothing added to what ſo many excellent and learned men have ſaid on this occaſion: but that there may be ſomething here which would move a generous mind, like that of him who writ to me, I ſhall tranſcribe an handſome paragraph of Dr. *Snape*'s ſermon on theſe charities, which my correſpondent incloſed with this letter.

'The wiſe Providence has amply compenſated 'the diſadvantages of the poor and indigent, 'wanting many of the conveniencies of this 'life, by a more abundant proviſion for their 'happineſs in the next. Had they been higher 'born or more richly endowed, they would have 'wanted this manner of education, of which 'thoſe only enjoy the benefit, who are low 'enough to ſubmit to it; where they have ſuch 'advantages without money, and without price, 'as the rich cannot purchaſe with it. The 'learning which is given, is generally more 'edifying to them, than that which is ſold to 'others: thus do they become more exalted in 'goodneſs, by being depreſſed in fortune, and 'their poverty is, in reality, their preferment.' T

Thurſday,

N° 295 Thurſday, February 7.

Prodiga non ſentit pereuntem fœmina cenſum:
At velut exhauſtâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, & è pleno ſemper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti ſibi gaudia conſtant.

Juv. Sat. 6. v. 361.

But woman-kind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking fortunes drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear,
And think no pleaſure can be bought too dear.

Dryden.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I Am turned of my great climacteric, and am 'naturally a man of a meek temper. About 'a dozen years ago I was married, for my 'ſins, to a young woman of a good family, and 'of an high ſpirit; but could not bring her to 'cloſe with me, before I had entered into a 'treaty with her longer than that of the grand 'alliance. Among other articles, it was therein 'ſtipulated, that ſhe ſhould have four hundred 'pounds a year for pin-money, which I obliged 'myſelf to pay quarterly into the hands of one 'who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. 'I have ever ſince religiouſly obſerved my part 'in this ſolemn agreement. Now, Sir, ſo it is, 'that the lady has had ſeveral children ſince I 'married her; to which, if I ſhould credit our

'malicious neighbours, her pin-money has not 'a little contributed. The education of theſe 'my children, who, contrary to my expectation, 'are born to me every year, ſtraitens me ſo 'much, that I have begged their mother to 'free me from the obligation of the above-'mentioned pin-money, that it may go towards 'making a proviſion for her family. This pro-'poſal makes her noble blood ſwell in her veins, 'inſomuch that finding me a little tardy in her 'laſt quarter's payment, ſhe threatens me every 'day to arreſt me; and proceeds ſo far as to 'tell me, that if I do not do her juſtice, I 'ſhall die in a jail. To this ſhe adds, when 'her paſſion will let her argue calmly, that 'ſhe has ſeveral play-debts on her hand, which 'muſt be diſcharged very ſuddenly, and that ſhe 'cannot loſe her money as becomes a woman 'of her faſhion, if ſhe makes me any abate-'ments in this article. I hope, Sir, you will 'take an occaſion from hence to give your 'opinion upon a ſubject which you have not 'yet touched, and inform us if there are any 'precedents for this uſage among our anceſtors; 'or whether you find any mention of pin-'money in *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, or any other of 'the civilians.

'I am ever the humbleſt of your admirers,

'JOSIAH FRIBBLE, Eſq;'

As there is no man living who is a more profeſſed advocate for the fair ſex than myſelf, ſo

ſo there is none who would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a very late date, unknown to our great grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is for the intereſt of both ſexes to keep it from ſpreading.

Mr. *Fribble* may not, perhaps, be much miſtaken where he intimates, that the ſupplying a man's wife with pin-money, is furniſhing her with arms againſt himſelf, and in a manner becoming acceſſary to his own diſhonour. We may, indeed, generally obſerve, that in proportion as a woman is more or leſs beautiful, and her huſband advanced in years, ſhe ſtands in need of a greater or leſs number of pins, and, upon a treaty of marriage, riſes or falls in her demands accordingly. It muſt likewiſe be owned, that high quality in a miſtreſs does very much inflame this article in the marriage reckoning.

But where the age and circumſtances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the inſiſting upon pin-money is very extraordinary; and yet we find ſeveral matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a ſtranger to this practice, think of a lover that forſakes his miſtreſs, becauſe he is not willing to keep her in pins? or what would he think of the miſtreſs, ſhould he be informed that ſhe aſks five or ſix hundred pounds a year for this uſe? Should a man

unacquainted with our cuſtoms be told the ſums which are allowed in *Great Britain*, under the title of pin-money, what a prodigious conſumption of pins would he think there was in this iſland? 'A pin a day,' ſays our frugal proverb, 'is a groat a year,' ſo that, according to this calculation, my friend *Fribble*'s wife muſt every year make uſe of eight millions ſix hundred and forty thouſand new pins.

I am not ignorant that our *Britiſh* ladies alledge they comprehend under this general term ſeveral other conveniencies of life; I could therefore wiſh, for the honour of my countrywomen, that they had rather called it needle-money, which might have implied ſomething of good houſewifry, and not have given the malicious world occaſion to think, that dreſs and trifle have always the uppermoſt place in a woman's thoughts.

I know ſeveral of my fair readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a neceſſary proviſion they make for themſelves, in caſe their huſband proves a churl or a miſer; ſo that they conſider this allowance as a kind of alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually ſeparating from their huſbands. But with ſubmiſſion, I think a woman who will give up herſelf to a man in marriage, where there is the leaſt room for ſuch an apprehenſion, and truſt her perſon to one whom ſhe will not rely on for the common neceſſaries of life, may very properly be accuſed, in the phraſe of an homely proverb, of being 'penny wiſe and pound fooliſh.'

It

It is obſerved of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without ſecuring a retreat, in caſe the event ſhould not anſwer their expectations; on the other hand, the greateſt conquerors have burnt their ſhips, or broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to ſucceed, or die in the engagement. In the ſame manner I ſhould very much ſuſpect a woman who takes ſuch precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how ſhe may live happily, without the affection of one to whom ſhe joins herſelf for life. Separate purſes between man and wife are, in my opinion, as unnatural as ſeparate beds. A marriage cannot be happy, where the pleaſures, inclinations, and intereſts of both parties are not the ſame. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man, than the ſenſe of a perſon's depending upon him for her eaſe and happineſs; as a woman uſes all her endeavours to pleaſe the perſon whom ſhe looks upon as her honour, her comfort, and her ſupport.

For this reaſon I am not very much ſurpriſed at the behaviour of a rough country ſquire, who, being not a little ſhocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of pin-money, was ſo enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, 'as much as ſhe thought him her 'ſlave, he would ſhew all the world he did not 'care a pin for her.' Upon which he flew out of the room, and never ſaw her more.

Socrates,

Socrates, in *Plato*'s *Alcibiades*, ſays, he was informed by one who had travelled through *Perſia*, that as he paſſed over a great tract of lands, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the *Queen*'s *Girdle*; to which he adds, that another wide field, which lay by it, was called the *Queen*'s *Veil*; and that in the ſame manner there was a large portion of ground ſet aſide for every part of her majeſty's dreſs. Theſe lands might not improperly be called the queen of *Perſia*'s pin-money.

I remember my friend Sir ROGER, who I dare ſay never read this paſſage in *Plato*, told me ſome time ſince, that upon his courting the perverſe widow, of whom I have given an account in former papers, he had diſpoſed of an hundred acres in a diamond-ring, which he would have preſented her with, had ſhe thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day ſhe would have carried on her head fifty of the talleſt oaks upon his eſtate. He further informed me that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen; that he would have allowed her the profits of a wind-mill for her fans; and have preſented her once in three years with the ſheering of his ſheep for her under-petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himſelf, there ſhould not have been a woman in the country better dreſſed than my lady *Coverley*. Sir ROGER, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear ſomething odd and ſingular; but if the humour of pin-money prevails,

prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an eſtate to mark out ſo many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*. L

N° 296 Friday, February 8.

——— *Nugis addere pondus.*
HOR. Ep. 19. l. 1. v. 42.
——— Add weight to trifles.

'Dear SPEC,

'HAVING lately converſed much with 'the fair ſex on the ſubject of your Spe- 'culations, which, ſince their appear- 'ance in public, have been the chief exerciſe of 'the female loquacious faculty, I found the fair 'ones poſſeſſed with a diſſatisfaction at your pre- 'fixing *Greek* mottos to the frontiſpiece of your 'late papers; and, as a man of gallantry, I 'thought it a duty incumbent on me to im- 'part it to you, in hopes of a reformation, 'which is only to be effected by a reſtoration 'of the *Latin* to the uſual dignity in your 'papers, which, of late, the *Greek*, to the great 'diſpleaſure of your female readers, has uſurped; 'for though the *Latin* has the recommendation 'of being as unintelligible to them as the *Greek*, 'yet being written in the ſame character with 'their mother-tongue, by the aſſiſtance of a 'ſpelling-book it is legible; which quality the

'*Greek*

'*Greek* wants: and ſince the introduction of 'operas into this nation, the ladies are ſo 'charmed with ſounds abſtracted from their 'ideas, that they adore and honour the ſound of '*Latin* as it is old *Italian*. I am a ſolicitor for 'the fair ſex, and therefore think myſelf in that 'character more likely to be prevalent in this 'requeſt, than if I ſhould ſubſcribe myſelf by 'my proper name.

'J. M.

'I deſire you may inſert this in one of your 'ſpeculations, to ſhew my zeal for removing 'the diſſatisfaction of the fair ſex, and reſtoring 'you to their favour.'

'SIR,

'I Was ſome time ſince in company with a 'young officer, who entertained us with the 'conqueſt he had made over a female neigh-'bour of his; when a gentleman who ſtood 'by, as I ſuppoſe, envying the captain's good 'fortune, aſked him what reaſon he had to 'believe the lady admired him? Why, ſays 'he, my lodgings are oppoſite to her's, and ſhe 'is continually at her window either at work, 'reading, taking ſnuff, or putting herſelf in 'ſome toying poſture on purpoſe to draw my 'eyes that way. The confeſſion of this vain 'ſoldier made me reflect on ſome of my own 'actions; for you muſt know, Sir, I am often 'at a window which fronts the apartments of 'ſeveral gentlemen, who I doubt not have

'the

'the ſame opinion of me. I muſt own I love 'to look at them all, one for being well-dreſſed, 'a ſecond for his fine eye, and one particular 'one, becauſe he is the leaſt man I ever ſaw; 'but there is ſomething ſo eaſy and pleaſant in 'the manner of my little man, that I obſerve 'he is a favourite of all his acquaintance. I 'could go on to tell you of many others, that 'I believe think I have encouraged them from 'my window: but pray let me have your opi-'nion of the uſe of the window in a beautiful 'lady; and how often ſhe may look out at the 'ſame man, without being ſuppoſed to have a 'mind to jump out to him.

'Yours,

'AURELIA CARELESS.'

Twice.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have for ſome time made love to a lady, 'who received it with all the kind returns I 'ought to expect: but without any provocation, 'that I know of, ſhe has of late ſhunned me 'with the utmoſt abhorrence, inſomuch that ſhe 'went out of church laſt *Sunday* in the midſt 'of divine ſervice, upon my coming into the 'ſame pew. Pray, Sir, what muſt I do in 'this buſineſs?

'Your ſervant,

'EUPHUES.'

Let her alone ten days.

'Mr.

'*York, Jan.* 20, 1711-12.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE have in this town a ſort of people 'who pretend to wit, and write lam-'poons: I have lately been the ſubject of one of 'them. The ſcribbler had not genius enough in 'verſe to turn my age, as indeed I am an old 'maid, into raillery, for affecting a youthier turn 'than is conſiſtent with my time of day; and 'therefore he makes the title of his madrigal, 'the character of Mrs. *Judith Lovebane*, born in 'the year one thouſand ſix hundred and eighty. 'What I deſire of you is, that you diſallow 'that a coxcomb, who pretends to write verſe, 'ſhould put the moſt malicious thing he can ſay 'in proſe. This I humbly conceive will diſable 'our country wits, who indeed take a great deal 'of pains to ſay any thing in rhyme, though 'they ſay it very ill.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'SUSANNA LOVEBANE.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE are ſeveral of us, gentlemen and 'ladies, who board in the ſame houſe, 'and after dinner one of our company, an 'agreeable man enough otherwiſe, ſtands up 'and reads your paper to us all. We are the 'civileſt people in the world to one another,

'and

'and therefore I am forced to this way of 'deſiring our reader, when he is doing this 'office, not to ſtand afore the fire. This will 'be a general good to our family this cold 'weather. He will, I know, take it to be our 'common requeſt when he comes to theſe 'words, "Pray, Sir, ſit down;" which I de-'ſire you to inſert, and you will particularly 'oblige

'Your daily reader,

'CHARITY FROST.'

'SIR,

'I Am a great lover of dancing, but cannot 'perform ſo well as ſome others; however, 'by my out-of-the-way capers, and ſome ori-'ginal grimaces, I do not fail to divert the 'company, particularly the ladies, who laugh 'immoderately all the time. Some, who pre-'tend to be my friends, tell me they do it 'in deriſion, and would adviſe me to leave it 'off, withal that I make myſelf ridiculous. 'I do not know what to do in this affair, 'but I am reſolved not to give over upon 'any account, until I have the opinion of the 'SPECTATOR.

'Your humble ſervant,

'JOHN TROT.'

IF

IF Mr. *Trott* is not aukward out of time, he has a right to dance let who will laugh: but if he has no ear he will interrupt others, and I am of opinion he ſhould ſit ſtill. Given under my hand this fifth of *February*, 1711-12.

T The SPECTATOR.

N° 297 Saturday, February 9.

——————— velut ſi
Egregio inſperſos reprendas corpore nævos.
HOR. Sat. 6. l. 1. v. 66.

As perfect beauties often have a mole.
CREECH.

AFTER what I have ſaid in my laſt *Saturday*'s paper, I ſhall enter on the ſubject of this without further preface, and remark the ſeveral defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the ſentiments, and the language of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the ſame time whatever may be ſaid for the extenuation of ſuch defects. The firſt imperfection which I ſhall obſerve in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to *Ariſtotle*'s diviſion, either ſimple or implex. It is called

called ſimple when there is no change of fortune in it; implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the moſt perfect; I ſuppoſe, becauſe it is more proper to ſtir up the paſſions of the reader, and to ſurpriſe him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds; in the firſt the chief actor makes his way through a long ſeries of dangers and difficulties, until he arrives at honour and proſperity, as we ſee in the ſtory of *Ulyſſes*. In the ſecond, the chief actor in the poem falls from ſome eminent pitch of honour and proſperity, into miſery and diſgrace. Thus we ſee *Adam* and *Eve* ſinking from a ſtate of innocence and happineſs, into the moſt abject condition of ſin and ſorrow.

The moſt taking tragedies among the ancients, were built on this laſt ſort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of *Oedipus*, which proceeds upon a ſtory, if we may believe *Ariſtotle*, the moſt proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken ſome pains in a former paper to ſhew, that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the firſt kind; notwithſtanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as moſt of thoſe which have been written of late years in our own country, are raiſed upon contrary plans. I muſt however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the moſt perfect in tragedy, is not ſo proper for an heroic poem.

Milton ſeems to have been ſenſible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by ſeveral expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adverſary of mankind meets with upon his return to the aſſembly of infernal ſpirits, as it is deſcribed in a beautiful paſſage of the tenth book; and likewiſe by the viſion, wherein *Adam*, at the cloſe of the poem ſees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himſelf reſtored to a happier Paradiſe than that from which he fell.

There is another objection againſt *Milton*'s fable, which is indeed almoſt the ſame with the former, though placed in a different light; namely, that the hero in the *Paradiſe Loſt* is unſucceſsful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occaſion to Mr. *Dryden*'s reflection, that the devil was in reality *Milton*'s hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my firſt paper. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, ſearches for that which *Milton* never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any perſon in it, it is certainly the *Meſſiah* who is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief epiſodes. Paganiſm could not furniſh out a real action for a fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an heathen could not form a higher notion of a poem than one of that kind which they call an heroic. Whether *Milton*'s is not of a ſublimer nature I will not preſume to determine:

mine: it is ſufficient that I ſhew there is in the *Paradiſe Loſt* all the greatneſs of plan, regularity of deſign, and maſterly beauties which we diſcover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that *Milton* has interwoven in the texture of his fable ſome particulars which do not ſeem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he aſcribes to Sin and Death, and the picture which he draws of the *Limbo* of Vanity, with other paſſages in the ſecond book. Such allegories rather ſavour of the ſpirit of *Spenſer* and *Arioſto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

In the ſtructure of his poem he has likewiſe admitted too many digreſſions. It is finely obſerved by *Ariſtotle*, that the author of an heroic poem ſhould ſeldom ſpeak himſelf, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of thoſe who are his principal actors. *Ariſtotle* has given no reaſon for this precept; but I preſume it is becauſe the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* ſpeak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own perſons. Beſides, that aſſuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raiſe the ideas of the author. *Tully* tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which *Cato* is the chief ſpeaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably impoſed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himſelf, who uttered his thoughts on that ſubject.

If the reader would be at the pains to ſee how the ſtory of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered

by thoſe perſons who act in it, he will be ſurpriſed to find how little in either of theſe poems proceeds from the authors. *Milton* has, in the general diſpoſition of his fable, very finely obſerved this great rule; inſomuch, that there is ſcarce a third part of it which comes from the poet; the reſt is ſpoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by ſome good or evil ſpirit who is engaged either in their deſtruction or defence.

From what has been here obſerved it appears, that digreſſions are by no means to be allowed of in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary courſe of his narration, ſhould ſpeak as little as poſſible, he ſhould certainly never let his narration ſleep for the ſake of any reflections of his own. I have often obſerved, with a ſecret admiration, that the longeſt reflection in the *Æneid* is in that paſſage of the tenth book, where *Turnus* is repreſented as dreſſing himſelf in the ſpoils of *Pallas*, whom he had ſlain. *Virgil* here lets his fable ſtand ſtill for the ſake of the following remark. 'How is the mind 'of man ignorant of futurity, and unable to 'bear proſperous fortune with moderation! The 'time will come when *Turnus* ſhall wiſh that 'he had left the body of *Pallas* untouched, and 'curſe the day on which he dreſſed himſelf in 'theſe ſpoils.' As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* ſlew becauſe he ſaw him adorned with the ſpoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which ſo ſmall a circumſtance might poſſibly

poſſibly have ſlipt out of his reader's memory. *Lucan*, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his ſtory very frequently for the ſake of his unneceſſary digreſſions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occaſion, and ſhews how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to paſs; and ſuffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehenſion of it. *Milton*'s complaint for his blindneſs, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on *Adam* and *Eve*'s going naked, of the angels eating, and ſeveral other paſſages in his poem, are liable to the ſame exception, though I muſt confeſs there is ſo great a beauty in theſe very digreſſions, that I would not wiſh them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper, ſpoken of the characters of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, and declared my opinion, as to the allegorical perſons who are introduced into it.

If we look into the *ſentiments*, I think they are ſometimes defective under the following heads; firſt, as there are ſeveral of them too much pointed, and ſome that degenerate even into puns. Of this laſt kind I am afraid is that in the firſt book, where, ſpeaking of the pygmies, he calls them,

——— 'The ſmall *Infantry*
'Warr'd on by cranes' ———

Another blemiſh that appears in ſome of his thoughts, is his frequent alluſion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine ſubject of which he treats. I do not find fault with theſe alluſions, where the poet himſelf repreſents them as fabulous, as he does in ſome places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in inſtances of this kind; the reader will eaſily remark them in his peruſal of the poem.

A third fault in his ſentiments, is an unneceſſary oſtentation of learning, which likewiſe occurs very frequently. It is certain that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were maſters of all the learning of their times, but it ſhews itſelf in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* ſeems ambitious of letting us know, by his excurſions on free-will and predeſtination, and his many glances upon hiſtory, aſtronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phraſes he ſometimes makes uſe of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and ſciences.

If in the laſt place we conſider the language of this great poet, we muſt allow what I have hinted at in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and ſometimes obſcured by old words, tranſpoſitions and foreign idioms. *Seneca*'s objection to the ſtile of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lene*, is what many critics make to *Milton*: as I cannot wholly refute it, ſo I have already apologized

apologized for it in another paper: to which I may further add, that *Milton*'s ſentiments and ideas were ſo wonderfully ſublime, that it would have been impoſſible for him to have repreſented them in their full ſtrength and beauty, without having recourſe to theſe foreign aſſiſtances. Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul, which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.

A ſecond fault in his language is that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following paſſages, and many others:

'And brought into the *World* a *World* of woe.'
'————Begirt th' Almighty throne'
'*Beſeeching* or *beſieging*'————
'This *tempted* our *attempt*'————
'At one ſlight *bound* high overleapt all *bound*.'

I know there are figures for this kind of ſpeech, that ſome of the greateſt ancients have been guilty of it, and that *Ariſtotle* himſelf has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itſelf poor and trifling, it is I think at preſent univerſally exploded by all the maſters of polite writing.

The laſt fault which I ſhall take notice of in *Milton*'s ſtile, is the frequent uſe of what the learned call *Technical Words*, or terms of art. It is one of the greateſt beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abſtruſe of itſelf in ſuch eaſy language as may be underſtood by ordinary readers:

beſides, that the knowledge of a poet ſhould rather ſeem born with him, or inſpired, than drawn from books and ſyſtems. I have often wondered how Mr. *Dryden* could tranſlate a paſſage out of *Virgil* after the following manner,

'Tack to the larboard, and ſtand off to ſea,
'Veer ſtarboard ſea and land.'——

Milton makes uſe of larboard in the ſame manner. When he is upon building he mentions 'doric pillars, pilaſters, cornice, freeze, 'architrave.' When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with 'ecliptic, and eccentric, the tre-'pidation, ſtars dropping from the zenith, rays 'culminating from the equator:' to which might be added many inſtances of the like kind in ſeveral other arts and ſciences.

I ſhall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to inſert under thoſe general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticiſm. L

Monday,

N° 298 Monday, February 11.

Nuſquam tuta fides—— VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 373.

Honour is no where ſafe.

London, Feb. 9. 1711-12.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a virgin, and in no caſe deſpicable; 'but yet ſuch as I am I muſt remain, or 'elſe become, it is to be feared, leſs happy; 'for I find not the leaſt good effect from the 'juſt correction you ſome time ſince gave that 'too free, that looſer part of our ſex which ſpoils 'the men; the ſame connivance at the vices, 'the ſame eaſy admittance of addreſſes, the 'ſame vitiated reliſh of the converſation of the 'greateſt of rakes, or, in a more faſhionable 'way of expreſſing one's ſelf, of ſuch as have 'ſeen the world moſt, ſtill abounds, increaſes, 'multiplies.

'The humble petition therefore of many of 'the moſt ſtrictly virtuous, and of myſelf, is, 'that you will once more exert your authority, 'and that according to your late promiſe, your 'full, your impartial authority, on this fillier 'branch of our kind: for why ſhould they be 'the uncontroulable miſtreſſes of our fate? Why 'ſhould they with impunity indulge the males

'in

'in licentiouſneſs whilſt ſingle, and we have the 'diſmal hazard and plague of reforming them 'when married? Strike home, Sir, then, and 'ſpare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gilded 'hopes of nuptial felicity are fruſtrated, are va-'niſhed, and you yourſelf, as well as Mr. *Courtly*, 'will, by ſmoothing over immodeſt practices with 'the gloſs of ſoft and harmleſs names, for ever 'forfeit our eſteem. Nor think that I am herein 'more ſevere than need be: if I have not rea-'ſon more than enough, do you and the world 'judge from this enſuing account, which, I 'think, will prove the evil to be univerſal.

'You muſt know then, that ſince your repre-'henſion of this female degeneracy came out, 'I have had a tender of reſpects from no leſs 'than five perſons, of tolerable figure too as 'times go: but the misfortune is, that four of 'the five are profeſſed followers of the mode. 'They would face me down, that all women 'of good ſenſe ever were, and ever will be, lati-'tudinarians in wedlock; and always did, and 'will give and take what they profanely term 'conjugal liberty of conſcience.

'The two firſt of them, a captain and a 'merchant, to ſtrengthen their argument, 'pretend to repeat after a couple of ladies 'of quality and wit, that *Venus* was always 'kind to *Mars*; and what ſoul, that has the 'leaſt ſpark of generoſity, can deny a man of 'bravery any thing? And how pitiful a trader 'that, whom no woman but his own wife will 'have correſpondence and dealings with? Thus

'theſe;

'theſe; whilſt the third, the country ſquire, 'confeſſed, that indeed he was ſurpriſed into 'good-breeding, and entered into the know-'ledge of the world unawares; that dining 'the other day at a gentleman's houſe, the 'perſon who entertained was obliged to leave 'him with his wife and nieces; where they 'ſpoke with ſo much contempt of an abſent 'gentleman for being ſo ſlow at a hint, that 'he reſolved never to be drouſy, unmannerly, 'or ſtupid for the future at a friend's houſe; 'and on a hunting morning, not to purſue the 'game either with the huſband abroad, or with 'the wife at home.

'The next that came was a tradeſman, no 'leſs full of the age than the former; for he 'had the gallantry to tell me, that at a late 'junket which he was invited to, the motion 'being made, and the queſtion being put, it 'was by maid, wife and widow reſolved, *nemine 'contradicente*, that a young ſprightly journey-'man is abſolutely neceſſary in their way of 'buſineſs: to which they had the aſſent and con-'currence of their huſbands preſent. I dropped 'him a courteſy, and gave him to underſtand 'that was his audience of leave.

'I am reckoned pretty, and have had very 'many advances beſides theſe; but have been 'very averſe to hear any of them, from my 'obſervation on theſe above-mentioned, until I 'hoped ſome good from the character of my 'preſent admirer, a clergyman. But I find 'even amongſt them there are indirect practices

'in

'in relation to love, and our treaty is at preſent 'a little in ſuſpenſe, until ſome circumſtances 'are cleared. There is a charge againſt him 'among the women, and the caſe is this: it 'is alledged, that a certain endowed female 'would have appropriated herſelf to, and con-'ſolidated herſelf with a church, which my 'divine now enjoys; (or, which is the ſame 'thing, did proſtitute herſelf to her friend's 'doing this for her:) that my eccleſiaſtic, to 'obtain the one, did engage himſelf to take 'off the other that lay on hand; but that on 'his ſucceſs in the ſpiritual, he again renounced 'the carnal.

'I put this cloſely to him, and taxed him 'with diſingenuity. He to clear himſelf made 'the ſubſequent defence, and that in the moſt 'ſolemn manner poſſible. That he was ap-'plied to, and inſtigated to accept of a benefice: 'that a conditional offer thereof was indeed 'made him at firſt, but with diſdain by him 'rejected: that when nothing, as they eaſily 'perceived, of this nature could bring him to 'their purpoſe, aſſurance of his being intirely 'unengaged before-hand, and ſafe from all their 'after-expectations (the only ſtratagem left to 'draw him in) was given him: that pur-'ſuant to this the donation itſelf was without 'delay, before ſeveral reputable witneſſes, ten-'dered to him *gratis*, with the open profeſſion 'of not the leaſt reſerve, or moſt minute con-'dition; but that yet immediately after induc-'tion, his inſiduous introducer, (or her crafty

'pro-

'procurer, which you will) induſtriouſly ſpread 'the report which had reached my ears, not 'only in the neighbourhood of that ſaid church, 'but in *London*, in the univerſity, in mine and 'his own country, and wherever elſe it might 'probably obviate his application to any other 'woman, and ſo confine him to this alone: 'and in a word, that as he never did make 'any previous offer of his ſervice, or the leaſt 'ſtep to her affection; ſo on his diſcovery of 'theſe deſigns thus laid to trick him, he could 'not but afterwards, in juſtice to himſelf, vin-'dicate both his innocence and freedom by 'keeping his proper diſtance.

'This is his apology, and I think I ſhall 'be ſatisfied with it. But I cannot conclude my 'tedious epiſtle, without recommending to you 'not only to reſume your former chaſtiſement, 'but to add to your criminals the ſimoniacal 'ladies, who ſeduce the ſacred order into the 'difficulty of either breaking a mercenary troth 'made to them whom they ought not to de-'ceive, or by breaking or keeping it offending 'againſt him whom they cannot deceive. Your 'aſſiſtance and labours of this ſort would be of 'great benefit, and your ſpeedy thoughts on this 'ſubject would be very ſeaſonable to,

'Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

T 'CHASTITY LOVEWORTH.'

Tueſday,

N° 299 Tueſday, February 12.

Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum, precor, Annibalem, victumque Syphacem
In caſtris; & cum totâ Carthagine migra.

Juv. Sat. 6. v. 166.

Some country-girl, ſcarce to a curtſy bred,
Wou'd I much rather than *Cornelia* wed,
If ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your *Carthaginian* ſtate;
Let vanquiſh'd *Hannibal* without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow gate.

Dryden.

IT is obſerved, that a man improves more by reading the ſtory of a perſon eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the fineſt rules and precepts of morality. In the ſame manner a repreſentation of thoſe calamities and misfortunes which a weak man ſuffers from wrong meaſures, and ill-concerted ſchemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impreſſion upon our minds, than the wiſeſt maxims and inſtructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like follies and indiſcretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reaſon that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own uſe of it,

it, without adding any reflections of my own upon the ſubject matter.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' HAving carefully peruſed a letter ſent you ' by *Joſiah Fribble*, Eſq; with your ſub- ' ſequent diſcourſe upon pin-money, I do pre- ' ſume to trouble you with an account of my ' own caſe, which I look upon to be no leſs ' deplorable than that of ſquire *Fribble*. I am a ' perſon of no extraction, having begun the ' world with a ſmall parcel of ruſty iron, and ' was for ſome years commonly known by the ' name of *Jack Anvil*. I have naturally a very ' happy genius for getting money, inſomuch ' that by the age of five and twenty I had ' ſcraped together four thouſand two hundred ' pounds, five ſhillings and a few odd pence. I ' then launched out into conſiderable buſineſs, ' and became a bold trader both by ſea and ' land, which in a few years raiſed me a very ' conſiderable fortune. For theſe my good ſer- ' vices I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of ' my age, and lived with great dignity among ' my city neighbours by the name of Sir *John* ' *Anvil*. Being in my temper very ambitious, ' I was now bent upon making a family, and ' accordingly reſolved that my deſcendents ſhould ' have a daſh of good blood in their veins. In ' order to this I made love to the lady *Mary* ' *Oddly*, an indigent young woman of quality. ' To cut ſhort the marriage-treaty, I threw her ' a *Carte blanche*, as our news-papers call it,

' de-

'deſiring her to write upon it her own terms. 'She was very conciſe in her demands, inſiſting 'only that the diſpoſal of my fortune and the 'regulation of my family ſhould be intirely in 'her hands. Her father and brothers appeared 'exceedingly averſe to this match, and would 'not ſee me for ſome time; but at preſent are 'ſo well reconciled, that they dine with me 'almoſt every day, and have borrowed conſider-'able ſums of me; which my lady *Mary* very 'often twits me with, when ſhe would ſhew 'me how kind her relations are to me. She 'had no portion, as I told you before; but what 'ſhe wanted in fortune, ſhe makes up in ſpirit. 'She at firſt changed my name to Sir *John* '*Envil*, and at preſent writes herſelf *Mary* '*Enville*. I have had ſome children by her, 'whom ſhe has chriſtened with the ſirnames of 'her family, in order, as ſhe tells me, to wear 'out the homelineſs of their parentage by the 'father's ſide. Our eldeſt ſon is the honour-'able *Oddly Enville*, eſq; and our eldeſt daugh-'ter *Harriot Enville*. Upon her firſt coming 'into my family, ſhe turned off a parcel of very 'careful ſervants, who had been long with me, 'and introduced in their ſtead a couple of black-'a-moors, and three or four very genteel fellows 'in laced liveries, beſides her *Frenchwoman*, who 'is perpetually making a noiſe in the houſe in a 'language which no body underſtands, except 'my lady *Mary*. She next ſet herſelf to re-'form every room of my houſe, having glazed 'all my chimney-pieces with looking-glaſs, and

'planted

'planted every corner with ſuch heaps of china, 'that I am obliged to move about my own 'houſe with the greateſt caution and circum-'ſpection, for fear of hurting ſome of our brittle 'furniture. She makes an illumination once a 'week with wax-candles in one of the largeſt 'rooms, in order, as ſhe phraſes it, to ſee com-'pany. At which time ſhe always deſires me 'to be abroad, or to confine myſelf to the cock-'loft, that I may not diſgrace her among her 'viſitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told 'you before, are ſuch beaus that I do not much 'care for aſking them queſtions; when I do, 'they anſwer me with a ſaucy frown, and ſay 'that every thing which I find fault with, was 'done by my lady *Mary*'s order. She tells me 'that ſhe intends they ſhall wear ſwords with 'their next liveries, having lately obſerved the 'footmen of two or three perſons of quality 'hanging behind the coach with ſwords by their 'ſides. As ſoon as the firſt honey-moon was 'over, I repreſented to her the unreaſonableneſs 'of thoſe daily innovations which ſhe made in 'my family; but ſhe told me I was no longer 'to conſider myſelf as Sir *John Anvil*, but as 'her huſband; and added with a frown, that I 'did not ſeem to know who ſhe was. I was 'ſurpriſed to be treated thus, after ſuch fami-'liarities as had paſſed between us. But ſhe 'has ſince given me to know, that whatever 'freedoms ſhe may ſometimes indulge me in, 'ſhe expects in general to be treated with the 'reſpect that is due to her birth and quality.

'Our children have been trained up from their 'infancy with ſo many accounts of their mo- 'ther's family, that they know the ſtories of all 'the great men and women it has produced. 'Their mother tells them, that ſuch an one 'commanded in ſuch a ſea-engagement, that 'their great grandfather had a horſe ſhot under 'him at *Edge-hill*, that their uncle was at the 'ſiege of *Buda*, and that her mother danced in 'a ball at court with the duke of *Monmouth*; 'with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the ſame 'nature. I was the other day a little out of 'countenance at a queſtion of my little daughter '*Harriot*, who aſked me with a great deal of in- 'nocence, why I never told them of the gene- 'rals and admirals that had been in my family. 'As for my eldeſt ſon *Oddly*, he has been ſo 'ſpirited up by his mother, that if he does not 'mend his manners I ſhall go near to diſinherit 'him. He drew his ſword upon me before he 'was nine years old, and told me that he ex- 'pected to be uſed like a gentleman; upon my 'offering to correct him for his inſolence, my 'lady *Mary* ſtept in between us, and told me, 'that I ought to conſider there was ſome diffe- 'rence between his mother and mine. She is 'perpetually finding out the features of her own 'relations in every one of my children, though, 'by the way, I have a little chub-faced boy as 'like me as he can ſtare, if I durſt ſay ſo; but 'what moſt angers me, when ſhe ſees me play- 'ing with any of them upon my knee, ſhe has 'begged me more than once to converſe with

'the

'the children as little as poſſible, that they may 'not learn any of my aukward tricks.

'You muſt farther know, ſince I am opening 'my heart to you, that ſhe thinks herſelf my 'ſuperior in ſenſe, as much as ſhe is in quality, 'and therefore treats me like a plain well-mean-'ing man, who does not know the world. She 'dictates to me in my own buſineſs, ſets me 'right in point of trade, and if I diſagree with 'her about any of my ſhips at ſea, wonders 'that I will diſpute with her, when I know 'very well that her great grandfather was a flag-'officer.

'To complete my ſufferings ſhe has teaſed 'me for this quarter of a year laſt paſt, to re-'move into one of the ſquares at the other end 'of the town, promiſing for my encourage-'ment, that I ſhall have as good a cock-loft as 'any gentleman in the ſquare; to which the 'honourable *Oddly Enville*, Eſq; always adds, 'like a jack-a-napes as he is, that he hopes it 'will be as near the court as poſſible.

'In ſhort, Mr. SPECTATOR, I am ſo much 'out of my natural element, that to recover 'my old way of life I would be content to begin 'the world again, and be plain *Jack Anvil*; but 'alas! I am in for life, and am bound to ſub-'ſcribe myſelf, with great ſorrow of heart,

'Your humble ſervant,

'JOHN ENVILLE, Knt.'

N° 300 Wedneſday, February 13.

——*Diverſum vitio vitium propè majus.*

HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 5.

——Another failing of the mind,
Greater than this, of a quite different kind.

POOLY.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you talk of the ſubject of love, 'and the relations ariſing from it, me-'thinks you ſhould take care to leave no 'fault unobſerved which concerns the ſtate of 'marriage. The great vexation that I have ob-'ſerved in it, is that the wedded couple ſeem to 'want opportunities of being often enough alone 'together, and are forced to quarrel and be fond 'before company. Mr. *Hotſpur* and his lady, 'in a room full of their friends, are ever ſaying 'ſomething ſo ſmart to each other, and that 'but juſt within rules, that the whole company 'ſtand in the utmoſt anxiety and ſuſpenſe for 'fear of their falling into extremities which 'they could not be preſent at. On the other 'ſide, *Tom Faddle* and his pretty ſpouſe where-'ever they come are billing at ſuch a rate, as 'they think muſt do our hearts good to behold 'them. Cannot you poſſibly propoſe a mean 'between being waſps and doves in public?

'I

'I ſhould think if you adviſed to hate or love 'ſincerely it would be better: for if they would 'be ſo diſcreet as to hate from the very bottom 'of their hearts, their averſion would be too 'ſtrong for little gibes every moment; and if 'they loved with that calm and noble value 'which dwells in the heart, with a warmth 'like that of life-blood, they would not be ſo 'impatient of their paſſion as to fall into ob-'ſervable fondneſs. This method, in each caſe, 'would ſave appearances; but as thoſe who 'offend on the fond ſide are by much the fewer, 'I would have you begin with them, and go on 'to take notice of a moſt impertinent licence 'married women take, not only to be very loving 'to their ſpouſes in public, but alſo make nau-'ſeous alluſions to private familiarities, and the 'like. *Lucina* is a lady of the greateſt diſcre-'tion, you muſt know, in the world; and withal 'very much a phyſician: upon the ſtrength of 'theſe two qualities there is nothing ſhe will not 'ſpeak of before us virgins; and ſhe every day 'talks with a very grave air in ſuch a manner, 'as is very improper ſo much as to be hinted at, 'but to obviate the greateſt extremity. Thoſe 'whom they call good bodies, notable people, 'hearty neighbours, and the pureſt goodeſt com-'pany in the world, are the great offenders in 'this kind. Here I think I have laid before you 'an open field for pleaſantry; and hope you 'will ſhew theſe people that at leaſt they 'are not witty: in which you will ſave from

'many a bluſh a daily ſufferer, who is very 'much

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'SUSANNA LOVEWORTH.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN yours of *Wedneſday* the 30th paſt, you 'and your correſpondents are very ſevere on 'a ſort of men, whom you call male coquets; 'but without any other reaſon, in my appre-'henſion, than that of paying a ſhallow com-'pliment to the fair ſex, by accuſing ſome men 'of imaginary faults, that the women may not 'ſeem to be the more faulty ſex; though at 'the ſame time you ſuppoſe there are ſome ſo 'weak as to be impoſed upon by fine things and 'falſe addreſſes. I cannot perſuade myſelf that 'your deſign is to debar the ſexes the benefit of 'each other's converſation, within the rules of 'honour; nor will you, I dare ſay, recommend 'to them, or encourage the common tea-table 'talk, much leſs that of politics and matters of 'ſtate: and if theſe are forbidden ſubjects of 'diſcourſe, then, as long as there are any women 'in the world who take a pleaſure in hearing 'themſelves praiſed, and can bear the ſight of 'a man proſtrate at their feet, ſo long I ſhall 'make no wonder that there are thoſe of the 'other ſex who will pay them moſt impertinent 'humiliations. We ſhould have few people 'ſuch fools as to practiſe flattery, if all were 'ſo wiſe as to deſpiſe it. I do not deny but

'you

'you would do a meritorious act, if you could 'prevent all impoſitions on the ſimplicity of 'young women; but I muſt confeſs I do not 'apprehend you have laid the fault on the 'proper perſon, and if I trouble you with my 'thoughts upon it, I promiſe myſelf your par-'don. Such of the ſex as are raw and in-'nocent, and moſt expoſed to theſe attacks, 'have, or their parents are much to blame if 'they have not, one to adviſe and guard them, 'and are obliged themſelves to take care of 'them; but if theſe, who ought to hinder men 'from all opportunities of this ſort of conver-'ſation, inſtead of that encourage and promote 'it, the ſuſpicion is very juſt that there are ſome 'private reaſons for it; and I will leave it to 'you to determine on which ſide a part is then 'acted. Some women there are who are ar-'rived at years of diſcretion, I mean are got 'out of the hands of their parents and gover-'nors, and are ſet up for themſelves, who yet 'are liable to theſe attempts; but if theſe are 'prevailed upon, you muſt excuſe me if I lay 'the fault upon them, that their wiſdom is not 'grown with their years. My client, Mr. '*Strephon*, whom you ſummoned to declare 'himſelf, gives you thanks however for your 'warning, and begs the favour only to enlarge 'his time for a week, or to the laſt day of the 'term, and then he will appear *gratis*, and pray 'no day over. Yours,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was laſt night to viſit a lady whom I much eſteem, and always took for my friend; but met with ſo very different a reception from what I expected, that I cannot help applying myſelf to you on this occaſion. In the room of that civility and familiarity I uſed to be treated with by her, an affected ſtrangeneſs in her looks, and coldneſs in her behaviour, plainly told me I was not the welcome gueſt which the regard and tenderneſs ſhe has often expreſſed for me gave me reaſon to flatter myſelf to think I was. Sir, this is certainly a great fault, and I aſſure you a very common one; therefore I hope you will think it a fit ſubject for ſome part of a Spectator. Be pleaſed to acquaint us how we muſt behave ourſelves towards this valetudinary friendſhip, ſubject to ſo many heats and colds, and you will oblige,

'Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'MIRANDA.'

'SIR,

'I Cannot forbear acknowledging the delight your late Spectators on *Saturdays* have given me; for they are writ in the honeſt ſpirit of criticiſm, and called to my mind the following four lines I had read long ſince in a prologue to a play called *Julius Cæſar*, which

'has

'has deſerved a better fate. The verſes are addreſſed to the little critics.

"Shew your ſmall talent, and let that ſuffice ye;
"But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye.
"For every fop can find out faults in plays:
"You'll ne'er arrive at knowing when to praiſe."

'Yours,

T 'D. G.'

N° 301 Thurſday, February 14.

Poſſint ut juvenes viſere fervidi
Multo non ſine riſu,
Dilapſam in cineres facem.

HOR. Od. 13. l. 4. v. 26.

That all may laugh to ſee that glaring light,
Which lately ſhone ſo fierce and bright,
End in a ſtink at laſt, and vaniſh into night.

ANON.

WE are generally ſo much pleaſed with any little accompliſhments, either of body or mind, which have once made us remarkable in the world, that we endeavour to perſuade ourſelves it is not in the power of time to rob us of them. We are eternally purſuing the ſame methods which firſt procured us the applauſes of mankind. It is from this notion that an author writes on, though he is come to dotage;

dotage; without ever conſidering that his memory is impaired, and that he hath loſt that life, and thoſe ſpirits, which formerly raiſed his fancy, and fired his imagination. The ſame folly hinders a man from ſubmitting his behaviour to his age, and makes *Clodius*, who was a celebrated dancer at five and twenty, ſtill love to hobble in a minuet, though he is paſt threeſcore. It is this, in a word, which fills the town with elderly fops, and ſuperannuated coquettes.

Canidia, a lady of this latter ſpecies, paſſed by me yeſterday in her coach. *Canidia* was an haughty beauty of the laſt age, and was followed by crowds of adorers, whoſe paſſions only pleaſed her, as they gave her opportunities of playing the tyrant. She then contracted that awful caſt of the eye and forbidding frown, which ſhe has not yet laid aſide, and has ſtill all the inſolence of beauty without its charms. If ſhe now attracts the eyes of any beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own ſex laugh at her affectation; and the men, who always enjoy an ill-natured pleaſure in ſeeing an imperious beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the ſame ſatisfaction that a free nation ſees a tyrant in diſgrace.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who is a great admirer of the gallantries in king *Charles* the ſecond's reign, lately communicated to me a letter written by a wit of that age to his miſtreſs, who it ſeems was a lady of *Canidia*'s humour; and though I do not always approve of my friend WILL's taſte, I liked this letter ſo well, that I took

took a copy of it, with which I ſhall here preſent my reader.

'To Chloe.

'Madam,

'SINCE my waking thoughts have never 'been able to influence you in my favour, 'I am reſolved to try whether my dreams can 'make any impreſſion on you. To this end I 'ſhall give you an account of a very odd one 'which my fancy preſented to me laſt night, 'within a few hours after I left you.

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed 'into the moſt delicious place mine eyes ever 'beheld: it was a large valley divided by a river 'of the pureſt water I had ever ſeen. The 'ground on each ſide of it roſe by an eaſy aſcent, 'and was covered with flowers of an infinite 'variety, which as they were reflected in the 'water doubled the beauties of the place, or 'rather formed an imaginary ſcene more beau-'tiful than the real. On each ſide of the river 'was a range of lofty trees, whoſe boughs were 'loaded with almoſt as many birds as leaves. 'Every tree was full of harmony.

'I had not gone far in this pleaſant valley, 'when I perceived that it was terminated by a 'moſt magnificent temple. The ſtructure was 'ancient, and regular. On the top of it was 'figured the god *Saturn*, in the ſame ſhape 'and dreſs that the poets uſually repreſent '*Time*.

'As

'As I was advancing to ſatisfy my curioſity 'by a nearer view, I was ſtopped by an object 'far more beautiful than any I had before diſ-'covered in the whole place. I fancy, madam, 'you will eaſily gueſs that this could hardly be 'any thing but yourſelf; in reality it was ſo; 'you lay extended on the flowers by the ſide of 'the river, ſo that your hands, which were 'thrown in a negligent poſture, almoſt touched 'the water. Your eyes were cloſed; but if 'your ſleep deprived me of the ſatisfaction of 'ſeeing them, it left me at leiſure to contemplate 'ſeveral other charms, which diſappear when 'your eyes are open. I could not but admire 'the tranquillity you ſlept in, eſpecially when 'I conſidered the uneaſineſs you produce in ſo 'many others.

'While I was wholly taken up in theſe reflec-'tions, the doors of the temple flew open, with 'a very great noiſe; and lifting up my eyes, 'I ſaw two figures, in human ſhape, coming 'into the valley. Upon a nearer ſurvey, I found 'them to be YOUTH and LOVE. The firſt was 'incircled with a kind of purple light, that ſpread 'a glory over all the place; the other held a 'flaming torch in his hand. I could obſerve, 'that all the way as they came towards us, the 'colours of the flowers appeared more lively, 'the trees ſhot out in bloſſoms, the birds threw 'themſelves into pairs, and ſerenaded them as 'they paſſed: the whole face of nature glowed 'with new beauties. They were no ſooner ar-'rived at the place where you lay, when they

'ſeated

'ſeated themſelves on each ſide of you. On 'their approach, methought I ſaw a new bloom 'ariſe in your face, and new charms diffuſe 'themſelves over your whole perſon. You 'appeared more than mortal; but, to my great 'ſurpriſe, continued faſt aſleep, though the two 'deities made ſeveral gentle efforts to awaken 'you.

'After a ſhort time, YOUTH diſplaying a 'pair of wings, which I had not before taken 'notice of, flew off. LOVE ſtill remained, and 'holding the torch which he had in his hand 'before your face, you ſtill appeared as beau-'tiful as ever. The glaring of the light in your 'eyes at length awakened you; when, to my 'great ſurpriſe, inſtead of acknowledging the 'favour of the deity, you frowned upon him, 'and ſtruck the torch out of his hand into 'the river. The god, after having regarded 'you with a look that ſpoke at once his 'pity and diſpleaſure, flew away. Immediately 'a kind of gloom overſpread the whole place. 'At the ſame time I ſaw an hideous ſpectre 'enter at one end of the valley. His eyes 'were ſunk into his head, his face was pale 'and withered, and his ſkin puckered up in 'wrinkles. As he walked on the ſides of the 'bank the river froze, the flowers faded, the 'trees ſhed their bloſſoms, the birds dropped 'from off the boughs, and fell dead at his 'feet. By theſe marks I knew him to be OLD-'AGE. You were ſeized with the utmoſt horror 'and amazement at his approach. You en-

'deavoured

'deavoured to have fled, but the phantom caught 'you in his arms. You may eaſily gueſs at 'the change you ſuffered in this embrace. For 'my own part, though I am ſtill too full of 'the dreadful idea, I will not ſhock you with 'a deſcription of it. I was ſo ſtartled at the 'ſight that my ſleep immediately left me, and 'I found myſelf awake, at leiſure to conſider of 'a dream which ſeems too extraordinary to be 'without a meaning. I am, Madam, with the 'greateſt paſſion,

'Your moſt obedient,

X 'moſt humble ſervant, &c.'

N° 302 Friday, February 15.

——————*Lachrymæque decoræ,*
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.
VIRG. Æn. 5. v. 343.

Becoming ſorrows, and a virtuous mind
More lovely, in a beauteous form inſhrin'd,

I Read what I give for the entertainment of this day with a great deal of pleaſure, and publiſh it juſt as it came to my hands. I ſhall be very glad to find there are many gueſſed at for *Emilia*.

Mr.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF this paper has the good fortune to be 'honoured with a place in your writings, I 'ſhall be the more pleaſed, becauſe the cha- 'racter of *Emilia* is not an imaginary but a 'real one. I have induſtriouſly obſcured the 'whole by the addition of one or two circum- 'ſtances of no conſequence, that the perſon it 'is drawn from might ſtill be concealed; and 'that the writer of it might not be in the leaſt 'ſuſpected, and for ſome other reaſons, I chooſe 'not to give it the form of a letter: but if, 'beſides the faults of the compoſition, there be 'any thing in it more proper for a correſpondent 'than the SPECTATOR himſelf to write, I 'ſubmit it to your better judgment, to receive 'any other model you think fit.

'I am, Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant.'

There is nothing which gives one ſo pleaſing a proſpect of human nature, as the contemplation of wiſdom and beauty: the latter is the peculiar portion of that ſex which is therefore called fair; but the happy concurrence of both theſe excellencies in the ſame perſon, is a character too celeſtial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weening ſelf-ſufficient thing, careleſs of providing itſelf any more ſubſtantial ornaments; nay, ſo little does it conſult its own intereſts, that it too often defeats itſelf by betraying

traying that innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore virtue makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, so beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two perfections gloriously united in one person, I cannot help representing to my mind the image of *Emilia*.

Who ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his breast at once the glow of love and the tenderness of virtuous friendship? The unstudied graces of her behaviour, and the pleasing accents of her tongue insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer enjoyment of them; but even her smiles carry in them a silent reproof to the impulses of licentious love. Thus, though the attractives of her beauty play almost irresistibly upon you and create desire, you immediately stand corrected not by the severity but the decency of her virtue. That sweetness and good-humour which is so visible in her face, naturally diffuses itself into every word and action: a man must be a savage, who, at the sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her good than gratify himself. Her person, as it is thus studiously embellished by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modest hope, and chearful resignation.

Many of the prevailing passions of mankind do undeservedly pass under the name of religion; which is thus made to express itself in action, according to the nature of the constitution in which

which it reſides: ſo that were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine religion in ſome is little better than ſullenneſs and reſerve, in many fear, in others the deſpondings of a melancholy complexion, in others the formality of inſignificant unaffecting obſervances, in others ſeverity, in others oſtentation. In *Emilia* it is a principle founded in reaſon and enlivened with hope; it does not break forth into irregular fits and ſallies of devotion, but is an uniform and conſiſtent tenor of action: it is ſtrict without ſeverity, compaſſionate without weakneſs; it is the perfection of that good-humour which proceeds from the underſtanding, not the effect of an eaſy conſtitution.

By a generous ſympathy in nature, we feel ourſelves diſpoſed to mourn when any of our fellow-creatures are afflicted; but injured innocence and beauty in diſtreſs, is an object that carries in it ſomething inexpreſſibly moving: it ſoftens the moſt manly heart with the tendereſt ſenſations of love and compaſſion, until at length it confeſſes its humanity, and flows out into tears.

Were I to relate that part of *Emilia*'s life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroiſm of chriſtianity, it would make too ſad, too tender a ſtory: but when I conſider her alone in the midſt of her diſtreſſes, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and ſorrow into the joys of heaven and immortality; and when I ſee her in converſation thoughtleſs and eaſy as if ſhe were the moſt happy creature in the world, I am tranſported with admiration. Surely

never did ſuch a philoſophic ſoul inhabit ſuch a beauteous form! For beauty is often made a privilege againſt thought and reflection; it laughs at wiſdom, and will not abide the gravity of its inſtructions.

Were I able to repreſent *Emilia*'s virtues in their proper colours and their due proportions, love or flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the picture larger than life; but as this is but an imperfect draught of ſo excellent a character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any intereſt in her perſon, all that I can ſay of her is but impartial praiſe extorted from me by the prevailing brightneſs of her virtues. So rare a pattern of female excellence ought not to be concealed, but ſhould be ſet out to the view and imitation of the world; for how amiable does virtue appear thus as it were made viſible to us in ſo fair an example!

Honoria's diſpoſition is of a very different turn: her thoughts are wholly bent upon conqueſt and arbitrary power. That ſhe has ſome wit and beauty no body denies, and therefore has the eſteem of all her acquaintance as a woman of an agreeable perſon and converſation; but, whatever her huſband may think of it, that is not ſufficient for *Honoria:* ſhe waves that title to reſpect as a mean acquiſition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reaſon her natural deſire of life is continually checked with an inconſiſtent fear of wrinkles and old-age.

Emilia

Emilia cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of her perſonal charms, though ſhe ſeems to be ſo; but ſhe will not hold her happineſs upon ſo precarious a tenure, whilſt her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted and laſting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we ſaw her ſurrounded with a crowd of adorers, ſhe took no pleaſure in ſlaughter and deſtruction, gave no falſe deluding hopes which might increaſe the torments of her diſappointed lovers; but having for ſome time given to the decency of a virgin coyneſs, and examined the merit of their ſeveral pretenſions, ſhe at length gratified her own, by reſigning herſelf to the ardent paſſion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then maſter of many good qualities and a moderate fortune, which was ſoon after unexpectedly increaſed to a plentiful eſtate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furniſhed his unexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company and a ſenſual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinths of vice and folly, had not *Emilia*'s prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reaſon. Her ingenuity has been conſtantly employed in humanizing his paſſions and refining his pleaſures. She has ſhewed him by her own example, that virtue is conſiſtent with decent freedoms and good-humour, or rather, that it cannot ſubſiſt without them. Her good ſenſe readily inſtructed her, that a ſilent example and an eaſy unrepining behaviour will always be more perſuaſive than the ſeverity of lectures and admonitions; and

that there is ſo much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obſtinate man muſt only take the hint from another, and then be left to adviſe and correct himſelf. Thus by an artful train of management and unſeen perſuaſions, having at firſt brought him not to diſlike, and at length to be pleaſed with that which otherwiſe he would not have bore to hear of, ſhe then knew how to preſs and ſecure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and ſeconding it as his propoſal. By this means ſhe has gained an intereſt in ſome of his leading paſſions, and made them acceſſary to his reformation.

There is another particular of *Emilia*'s conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning: to ſome perhaps it may at firſt ſight appear but a trifling inconſiderable circumſtance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of obſervation, and to be recommended to the conſideration of the fair ſex. I have often thought wrapping gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled œconomy of dreſs which paſſes under the general name of a mob, the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readieſt means imaginable to alienate the affection of an huſband, eſpecially a fond one. I have heard ſome ladies, who have been ſurpriſed by company in ſuch a diſhabille, apologize for it after this manner; 'Truly I am 'aſhamed to be caught in this pickle; but my 'huſband and I were ſitting all alone by our-'ſelves, and I did not expect to ſee ſuch good 'company'—This by the way is a fine compliment

ment to the good man, which it is ten to one but he returns in dogged anſwers and a churliſh behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

Emilia's obſervation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects caſt a blemiſh upon a great character; ſo the neglect of apparel, even among the moſt intimate friends, does inſenſibly leſſen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She underſtands the importance of thoſe things which the generality account trifles; and conſiders every thing as a matter of conſequence, that has the leaſt tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her huſband; him ſhe eſteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleaſing, becauſe he is to be pleaſed for life.

By the help of theſe, and a thouſand other nameleſs arts, which it is eaſier for her to practiſe than for another to expreſs, by the obſtinacy of her goodneſs and unprovoked ſubmiſſion, in ſpite of all her afflictions and ill uſage, *Bromius* is become a man of ſenſe and a kind huſband, and *Emilia* a happy wife.

Ye guardian angels, to whoſe care heaven has intruſted its dear *Emilia*, guide her ſtill forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the inſolence and wrongs of this undiſcerning world; at length when we muſt no more converſe with ſuch purity on earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprovable to a better place, where by an eaſy tranſition from what ſhe now is, ſhe may ſhine forth an angel of light. T

N° 303 Saturday, February 16.

——*volet hæc ſub luce videri,*
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 363.

——Some chooſe the cleareſt light,
And boldly challenge the moſt piercing eye.
ROSCOMMON.

I Have ſeen, in the works of a modern philoſopher, a map of the ſpots in the ſun. My laſt paper of the faults and blemiſhes in *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, may be conſidered as a piece of the ſame nature. To purſue the alluſion: as it is obſerved, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are ſome which glow more intenſely, and dart a ſtronger light than others; ſo, notwithſtanding I have already ſhewn *Milton*'s poem to be very beautiful in general, I ſhall now proceed to take notice of ſuch beauties as appear to me more exquiſite than the reſt. *Milton* has propoſed the ſubject of his poem in the following verſes.

Of man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loſs of *Eden*, 'till one greater man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heavenly muſe!

Theſe

Theſe lines are perhaps as plain, ſimple and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himſelf to the example of *Homer* and the precept of *Horace*.

His invocation to a work which turns in a great meaſure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the muſe who inſpired *Moſes* in thoſe books from whence our author drew his ſubject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein repreſented as operating after a particular manner in the firſt production of nature. This whole exordium riſes very happily into noble language and ſentiments, as I think the tranſition to the fable is exquiſitely beautiful and natural.

The nine-days aſtoniſhment, in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the uſe of thought or ſpeech, is a noble circumſtance, and very finely imagined. The diviſion of hell into ſeas of fire, and into firm ground impregnate with the ſame furious element, with that particular circumſtance of the excluſion of hope from thoſe infernal regions, are inſtances of the ſame great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the firſt ſpeech and deſcription of *Satan*, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy, and revenge, obſtinacy, deſpair and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In ſhort,

his firſt ſpeech is a complication of all thoſe paſſions which diſcover themſelves ſeparately in ſeveral other of his ſpeeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with ſuch incidents as are very apt to raiſe and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the firſt that awakens out of the general trance, with his poſture on the burning lake, his riſing from it, and the deſcription of his ſhield and ſpear.

Thus *Satan* talking to his neareſt mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſide
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood———
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointed ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i'th' midſt' a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight———
———————— his pond'rous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſie, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the *Tuſcan* artiſts view
At ev'ning, from the top of *Feſole*,
Or in *Valdarno*, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains, on her ſpotted globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great Admiral, were but a wand,

He

He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle——

To which we may add his call to the fallen angels that lay plunged and ſtupified in the ſea of fire.

He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſounded.

But there is no ſingle paſſage in the whole poem worked up to a greater ſublimity, than that wherein his perſon is deſcribed in thoſe celebrated lines:

———— He above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower, &c.

His ſentiments are every way anſwerable to his character, and ſuitable to a created being of the moſt exalted and moſt depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes poſſeſſion of his place of torments.

——Hail horrors! hail!
Infernal world! and thou profoundeſt hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſor, one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.

And afterwards,

——Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure; and in my choice

To

To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heav'n.

Amidſt thoſe impieties which this enraged ſpirit utters in other places of the poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with abſurdity, and incapable of ſhocking a religious reader; his words, as the poet himſelf deſcribes them, bearing only a ſemblance of worth, not ſubſtance. He is likewiſe with great art deſcribed as owning his adverſary to be almighty. Whatever perverſe interpretation he puts on the juſtice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confeſſes his omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only conſideration which could ſupport his pride under the ſhame of his defeat.

Nor muſt I here omit that beautiful circumſtance of his burſting out in tears, upon his ſurvey of thoſe innumerable ſpirits whom he had involved in the ſame guilt and ruin with himſelf.

—— He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn
Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth'——

The catalogue of evil ſpirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry, which riſes in a great meaſure from its

its deſcribing the places where they were worſhipped, by thoſe beautiful marks of rivers ſo frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtleſs in this place *Homer*'s catalogue of ſhips, and *Virgil*'s liſt of warriors, in his view. The characters of *Moloch* and *Belial* prepare the reader's mind for their reſpective ſpeeches and behaviour in the ſecond and ſixth book. The account of *Thammuz* is finely romantic, and ſuitable to what we read among the ancients of the worſhip which was paid to that idol.

—— *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* damſels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a ſummer's day,
While ſmooth *Adonis* from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the love tale
Infected *Sion*'s daughters with like heat,
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led
His eyes ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated *Judah* ——

The reader will pardon me if I inſert as a note on this beautiful paſſage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. *Maundrell* of this ancient piece of worſhip, and probably the firſt occaſion of ſuch a ſuperſtition. 'We came to 'a fair large river —— doubtleſs the ancient river '*Adonis*, ſo famous for the idolatrous rites per-'formed here in lamentation of *Adonis*. We 'had the fortune to ſee what may be ſuppoſed 'to be the occaſion of that opinion which *Lucian*

'relates

'relates concerning this river, *viz.* That this 'ſtream, at certain ſeaſons of the year, eſpecially 'about the feaſt of *Adonis*, is of a bloody colour; 'which the heathens looked upon as proceeding 'from a kind of ſympathy in the river for the 'death of *Adonis*, who was killed by a wild 'boar in the mountains, out of which this ſtream 'riſes. Something like this we ſaw actually come 'to paſs; for the water was ſtained to a ſurpriſ-'ing redneſs; and, as we obſerved in travelling, 'had diſcoloured the ſea a great way into a red-'diſh hue, occaſioned doubtleſs by a ſort of 'minium, or red earth, waſhed into the river by 'the violence of the rain, and not by any ſtain 'from *Adonis*'s blood.'

The paſſage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how ſpirits transform themſelves by contraction or enlargement of their dimenſions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for ſeveral ſurpriſing accidents in the ſequel of the poem. There follows one, at the very end of the firſt book, which is what the *French* critics call marvellous, but at the ſame time probable by reaſon of the paſſage laſt mentioned. As ſoon as the infernal palace is finiſhed, we are told the multitude and rabble of ſpirits immediately ſhrunk themſelves into a ſmall compaſs that there might be room for ſuch a numberleſs aſſembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon this thought which I moſt admire, and which is indeed very noble in itſelf. For he tells us, that notwithſtanding the vulgar, among the fallen ſpirits, contracted their

their forms, thoſe of the firſt rank and dignity ſtill preſerved their natural dimenſions.

Thus incorporeal ſpirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
The great ſeraphic lords and cherubim,
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſate,
A thouſand demi-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full ——

The character of *Mammon*, and the deſcription of the *Pandæmonium*, are full of beauties.

There are ſeveral other ſtrokes in the firſt book wonderfully poetical, and inſtances of that ſublime genius ſo peculiar to the author. Such is the deſcription of *Azazel*'s ſtature, and the infernal ſtandard, which he unfurls; as alſo of that ghaſtly light, by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimm'ring of thoſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful ——

The ſhout of the whole hoſt of fallen angels when drawn up in battle-array:

—— The univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of *Chaos* and old *Night*.

The review, which the leader makes of his infernal army;

——He

——— He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of gods,
Their number laſt he ſums; and now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories ———

The flaſh of light which appeared upon the drawing up of their ſwords;

He ſpake; and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty *Cherubim*; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell. ——

The ſudden production of the *Pandæmonium*;

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet.

The artificial illuminations made in it;

——— From the arched roof
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſcents, fed
With *Naptha* and *Aſphaltus*, yielded light
As from a ſky ——

There are alſo ſeveral noble ſimilies and alluſions in the firſt book of *Paradiſe Loſt:* and here I muſt obſerve, that when *Milton* alludes either to things or perſons, he never quits his ſimile until it riſes to ſome very great idea, which is often foreign to the occaſion that gave birth to

to it. The reſemblance does not, perhaps, laſt above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raiſed out of it ſome glorious image or ſentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that ſublime kind of entertainment, which is ſuitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Thoſe, who are acquainted with *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s way of writing, cannot but be pleaſed with this kind of ſtructure in *Milton*'s ſimilitudes. I am the more particular on this head, becauſe ignorant readers, who have formed their taſte upon the quaint ſimilies and little turns of wit, which are ſo much in vogue among modern poets, cannot reliſh theſe beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to cenſure *Milton*'s compariſons in which they do not ſee any ſurpriſing points of likeneſs. Monſieur *Perrault* was a man of this vitiated reliſh, and for that very reaſon has endeavoured to turn into ridicule ſeveral of *Homer*'s ſimilitudes, which he calls *Compariſons à longue queue*, 'long-tailed compariſons.' I ſhall conclude this paper on the firſt book of *Milton* with the anſwer which Monſieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this occaſion; 'Compariſons,' he ſays, 'in odes and epic poems, are not introduced only to illuſtrate and embelliſh the diſcourſe, but to amuſe and relax the mind of the reader, by frequently diſengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal ſubject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. *Homer*,' ſays he, 'excelled in this particular, whoſe compariſons abound with

'ſuch

'ſuch images of nature as are proper to relieve 'and diverſify his ſubjects. He continually in-'ſtructs the reader, and makes him take notice, 'even in objects which are every day before our 'eyes, of ſuch circumſtances as we ſhould not 'otherwiſe have obſerved.' To this he adds, as a maxim univerſally acknowledged, 'That it is 'not neceſſary in poetry for the points of the 'compariſon to correſpond with one another 'exactly, but that a general reſemblance is 'ſufficient, and that too much nicety in this 'particular favours of the rhetorician and epi-'grammatiſt.'

In ſhort if we look into the conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, as the great fable is the ſoul of each poem, ſo, to give their works an agreeable variety, their epiſodes are ſo many ſhort fables, and their ſimilies ſo many ſhort epiſodes; to which you may add, if you pleaſe, that their metaphors are ſo many ſhort ſimilies. If the reader conſiders the compariſons in the firſt book of *Milton*, of the ſun in an eclipſe, of the ſleeping *Leviathan*, of the bees ſwarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will eaſily diſcover the great beauties that are in each of thoſe paſſages. L

Monday,

N° 304 Monday, February 18.

Vulnus alit venis & cæco carpitur igni.
VIRG. Æn. 4. v. 2.

A latent fire preys on his fev'riſh veins.

THE circumſtances of my correſpondent, whoſe letter I now inſert, are ſo frequent, that I cannot want compaſſion ſo much as to forbear laying it before the town. There is ſomething ſo mean and inhuman in a direct *Smithfield* bargain for children, that if this lover carries his point, and obſerves the rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wiſh him ſucceſs, but alſo that it may animate others to follow his example. I know not one motive relating to this life which would produce ſo many honourable and worthy actions, as the hopes of obtaining a woman of merit: there would ten thouſand ways of induſtry and honeſt ambition be purſued by young men, who believed that the perſons admired had value enough for their paſſion to attend the event of their good fortune in all their applications, in order to make their circumſtances fall in with the duties they owe to themſelves, their families and their country. All theſe relations a man ſhould think of who intends to go into the ſtate of marriage; and

expects to make it a ſtate of pleaſure and ſatiſfaction.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have for ſome years indulged a paſſion for 'a young lady of age and quality ſuitable 'to my own, but very much ſuperior in fortune. 'It is the faſhion with parents, how juſtly I 'leave you to judge, to make all regards give 'way to the article of wealth. From this one 'conſideration it is that I have concealed the 'ardent love I have for her; but I am 'beholden to the force of my love for many 'advantages which I reaped from it towards the 'better conduct of my life. A certain com-'placency to all the world, a ſtrong deſire to 'oblige wherever it lay in my power, and a 'circumſpect behaviour in all my words and 'actions, have rendered me more particularly 'acceptable to all my friends and acquaintance. 'Love has had the ſame good effect upon my 'fortune; and I have increaſed in riches in 'proportion to my advancement in thoſe arts 'which make a man agreeable and amiable. 'There is a certain ſympathy which will tell 'my miſtreſs from theſe circumſtances, that it 'is I who writ this for her reading, if you 'will pleaſe to inſert it. There is not a down-'right enmity, but a great coldneſs between 'our parents; ſo that if either of us declared 'any kind ſentiments for each other, her friends 'would be very backward to lay any obligation 'upon our family, and mine to receive it from 'hers.

'hers. Under theſe delicate circumſtances it 'is no eaſy matter to act with ſafety. I have 'no reaſon to fancy my miſtreſs has any regard 'for me, but from a very diſintereſted value 'which I have for her. If from any hint in 'any future paper of yours ſhe gives me the 'leaſt encouragement, I doubt not but I ſhall 'ſurmount all other difficulties; and inſpired 'by ſo noble a motive for the care of my fortune, 'as the belief ſhe is to be concerned in it, I 'will not deſpair of receiving her one day from 'her father's own hand.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

'CLYTANDER.'

'To his Worſhip the SPECTATOR.

'The humble Petition of *Anthony Title-Page*, 'Stationer, in the centre of *Lincoln's-Inn* '*Fields*,

'SHEWETH,

'THAT your petitioner and his forefa- 'thers have been ſellers of books for time 'immemorial; that your petitioner's anceſtor, '*Crouchback Title-Page*, was the firſt of that 'vocation in *Britain*; who keeping his ſtation 'in fair weather, at the corner of *Lothbury*, was 'by way of eminency called the ſtationer, a 'name which from him all ſucceeding book- 'ſellers have affected to bear: that the ſtation

'of your petitioner and his father has been in 'the place of his preſent ſettlement ever ſince 'that ſquare has been built: that your peti- 'tioner has formerly had the honour of your 'worſhip's cuſtom, and hopes you never had 'reaſon to complain of your pennyworths; that 'particularly he ſold you your firſt *Lilly*'s Gram- 'mar, and at the ſame time a *Wits Common- 'wealth* almoſt as good as new: moreover, that 'your firſt rudimental eſſays in ſpectatorſhip 'were made in your petitioner's ſhop, where 'you often practiſed for hours together, ſome- 'times on his books upon the rails, ſometimes 'on the little hieroglyphics either gilt, ſilvered, 'or plain, which the *Egyptian* woman on the 'other ſide of the ſhop, had wrought in ginger- 'bread, and ſometimes on the *Engliſh* youth, 'who in ſundry places there were exerciſing 'themſelves in the traditional ſports of the field.

'From theſe conſiderations it is, that your pe- 'titioner is encouraged to apply himſelf to you, 'and to proceed humbly to acquaint your wor- 'ſhip, that he has certain intelligence that you 'receive great numbers of defamatory letters de- 'ſigned by their authors to be publiſhed, which 'you throw aſide and totally neglect: your pe- 'titioner therefore prays, that you will pleaſe to 'beſtow on him thoſe refuſe letters, and he hopes 'by printing them to get a more plentiful provi- 'ſion for his family; or at the worſt, he may be 'allowed to ſell them by the pound weight to 'his good cuſtomers the paſtry-cooks of *London* 'and *Weſtminſter*.

'And your petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.'

'To

'To the SPECTATOR.

'The humble Petition of *Bartholomew Lady-love*, of *Round-Court* in the pariſh of Saint *Martin's in the Fields*, in behalf of himſelf and neighbours,

'SHEWETH,

'THAT your petitioners have with great induſtry and application arrived at the moſt exact art of invitation or intreaty: that by a beſeeching air and perſuaſive addreſs, they have for many years laſt paſt peaceably drawn in every tenth paſſenger, whether they intended or not to call at their ſhops, to come in and buy; and from that ſoftneſs of behaviour, have arrived among tradeſmen at the gentle appellation of the fawners.

'That there have of late ſet up amongſt us certain perſons of *Monmouth-ſtreet*, and *Long-lane*, who by the ſtrength of their arms, and loudneſs of their throats, draw off the regard of all paſſengers from your ſaid petitioner; from which violence they are diſtinguiſhed by the name of the worriers.

'That while your petitioners ſtand ready to receive paſſengers with a ſubmiſſive bow, and repeat with a gentle voice, "Ladies, what "do you want? pray look in here;" the worriers reach out their hands at piſtol-ſhot, and ſeize the cuſtomers at arms length.

'That while the fawners ſtrain and relax the 'muſcles of their faces in making diſtinction 'between a ſpinſter in a coloured ſcarf and an 'hand-maid in a ſtraw-hat, the worriers uſe 'the ſame roughneſs to both, and prevail 'upon the eaſineſs of the paſſengers, to the 'impoveriſhment of your petitioners.

'Your petitioners therefore moſt humbly 'pray, that the worriers may not be permitted to 'inhabit the politer parts of the town; and 'that *Round-Court* may remain a receptacle for 'buyers of a more ſoft education.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

The petition of the *New-Exchange*, concerning the arts of buying and ſelling, and particularly valuing goods by the complexion of the ſeller, will be conſidered on another occaſion. T

Tueſday,

N° 305 Tueſday, February 19.

Non tali auxilio, nec defenſoribus iſtis
Tempus eget ——— VIRG. Æn. 2. v. 521.

Theſe times want other aids. DRYDEN.

OUR late news-papers being full of the project now on foot in the court of *France*, for eſtabliſhing a political academy, and I myſelf having received letters from ſeveral virtuoſoes among my foreign correſpondents, which give ſome light into that affair, I intend to make it the ſubject of this day's ſpeculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of laſt *Friday* in the following words, tranſlated from the Gazette of *Amſterdam*.

Paris, February 12. 'It is confirmed that 'the king has reſolved to eſtabliſh a new aca- 'demy for politics, of which the Marquis *de* 'Torcy, miniſter and ſecretary of ſtate, is to 'be protector. Six academicians are to be 'choſen, endowed with proper talents, for be- 'ginning to form this academy, into which no 'perſon is to be admitted under twenty-five years 'of age: they muſt likewiſe have each an eſtate 'of two thouſand livres a year, either in poſſeſ- 'ſion, or to come to them by inheritance. The

'king will allow to each a penſion of a thouſand 'livres. They are likewiſe to have able maſters 'to teach them the neceſſary ſciences, and to 'inſtruct them in all the treaties of peace, al-'liance, and others, which have been in ſeveral 'ages paſt. Theſe members are to meet twice 'a week at the *Louvre*. From this ſeminary are 'to be choſen ſecretaries to ambaſſies, who by 'degrees may advance to higher employments.

Cardinal *Richlieu*'s politics made *France* the terror of *Europe*. The ſtateſmen who have appeared in that nation of late years have on the contrary rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greateſt height. His chief deſign in that inſtitution was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one elſe interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis *de Torcy* ſeems reſolved to make ſeveral young men in *France* as wiſe as himſelf, and is therefore taken up at preſent in eſtabliſhing a nurſery of ſtateſmen.

Some private letters add, that there will alſo be erected a ſeminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madam *de Maintenon*, and to be diſpatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of ſtate; but as the news of this laſt project has not been yet confirmed, I ſhall take no farther notice of it.

Several

Several of my readers may doubtleſs remember that upon the concluſion of the laſt war, which had been carried on ſo ſucceſsfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them transformed into ambaſſadors; but the conduct of thoſe who have commanded in the preſent war, has, it ſeems, brought ſo little honour and advantage to their great monarch, that he is reſolved to truſt his affairs no longer in the hands of thoſe military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deſerve our attention. The ſtudents are to have in poſſeſſion, or reverſion, an eſtate of two thouſand *French* livres *per annum*, which, as the preſent exchange runs, will amount to at leaſt one hundred and twenty-ſix pounds *Engliſh*. This, with the royal allowance of a thouſand livres, will enable them to find themſelves in coffee and ſnuff; not to mention news-papers, pens and ink, wax and wafers, with the like neceſſaries for politicians.

A man muſt be at leaſt five and twenty before he can be initiated into the myſteries of this academy, though there is no queſtion, but many grave perſons of a much more advanced age, who have been conſtant readers of the *Paris* Gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themſelves upon this liſt of politicians.

The ſociety of theſe hopeful young gentlemen is to be under the direction of ſix profeſſors, who, it ſeems, are to be ſpeculative ſtateſmen, and drawn out of the body of the royal academy. Theſe ſix wiſe maſters, according to my

my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted them.

The firſt is to inſtruct the ſtudents in ſtate legerdemain, as how to take off the impreſſion of a ſeal, to ſplit a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the ſtudents have accompliſhed themſelves in this part of their profeſſion, they are to be delivered into the hands of their ſecond inſtructor, who is a kind of poſture-maſter.

This artiſt is to teach them how to nod judiciouſly, to ſhrug up their ſhoulders in a dubious caſe, to connive with either eye, and in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a ſort of language-maſter, who is to inſtruct them in the ſtile proper for a miniſter in his ordinary diſcourſe. And to the end that this college of ſtateſmen may be thoroughly practiſed in the political ſtile, they are to make uſe of it in their common converſations, before they are employed either in foreign or domeſtic affairs. If one of them aſks another, what of the clock it is, the other is to anſwer him indirectly, and, if poſſible, to turn off the queſtion. If he is deſired to change a *louis d'or*, he muſt beg time to conſider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the king is at *Verſailles* or *Marly*, he muſt anſwer in a whiſper. If he be aſked the news of the late Gazette, or the ſubject of a proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himſelf ſo far, he needs only draw his

his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left ſhoulder.

The fourth profeſſor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect alſo in this practice, they are not to ſend a note to one another, though it be but to borrow a *Tacitus* or a *Machiavel*, which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth profeſſor, it is thought, will be choſen out of the ſociety of Jeſuits, and is to be well read in the controverſies of probable doctrines, mental reſervations, and the rights of princes. This learned man is to inſtruct them in the grammar, ſyntax, and conſtruing part of Treaty-Latin; how to diſtinguiſh between the ſpirit and the letter, and likewiſe demonſtrate how the ſame form of words may lay an obligation upon any prince in *Europe*, different from that which it lays upon his moſt Chriſtian majeſty. He is likewiſe to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evaſions, in the moſt ſolemn compacts, and particularly a great rabbinical ſecret, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jeſuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the ſame article may both of them be true and valid.

When our ſtateſmen are ſufficiently improved by theſe ſeveral inſtructors, they are to receive their laſt poliſhing from one who is to act among them as maſter of the ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon the important points of the elbow-chair, and the ſtair-head, to inſtruct them in the different ſituations of

of the right-hand, and to furniſh them with bows and inclinations of all ſizes, meaſures and proportions. In ſhort, this profeſſor is to give the ſociety their ſtiffening, and infuſe into their manners that beautiful political ſtarch, which may qualify them for levées, conferences, viſits, and make them ſhine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars, which are to be obſerved in this ſociety of unfledged ſtateſmen; but I muſt confeſs, had I a ſon of five and twenty, that ſhould take it into his head at that age to ſet up for a politician, I think I ſhould go near to diſinherit him for a blockhead. Beſides, I ſhould be apprehenſive leſt the ſame arts which are to enable him to negotiate between potentates might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no queſtion but theſe young *Machiavels* will, in a little time, turn their college upſide-down with plots and ſtratagems, and lay as many ſchemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a ſalad, as they may hereafter put in practice to over-reach a neighbouring prince or ſtate.

We are told, that the *Spartans*, though they puniſhed theft in their young men when it was diſcovered, looked upon it as honourable if it ſucceeded. Provided the conveyance was clean and unſuſpected, a youth might afterwards boaſt of it. This, ſay the hiſtorians, was to keep them ſharp, and to hinder them from being impoſed upon, either in their public or private negotiations. Whether any ſuch relaxations of morality,

morality, ſuch little *jeux d'eſprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended ſeminary of politicians, I ſhall leave to the wiſdom of their founder.

In the mean time we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of ſtateſmen: and as *Sylla* ſaw many *Marius*'s in *Cæſar*, ſo I think we may diſcover many *Torcy*'s in this college of academicians. Whatever we think of ourſelves, I am afraid neither our *Smyrna* or Saint *James*'s will be a match for it. Our coffee-houſes are, indeed, very good inſtitutions, but whether or no theſe our *Britiſh* ſchools of politics may furniſh out as able envoys and ſecretaries as an academy that is ſet apart for that purpoſe, will deſerve our ſerious conſideration, eſpecially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than ſtateſmen; and that on the contrary *French* truth and *Britiſh* policy make a conſpicuous figure in NOTHING, as the Earl of *Rocheſter* has very well obſerved in his admirable poem upon that barren ſubject. L.

Wedneſday,

N° 306 Wedneſday, February 20.

——*Quæ forma, ut ſe tibi ſemper*
Imputet?——— Juv. Sat. 6. v. 177.

What beauty, or what chaſtity, can bear
So great a price, if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults? Dryden.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I Write this to communicate to you a mis-
'fortune which frequently happens, and
'therefore deſerves a conſolatory diſcourſe on
'the ſubject. I was within this half year in the
'poſſeſſion of as much beauty and as many
'lovers as any young lady in *England*. But
'my admirers have left me, and I cannot com-
'plain of their behaviour. I have within that
'time had the ſmall-pox; and this face, which,
'according to many amorous epiſtles which
'I have by me, was the ſeat of all that is
'beautiful in woman, is now diſfigured with
'ſcars. It goes to the very ſoul of me to
'ſpeak what I really think of my face; and
'though I think I did not over-rate my beauty
'while I had it, it has extremely advanced in
'its value with me now it is loſt. There is
'one circumſtance which makes my caſe very
'particular; the ugliеſt fellow that ever pre-
'tended to me, was and is moſt in my favour,

'and

'and he treats me at preſent the moſt unreaſonably. If you could make him return an obligation which he owes me, in liking a perſon that is not amiable;——but there is, I fear, no poſſibility of making paſſion move by the rules of reaſon and gratitude. But ſay what you can to one who has ſurvived herſelf, and knows not how to act in a new being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals, my rivals are every day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reaſon of the diſtracting reflection upon what I was. Conſider the woman I was did not die of old age, but I was taken off in the prime of youth, and according to the courſe of nature may have forty years after-life to come. I have nothing of myſelf left, which I like, but that

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'PARTHENISSA.'

When *Lewis* of *France* had loſt the battle of *Ramilies*, the addreſſes to him at that time were full of his fortitude, and they turned his misfortune to his glory; in that, during his proſperity, he could never have manifeſted his heroic conſtancy under diſtreſſes, and ſo the world had loſt the moſt eminent part of his character. *Partheniſſa*'s condition gives her the ſame opportunity: and to reſign conqueſts is a taſk as difficult in a beauty as an hero. In the very

very entrance upon this work ſhe muſt burn all her love-letters; or ſince ſhe is ſo candid as not to call her lovers who followed her no longer unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new life from that of a beauty, to ſend them back to thoſe who writ them, with this honeſt inſcription, 'Articles of a marriage-treaty 'broken off by the ſmall-pox.' I have known but one inſtance where a matter of this kind went on after a like misfortune, where the lady, who was a woman of ſpirit, writ this billet to her lover.

'SIR,

'IF you flattered me before I had this terrible 'malady, pray come and ſee me now: but 'if you ſincerely liked me, ſtay away; for I 'am not the ſame

'CORINNA.'

The lover thought there was ſomething ſo ſprightly in her behaviour, that he anſwered;

'MADAM,

'I Am not obliged, ſince you are not the ſame 'woman, to let you know whether I flattered 'you or not; but I aſſure you, I do not, when 'I tell you I now like you above all your ſex, 'and hope you will bear what may befal me, 'when we are both one, as well as you do 'what happens to yourſelf now you are ſingle; 'there-

'therefore I am ready to take ſuch a ſpirit for 'my companion as ſoon as you pleaſe.

'AMILCAR.'

If *Partheniſſa* can now poſſeſs her own mind, and think as little of her beauty as ſhe ought to have done when ſhe had it, there will be no great diminution of her charms; and if ſhe was formerly affected too much with them, an eaſy behaviour will more than make up for the loſs of them. Take the whole ſex together, and you find thoſe who have the ſtrongeſt poſſeſſion of men's hearts are not eminent for their beauty: you ſee it often happen that thoſe who engage men to the greateſt violence, are ſuch as thoſe who are ſtrangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that end. The fondeſt lover I know, ſaid to me one day in a crowd of women at an entertainment of muſic, you have often heard me talk of my beloved: that woman there, continued he, ſmiling when he had fixed my eye, is her very picture. The lady he ſhewed me was by much the leaſt remarkable for beauty of any in the whole aſſembly; but having my curioſity extremely raiſed, I could not keep my eyes off her. Her eyes at laſt met mine, and with a ſudden ſurpriſe ſhe looked round her to ſee who near her was remarkably handſome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the ſecret: ſhe did not underſtand herſelf for the object of love, and therefore ſhe was ſo. The lover is a very honeſt plain man; and what

charmed him was a perſon that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herſelf, but ſincerely attentive with a ready and chearful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell *Partheniſſa* for her comfort, that the beauties, generally ſpeaking, are the moſt impertinent and diſagreeable of women. An apparent deſire of admiration, a reflection upon their own merit, and a preciſe behaviour in their general conduct, are almoſt inſeparable accidents in beauties. All you obtain of them is granted to importunity and ſollicitation for what did not deſerve ſo much of your time, and you recover from the poſſeſſion of it, as out of a dream.

You are aſhamed of the vagaries of fancy which ſo ſtrangely miſled you, and your admiration of a beauty, merely as ſuch, is inconſiſtent with a tolerable reflection upon yourſelf: the chearful good-humoured creatures, into whoſe heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy, are the perſons formed for making men happy. There's Miſs *Liddy* can dance a jig, raiſe paſte, write a good hand, keep an accompt, give a reaſonable anſwer, and do as ſhe is bid; while her elder ſiſter Madam *Martha* is out of humour, has the ſpleen, learns by reports of people of higher quality new ways of being uneaſy and diſpleaſed. And this happens for no reaſon in the world, but that poor *Liddy* knows ſhe has no ſuch thing as a certain negligence "that is ſo becoming," that there is not

not I know not what in her air: and that if ſhe talks like a fool, there is no one will ſay, well! I know not what it is, 'but every thing pleaſes when ſhe ſpeaks it.'

Aſk any of the huſbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they paſs together. There is ſuch a particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbered with their charms in all they ſay or do. They pray at public devotions as they are beauties. They converſe on ordinary occaſions as they are beauties. Aſk *Belinda* what it is of the clock, and ſhe is at a ſtand whether ſo great a beauty ſhould anſwer you. In a word, I think, inſtead of offering to adminiſter conſolation to *Partheniſſa*, I ſhould congratulate her metamorphoſis; and however ſhe thinks ſhe was not in the leaſt inſolent in the proſperity of her charms, ſhe was enough ſo to find ſhe may make herſelf a much more agreeable creature in her preſent adverſity. The endeavour to pleaſe is highly promoted by a conſciouſneſs that the approbation of the perſon you would be agreeable to, is a favour you do not deſerve; for in this caſe aſſurance of ſucceſs is the moſt certain way to diſappointment. Good-nature will always ſupply the abſence of beauty, but beauty cannot long ſupply the abſence of good-nature.

P. S.

'MADAM, *February* 18.

'I HAVE yours of this day, wherein you 'twice bid me not diſoblige you, but you 'muſt explain yourſelf further before I know 'what to do.

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

T 'The SPECTATOR.'

N° 307 Thurſday, February 21.

——*Verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,*
Quid valeant humeri—— HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 39.

——Often try what weight you can ſupport,
And what your ſhoulders are too weak to bear.
ROSCOMMON.

I AM ſo well pleaſed with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a diſagreeable preſent to the public.

'SIR,

'THOUGH I believe none of your read- 'ers more admire your agreeable man- 'ner of working up trifles than myſelf, yet as your 'ſpeculations are now ſwelling into volumes, and 'will in all probability paſs down to future ages, 'methinks I would have no ſingle ſubject in 'them,

'them, wherein the general good of mankind 'is concerned, left unfiniſhed.

'I have a long time expected with great im- 'patience that you would enlarge upon the or- 'dinary miſtakes which are committed in the 'education of our children. I the more eaſily 'flattered myſelf that you would one time or 'other reſume this conſideration, becauſe you 'tell us that your 168th paper was only com- 'poſed of a few broken hints; but finding my- 'ſelf hitherto diſappointed, I have ventured to 'ſend you my own thoughts on this ſubject.

'I remember *Pericles*, in his famous oration 'at the funeral of thoſe *Athenian* young men 'who periſhed in the *Samian* expedition, has a 'thought very much celebrated by ſeveral ancient 'critics, namely, that the loſs which the com- 'monwealth ſuffered by the deſtruction of its 'youth, was like the loſs which the year would 'ſuffer by the deſtruction of the ſpring. The 'prejudice which the public ſuſtains from a 'wrong education of children, is an evil of the 'ſame nature, as it in a manner ſtarves poſterity, 'and defrauds our country of thoſe perſons 'who, with due care, might make an eminent 'figure in their reſpective poſts of life.

'I have ſeen a book written by *Juan Huartes* 'a *Spaniſh* Phyſician, intitled *Examen de Ingenios*, 'wherein he lays it down as one of his firſt 'poſitions, that nothing but nature can qualify 'a man for learning; and that without a proper 'temperament for the particular art or ſcience 'which he ſtudies, his utmoſt pains and appli-

'cation, assisted by the ablest masters, will be to 'no purpose.

'He illustrates this by the example of *Tully*'s 'son *Marcus*.

'*Cicero*, in order to accomplish his son in that 'sort of learning which he designed him for, 'sent him to *Athens*, the most celebrated aca-'demy at that time in the world, and where 'a vast concourse, out of the most polite na-'tions, could not but furnish the young gentle-'man with a multitude of great examples, and 'accidents that might insensibly have instructed 'him in his designed studies: he placed 'him under the care of *Cratippus*, who was 'one of the greatest philosophers of the age, 'and, as if all the books which were at that 'time written had not been sufficient for his 'use, he composed others on purpose for him: 'notwithstanding all this, history informs us, 'that *Marcus* proved a mere blockhead, and 'that nature, who it seems was even with the 'son for her prodigality to the father, rendered 'him incapable of improving by all the 'rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, 'his own endeavours and the most refined con-'versation in *Athens*. This author therefore 'proposes, that there should be certain triers or 'examiners appointed by the state to inspect 'the genius of every particular boy, and to al-'lot him the part that is most suitable to his 'natural talents.

'*Plato* in one of his dialogues tells us, that '*Socrates*, who was the son of a midwife, used

'to

'to ſay, that as his mother, though ſhe was 'very ſkilful in her profeſſion, could not deliver 'a woman, unleſs ſhe was firſt with child, ſo 'neither could he himſelf raiſe knowledge out 'of a mind, where nature had not planted it.

'Accordingly the method this philoſopher 'took, of inſtructing his ſcholars by ſeveral in-'terrogatories or queſtions, was only helping 'the birth, and bringing their own thoughts to 'light.

'The *Spaniſh* doctor above-mentioned, as his 'ſpeculations grow more refined, aſſerts that 'every kind of wit has a particular ſcience cor-'reſponding to it, and in which alone it can be 'truly excellent. As to thoſe geniuſſes, which 'may ſeem to have an equal aptitude for ſeveral 'things, he regards them as ſo many unfiniſhed 'pieces of nature wrought off in haſte.

'There are, indeed, but very few to whom 'nature has been ſo unkind, that they are not 'capable of ſhining in ſome ſcience or other. 'There is a certain bias towards knowledge in 'every mind, which may be ſtrengthened and 'improved by proper applications.

'The ſtory of *Clavius* is very well known; 'he was entered in a college of Jeſuits, and 'after having been tried at ſeveral parts of 'learning, was upon the point of being diſ-'miſſed as an hopeleſs blockhead, until one of 'the fathers took it into his head to make an 'aſſay of his parts in geometry, which it ſeems 'hit his genius ſo luckily that he afterwards 'became one of the greateſt mathematicians

'of the age. It is commonly thought that the 'ſagacity of the fathers, in diſcovering the ta-'lent of a young ſtudent, has not a little con-'tributed to the figure which their order has 'made in the world.

'How different from this manner of educa-'tion is that which prevails in our own coun-'try? Where nothing is more uſual than to ſee 'forty or fifty boys of ſeveral ages, tempers and 'inclinations, ranged together in the ſame claſs, 'employed upon the ſame authors, and enjoined 'the ſame taſks? Whatever their natural genius 'may be, they are all to be made poets, hiſto-'rians, and orators alike. They are all obliged 'to have the ſame capacity, to bring in the ſame 'tale of verſe, and to furniſh out the ſame por-'tion of proſe. Every boy is bound to have 'as good a memory as the captain of the form. 'To be brief, inſtead of adapting ſtudies to the 'particular genius of a youth, we expect from 'the young man, that he ſhould adapt his ge-'nius to his ſtudies. This, I muſt confeſs, is 'not ſo much to be imputed to the inſtructor, 'as to the parent, who will never be brought to 'believe, that his ſon is not capable of perform-'ing as much as his neighbour's, and that he 'may not make him whatever he has a mind to.

'If the preſent age is more laudable than 'thoſe which have gone before it in any ſingle 'particular, it is in that generous care which ſe-'veral well-diſpoſed perſons have taken in the 'education of poor children; and as in theſe 'charity-ſchools there is no place left for the

'over-

'over-weening fondneſs of a parent, the direc-
'tors of them would make them beneficial to
'the public, if they conſidered the precept which
'I have been thus long inculcating. They might
'eaſily, by well examining the parts of thoſe
'under their inſpection, make a juſt diſtribution
'of them into proper claſſes and diviſions, and
'allot to them this or that particular ſtudy, as
'their genius qualifies them for profeſſions, trades,
'handicrafts, or ſervice by ſea or land.

'How is this kind of regulation wanting in
'the three great profeſſions!

'Dr. *South*, complaining of perſons who took
'upon them holy orders, though altogether un-
'qualified for the ſacred function, ſays ſome-
'where, that many a man runs his head againſt
'a pulpit, who might have done his country
'excellent ſervice at a plough-tail.

'In like manner many a lawyer, who makes
'but an indifferent figure at a bar, might have
'made a very elegant waterman, and have
'ſhined at the *Temple*-ſtairs, though he can get
'no buſineſs in the houſe.

'I have known a corn-cutter, who with a
'right education would have been an excellent
'phyſician.

'To deſcend lower; are not our ſtreets filled
'with ſagacious draymen, and politicians in
'liveries? We have ſeveral tailors of ſix foot
'high, and meet with many a broad pair of
'ſhoulders that are thrown away upon a barber,
'when perhaps at the ſame time we ſee a pigmy
'porter reeling under a burden, who might

'have

'have managed a needle with much dexterity, 'or have ſnapped his fingers with great eaſe to 'himſelf, and advantage to the public.

'The *Spartans*, though they acted with the 'ſpirit which I am here ſpeaking of, carried 'it much farther than what I propoſe: among 'them it was not lawful for the father him-'ſelf to bring up his children after his own 'fancy. As ſoon as they were ſeven years old 'they were all liſted in ſeveral companies, and 'diſciplined by the public. The old men were 'ſpectators of their performances, who often 'raiſed quarrels among them, and ſet them at 'ſtrife with one another, that by thoſe early 'diſcoveries they might ſee how their ſeveral 'talents lay, and without any regard to their 'quality, diſpoſe of them accordingly for the 'ſervice of the commonwealth. By this means '*Sparta* ſoon became the miſtreſs of *Greece*, and 'famous through the whole world for her civil 'and military diſcipline.

'If you think this letter deſerves a place 'among your ſpeculations, I may perhaps trou-'ble you with ſome other thoughts on the ſame 'ſubject.

X 'I am, &c.'

Friday,

N° 308 Friday, February 22.

——*Jam proterva*
Fronte petet Lalage maritum. Hor. Od. 5. l. 2. v. 15.

——*Lalage* will ſoon proclaim
Her love, nor bluſh to own her flame. Creech.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I Give you this trouble in order to propoſe 'myſelf to you as an aſſiſtant in the weighty 'cares which you have thought fit to un-'dergo for the public good. I am a very great 'lover of women, that is to ſay honeſtly; and 'as it is natural to ſtudy what one likes, I have 'induſtriouſly applied myſelf to underſtand them. 'The preſent circumſtance relating to them, is 'that I think there wants under you, as Spec-'tator, a perſon to be diſtinguiſhed and veſted 'in the power and quality of a Cenſor on mar-'riages. I lodge at the *Temple*, and know, by 'ſeeing women come hither, and afterwards 'obſerving them conducted by their counſel to 'Judges chambers, that there is a cuſtom in 'caſe of making conveyance of a wife's eſtate, 'that ſhe is carried to a judge's apartment and 'left alone with him, to be examined in pri-'vate whether ſhe has not been frightened or 'ſweetened by her ſpouſe into the act ſhe is 'going to do, or whether it is of her own

'free

'free will. Now if this be a method founded 'upon reaſon and equity, why ſhould there not 'be alſo a proper officer for examining ſuch 'as are entering into the ſtate of matrimony, 'whether they are forced by parents on one 'ſide, or moved by intereſt only on the other, 'to come together, and bring forth ſuch auk-'ward heirs as are the product of half love and 'conſtrained compliances? There is no body, 'though I ſay it myſelf, would be fitter for this 'office than I am: for I am an ugly fellow of 'great wit and ſagacity. My father was an 'hale country 'ſquire, my mother a witty beauty 'of no fortune: the match was made by con-'ſent of my mother's parents againſt her own: 'and I am the child of the rape on the wed-'ding-night; ſo that I am as healthy and as 'homely as my father, but as ſprightly and 'agreeable as my mother. It would be of 'great eaſe to you if you would uſe me under 'you, that matches might be better regulated 'for the future, and we might have no more 'children of ſquabbles. I ſhall not reveal all 'my pretenſions until I receive your anſwer; 'and am,

'Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'MULES PALFREY.'

'Mr.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am one of thoſe unfortunate men within 'the city-walls, who am married to a wo- 'man of quality, but her temper is ſomething 'different from that of lady *Anvil*. My lady's 'whole time and thoughts are ſpent in keeping 'up to the mode both in apparel and furniture. 'All the goods in my houſe have been changed 'three times in ſeven years. I have had ſeven 'children by her; and by our marriage articles 'ſhe was to have her apartment new furniſhed 'as often as ſhe lay in. Nothing in our houſe 'is uſeful but that which is faſhionable; my 'pewter holds out generally half a year, my plate 'a full twelve-month; chairs are not fit to ſit in 'that were made two years ſince, nor beds fit 'for any thing but to ſleep in that have ſtood up 'above that time. My dear is of opinion that 'an old-faſhioned grate conſumes coals, but 'gives no heat: if ſhe drinks out of glaſſes of 'laſt year, ſhe cannot diſtinguiſh wine from 'ſmall-beer. Oh, dear Sir, you may gueſs at 'all the reſt.

'Yours.

'*P. S.* I could bear even all this, if I were 'not obliged alſo to eat faſhionably. I have a 'plain ſtomach, and have a conſtant loathing 'of whatever comes to my own table; for 'which reaſon I dine at the *chop-houſe* three 'days in a week: where the good company 'wonders they never ſee you of late. I am 'ſure

'ſure by your unprejudiced diſcourſes you love 'broth better than ſoup.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Will's, *Feb.* 19.

'YOU may believe you are a perſon as much 'talked of as any man in town. I am 'one of your beſt friends in this houſe, and have 'laid a wager you are ſo candid a man and ſo 'honeſt a fellow, that you will print this letter, 'though it is in recommendation of a new 'paper called *The Hiſtorian*. I have read it care-'fully, and find it written with ſkill, good ſenſe. 'modeſty, and fire. You muſt allow the town 'is kinder to you than you deſerve; and I doubt 'not but you have ſo much ſenſe of the world, 'change of humour, and inſtability of all human 'things, as to underſtand, that the only way 'to preſerve favour is to communicate it to 'others with good-nature and judgment. You 'are ſo generally read, that what you ſpeak of 'will be read. This with men of ſenſe and 'taſte is all that is wanting to recommend *The* 'Hiſtorian.

'I am Sir,

'Your daily advocate,

'READER GENTLE.'

I was very much ſurpriſed this morning, that any one ſhould find out my lodging, and know it ſo well, as to come directly to my cloſet-door, and knock at it, to give me the following letter. When I came out I opened it, and ſaw by a very ſtrong

ſtrong pair of ſhoes and a warm coat the bearer had on, that he walked all the way to bring it me, though dated from *York*. My misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the meſſenger had ſo much of me, that he could think better than ſpeak. He had, I obſerved, a polite diſcerning hid under a ſhrewd ruſticity: he delivered the paper with a *Yorkſhire* tone and a town leer.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE privilege you have indulged *John Trot* has proved of very bad conſequence 'to our illuſtrious aſſembly, which, beſides the 'many excellent maxims it is founded upon, 'is remarkable for the extraordinary decorum 'always obſerved in it. One inſtance of which 'is that the carders, who are always of the 'firſt quality, never begin to play until the '*French*-dances are finiſhed, and the country-'dances begin: but *John Trot* having now got 'your commiſſion in his pocket, which every 'one here has a profound reſpect for, has the 'aſſurance to ſet up for a minuet-dancer. Not 'only ſo, but he has brought down upon us the 'whole body of the *Trots*, which are very 'numerous, with their auxiliaries the hoblers and 'the ſkippers, by which means the time is ſo 'much waſted, that unleſs we break all rules 'of government, it muſt redound to the utter 'ſubverſion of the *brag-table*, the diſcreet 'members of which value time, as *Fribble*'s 'wife does her pin-money. We are pretty well

'aſſured

'assured that your indulgence to *Trot* was only 'in relation to country-dances; however, we 'have deferred the issuing an order of council 'upon the premises, hoping to get you to join 'with us, that *Trot*, nor any of his clan, pre-'sume for the future to dance any but country-'dances, unless a horn-pipe upon a festival-day. 'If you will do this you will oblige a great 'many ladies, and particularly

'Your most humble servant,

York, Feb. 16. 'ELIZ. SWEEPSTAKES.'

I Never meant any other than that Mr. *Trot* should confine himself to country-dances. And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own relations according to their nearness of blood, but any gentlewoman may take out him.

London, Feb. 21. The SPECTATOR.

Saturday,

N° 309 Saturday, February 23.

Dî, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia latè;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine merſas.

VIRG. Æn. 6. v. 264.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human ſight,
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghoſts, permit me to relate
The myſtic wonders of your ſilent ſtate.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE before obſerved in general, that the perſons whom *Milton* introduces into his poem always diſcover ſuch ſentiments and behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their reſpective characters. Every circumſtance in their ſpeeches and actions is with great juſtneſs and delicacy adapted to the perſons who ſpeak and act. As the poet very much excels in this conſiſtency of his characters, I ſhall beg leave to conſider ſeveral paſſages of the ſecond book in this light. That ſuperior greatneſs and mock-majeſty, which is aſcribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably preſerved in the beginning of this book. His opening and cloſing the debate; his taking on himſelf that great enterprize at the thought of which the whole infernal aſſembly

trembled; his encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are inſtances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook ſubmiſſion even to Omnipotence.

Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, hell trembled as he ſtrode;
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd——

The ſame boldneſs and intrepidity of behaviour diſcovers itſelf in the ſeveral adventures which he meets with during his paſſage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his addreſs to thoſe tremendous powers who are deſcribed as preſiding over it.

The part of *Moloch* is likewiſe in all its circumſtances full of that fire and fury which diſtinguiſh this ſpirit from the reſt of the fallen angels. He is deſcribed in the firſt book as beſmeared with the blood of human ſacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents and the cries of children. In the ſecond book he is marked out as the fierceſt ſpirit that fought in heaven: and if we conſider the figure which he makes in the ſixth book, where the battle of the angels is deſcribed, we find it every way anſwerable to the ſame furious enraged character.

——Where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array

Of

Of *Moloc*, furious king, who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waiſt, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.——

It may be worth while to obſerve, that *Milton* has repreſented this violent impetuous ſpirit, who is hurried on by ſuch precipitate paſſions, as the firſt that riſes in that aſſembly, to give his opinion upon their preſent poſture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himſelf abruptly for war, and appears incenſed at his companions, for loſing ſo much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his ſentiments are raſh, audacious, and deſperate. Such is that of arming themſelves with their tortures, and turning their puniſhments upon him who inflicted them.

——No, let us rather chooſe,
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the tort'rer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his almighty engine he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his angel s; and his throne itſelf
Mixt with *Tartarean* ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented torments——

His preferring annihilation to ſhame or miſery, is alſo highly ſuitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their diſturbing the peace

of heaven, that if it be not victory is revenge, is a ſentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterneſs of this implacable ſpirit.

Belial is deſcribed in the firſt book, as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the ſecond book, purſuant to that deſcription, characteriſed as timorous and ſlothful; and if we look in the ſixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that ſcoffing ſpeech which he makes to *Satan*, on their ſuppoſed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in theſe three ſeveral views, we find his ſentiments in the infernal aſſembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehenſions of a ſecond battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miſerable rather than 'not 'to be.' I need not obſerve, that the contraſt of thought in this ſpeech, and that which precedes, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's character is ſo fully drawn in the firſt book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the ſecond. We were before told, that he was the firſt who taught mankind to ranſack the earth for gold and ſilver, and that he was the architect of *Pandæmonium*, or the infernal palace where the evil ſpirits were to meet in council. His ſpeech in this book is every way ſuitable to ſo depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taſte the happineſs of heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in heaven, is ſaid to have had his mind dazzled with

with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatifick viſion! I ſhall alſo leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following ſentiments are to the ſame character.

——————This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
Thick cloud and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling fire
Chooſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſtering their rage, and heav'n reſembles hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? this deſert ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold;
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can heav'n ſhew more?

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the ſecond in dignity that fell, and is, in the firſt book, the ſecond that awakens out of the trance, and confers with *Satan* upon the ſituation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majeſty deſcribed in his riſing up to ſpeak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two oppoſite parties, and propoſes a third undertaking, which the whole aſſembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in ſearch of a new world is grounded upon a project deviſed by *Satan*, and curſorily propoſed by him in the following lines of the firſt book.

Space may produce new worlds, whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere-long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of heav'n;
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſpirits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature:——

It is on this project that *Beelzebub* grounds his propoſal.

——————— What if we find
Some eaſier enterprize? there is a place
If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n
Err not, another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd MAN, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of Him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.

The reader may obſerve how juſt it was not to omit in the firſt book the project upon which the whole poem turns: as alſo that the prince of the fallen angels was the only proper perſon to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fitteſt to ſecond and ſupport it.

There is beſides, I think, ſomething wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagina-

imagination in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven, concerning the creation of man. Nothing could ſhew more the dignity of the ſpecies, than this tradition which ran of them before their exiſtence. They are repreſented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the *Roman* commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their ſtate of pre-exiſtence; but *Milton* does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpſe of them even before they are in being.

The riſing of this great aſſembly is deſcribed in a very ſublime and poetical manner.

> Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
> Of thunder heard remote——

The diverſions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are deſcribed with great pregnancy of thought, and copiouſneſs of invention. The diverſions are every way ſuitable to beings who had nothing left them but ſtrength and knowledge miſapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms, with their entertainment in the following lines.

> Others with vaſt *Typhæan* rage more fell
> Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
> In whirlwind, hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.

Their muſic is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their diſcourſe in

ſounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will, and fore-knowledge.

The ſeveral circumſtances in the deſcription of hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which diſgorge themſelves into the ſea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monſtrous animals produced in that infernal world are repreſented by a ſingle line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer deſcription would have done.

——— ——— Nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and *worſe*
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgon's and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

This epiſode of the fallen ſpirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have ſpun out ſo many circumſtances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, inſtead of illuſtrated, the principal fable.

The flight of *Satan* to the gates of hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my opinion of the allegory concerning Sin and Death, which is however a very finiſhed piece in its kind, when it is not conſidered as a part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the ſeveral perſons is contrived with great delicacy. Sin is the daughter of *Satan*, and Death the offspring of Sin. The inceſtuous mixture between Sin and Death pro-

produces thoſe monſters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. Theſe are the terrors of an evil conſcience, and the proper fruits of ſin, which naturally riſe from the apprehenſions of death. This laſt beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the ſpeech of Sin, where complaining of this her dreadful iſſue, ſhe adds,

Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death *my ſon and foe, who ſets them on,*
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd——

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumſtance in the laſt part of this quotation. He will likewiſe obſerve how naturally the three perſons concern'd in this allegory are tempted by one common intereſt to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the portreſs of hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of torture.

The deſcriptive part of this allegory is likewiſe very ſtrong, and full of ſublime ideas. The figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, his menace of *Satan*, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumſtances too noble to be paſſed over in ſilence, and extremely ſuitable to this king of terrors. I need not mention the juſtneſs of thought which is obſerved in the generation of theſe ſeveral ſymbolical

bolical perſons; that Sin was produced upon the firſt revolt of *Satan*, that Death appeared ſoon after he was caſt into hell, and that the terrors of conſcience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The deſcription of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton*'s ſpirit.

——— On a ſudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt
Under ſpread enſigns marching might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.

In *Satan*'s voyage through the chaos there are ſeveral imaginary perſons deſcribed, as reſiding in that immenſe waſte of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taſte of thoſe critics who are pleaſed with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners aſcribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleaſed moſt with thoſe paſſages in this deſcription which carry in them a greater meaſure of probability, and are ſuch as might poſſibly have happened. Of this kind is his firſt mounting in the ſmoke that riſes from the infernal pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combuſtible materials, that by their exploſion ſtill hurried him forward

forward in his voyage; his ſpringing upward like a pyramid of fire, with his laborious paſſage through that confuſion of elements which the poet calls

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

The glimmering light which ſhot into the chaos from the utmoſt verge of the creation, with the diſtant diſcovery of the earth that hung cloſe by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical. L

N° 310 Monday, February 25.

Connubio jungam ſtabili——

VIRG. Æn. 1. v. 77.

I'll tie th' indiſſoluble marriage-knot.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a certain young woman that love a 'certain young man very heartily; and my 'father and mother were for it a great while, 'but now they ſay I can do better, but I think 'I cannot. They bid me love him, and I 'cannot unlove him. What muſt I do? ſpeak 'quickly.

'BIDDY DOW-BAKE.'

'Dear

'Dear SPEC. *Feb.* 19, 1712.

'I Have loved a lady entirely for this year 'and half, though for a great part of the time, 'which has contributed not a little to my pain, 'I have been debarred the liberty of converſ- 'ing with her. The grounds of our difference 'was this; that when we had enquired into each 'other's circumſtances, we found that at our 'firſt ſetting out into the world, we ſhould owe 'five hundred pounds more than her fortune 'would pay off. My eſtate is ſeven hundred 'pounds a year, beſides the benefit of tin mines. 'Now, dear SPEC, upon this ſtate of the caſe, 'and the lady's poſitive declaration that there is 'ſtill no other objection, I beg you will not fail 'to inſert this, with your opinion as ſoon as poſ- 'ſible, whether this ought to be eſteemed a juſt 'cauſe or impediment why we ſhould not be 'joined; and you will for ever oblige

'Yours ſincerely,

'DICK LOVESICK.

'P. S. Sir, if I marry this lady by the 'aſſiſtance of your opinion, you may expect a 'favour for it.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have the misfortune to be one of thoſe un- 'happy men who are diſtinguiſhed by the 'name of diſcarded lovers; but I am the leſs 'mortified at my diſgrace, becauſe the young 'lady is one of thoſe creatures who ſet up for

'negli-

'negligence of men, are forſooth the moſt 'rigidly virtuous in the world, and yet their 'nicety will permit them at the command 'of parents to go to bed to the moſt utter 'ſtranger that can be propoſed to them. As to 'me myſelf, I was introduced by the father of 'my miſtreſs, but find I owe my being at firſt 'received to a compariſon of my eſtate with 'that of a former lover, and that I am now in 'like manner turned off to give way to an 'humble ſervant ſtill richer than I am. What 'makes this treatment the more extravagant is, 'that the young lady is in the management of 'this way of fraud, and obeys her father's 'orders on theſe occaſions without any manner 'of reluctance, but does it with the ſame air 'that one of your men of the world would 'ſignify the neceſſity of affairs for turning 'another out of office. When I came home laſt 'night, I found this letter from my miſtreſs.

"SIR,

"I Hope you will not think it is any man-"ner of diſreſpect to your perſon or merit, "that the intended nuptials between us are in-"terrupted. My father ſays he has a much "better offer for me than you can make, and has "ordered me to break off the treaty between "us. If it had proceeded, I ſhould have be-"haved myſelf with all ſuitable regard to you, "but as it is, I beg we may be ſtrangers for "the future. Adieu.

"LYDIA."

'This

'This great indifference on this ſubject, and 'the mercenary motives for making alliances, 'is what I think lies naturally before you, and 'I beg of you to give me your thoughts upon 'it. My anſwer to *Lydia* was as follows, which 'I hope you will approve; for you are to know 'the woman's family affect a wonderful eaſe 'on theſe occaſions, though they expect it 'ſhould be painfully received on the man's ſide.

"MADAM,

"I Have received yours, and knew the pru-
"dence of your houſe ſo well, that I always
"took care to be ready to obey your commands,
"though they ſhould be to ſee you no more.
"Pray give my ſervice to all the good family.

"Adieu.

"The opera ſubſcrip-
"tion is full.

"CLITOPHON."

Memorandum. The cenſor of marriage to conſider this letter, and report the common uſages on ſuch treaties, with how many pounds or acres are generally eſteemed ſufficient reaſon for preferring a new to an old pretender; with his opinion what is proper to be determined in ſuch caſes for the future.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is an elderly perſon lately left off 'buſineſs and ſettled in our town, in order, 'as he thinks, to retire from the world; but 'he

'he has brought with him ſuch an inclination 'to tale-bearing, that he diſturbs both himſelf 'and all our neighbourhood. Notwithſtanding 'this frailty the honeſt Gentleman is ſo happy 'as to have no enemy: at the ſame time he 'has not one friend who will venture to acquaint 'him with his weakneſs. It is not to be doubted 'but if this failing were ſet in a proper light, 'he would quickly perceive the indecency and 'evil conſequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an 'infirmity which I hope may be corrected, and 'knowing that he pays much deference to you, 'I beg that, when you are at leiſure to give us 'a Speculation on Goſſiping, you would think 'of my neighbour: you will hereby oblige 'ſeveral, who will be glad to find a reformation 'in their gray-haired friend: and how becoming 'will it be for him, inſtead of pouring forth words 'at all adventures, "to ſet a watch before the "door of his mouth, to refrain his tongue," 'to check its impetuoſity, and guard againſt 'the ſallies of that little, pert, forward, buſy 'perſon; which, under a ſober conduct, might 'prove a uſeful member of a ſociety, in 'compliance with whoſe intimations, I have 'taken the liberty to make this addreſs to you.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obſcure ſervant,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

'Mr.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Feb.* 16, 1712.

'THIS is to petition you in behalf of myſelf and many more of your gentle readers, 'that at any time when you may have private 'reaſons againſt letting us know what you think 'yourſelf, you would be pleaſed to pardon us 'ſuch letters of your correſpondents as ſeem 'to be of no uſe but to the printer.

'It is further our humble requeſt, that you 'would ſubſtitute advertiſements in the place 'of ſuch epiſtles; and that in order here-'unto Mr. *Buckley* may be authorized to take 'up of your zealous friend Mr. *Charles Lillie*, 'any quantity of words he ſhall from time to 'time have occaſion for.

'The many uſeful parts of knowledge which 'may be communicated to the public this way, 'will, we hope, be a conſideration in favour of 'your petitioners.

'And your petitioners, *&c.*'

Note, That particular regard be had to this petition; and the papers marked letter R may be carefully examined for the future. T

Tueſday,

N° 311 Tueſday, February 26.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer eſt, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote ſagittæ.
JUV. Sat. 6. v. 137.

He ſighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour:
Who wou'd not do as much for ſuch a dow'r?
DRYDEN.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am amazed that among all the variety of 'characters, with which you have enriched 'your ſpeculations, you have never given 'us a picture of thoſe audacious young fellows 'among us, who commonly go by the name 'of *fortune-ſtealers*. You muſt know, Sir, I 'am one who live in a continual apprehenſion 'of this ſort of people that lie in wait, day 'and night, for our children, and may be 'conſidered as a kind of kidnappers within the 'law. I am the father of a young heireſs, 'whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, 'and who has looked upon herſelf as ſuch 'for above theſe ſix years. She is now in 'the eighteenth year of her age. The for-'tune-hunters have already caſt their eyes upon 'her, and take care to plant themſelves in 'her view whenever ſhe appears in any pub-'lic aſſembly. I have myſelf caught a young 'jackanapes with a pair of ſilver-fringed

'gloves in the very fact. You muſt know, Sir, 'I have kept her as a priſoner of ſtate ever 'ſince ſhe was in her teens. Her chamber-'windows are croſs-barred; ſhe is not per-'mitted to go out of the houſe but with her 'keeper, who is a ſtayed relation of our own; 'I have likewiſe forbid her the uſe of pen 'and ink for this twelve-month laſt paſt, and 'do not ſuffer a band-box to be carried into 'her room before it has been ſearched. Not-'withſtanding theſe precautions, I am at my 'wits end for fear of any ſudden ſurpriſe. There 'were, two or three nights ago, ſome fiddles 'heard in the ſtreet, which I am afraid por-'tend me no good; not to mention a tall *Iriſh* 'man, that has been ſeen walking before my 'houſe more than once this winter. My kinſ-'woman likewiſe informs me, that the girl 'has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentle-'man in a fair wig, and that ſhe loves to go to 'church more than ever ſhe did in her life. 'She gave me the ſlip about a week ago, upon 'which my whole houſe was in alarm. I im-'mediately diſpatched a hue and cry after her 'to the 'Change, to her mantua-maker, and 'to the young ladies that viſit her; but after 'above an hour's ſearch ſhe returned of her-'ſelf, having been taking a walk, as ſhe told 'me, by *Roſamond*'s pond. I have hereupon 'turned off her woman, doubled her guards, 'and given new inſtructions to my relation, 'who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful 'eye over all her motions. This, Sir, keeps

'me

'me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me 'very often watch when my daughter ſleeps, 'as I am afraid ſhe is even with me in her 'turn. Now, Sir, what I would deſire of 'you is, to repreſent to this fluttering tribe of 'young fellows, who are for making their for-'tunes by theſe indirect means, that ſtealing a 'man's daughter for the ſake of her portion, is 'but a kind of a tolerated robbery, and that 'they make but a poor amends to the father, 'whom they plunder after this manner, by go-'ing to bed with his child. Dear Sir, be 'ſpeedy in your thoughts on this ſubject, that, 'if poſſible, they may appear before the diſ-'banding of the army.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'TIM. WATCHWELL.'

Themiſtocles, the great *Athenian* general, being aſked whether he would chooſe to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthleſs man of an eſtate, replied, that he ſhould prefer a man without an eſtate, to an eſtate without a man. The worſt of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are thoſe who turn their heads that way, becauſe they are good for nothing elſe. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of *Coke and Littleton*, he provides himſelf with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premiſes.

The ſame art of ſcaling has likewiſe been practiſed with good ſucceſs by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and induſtry ſuperfluous, and cut ſhort the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a leſs motive than idleneſs to this kind of mercenary purſuit. A fop, who admires his perſon in a glaſs, ſoon enters into a reſolution of making his fortune by it, not queſtioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much juſtice as he does himſelf. When an heireſs ſees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, ſhe ought to look to herſelf; but if withal ſhe obſerves a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dreſs, ſhe cannot take too much care of her perſon. Theſe are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with theſe qualifications is ſo well known, that I am credibly informed there are ſeveral female undertakers about the 'Change, who upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furniſh him with proper dreſs from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We muſt however diſtinguiſh between fortune-hunters and fortune-ſtealers. The firſt are thoſe aſſiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chace, without ever coming at the quarry. *Suffenus* has combed and powdered

dered at the ladies for thirty years together, and taken his ſtand in a ſide-box, until he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the ſame ſnare for the preſent generation of beauties, which he practiſed on their mothers. *Cottilus*, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. *Cowley*'s ballad of miſtreſſes, was at laſt ſmitten with a city lady of 20,000l. ſterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor muſt I here omit my worthy friend Mr. HONEYCOMB, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years ſucceſſively, upon the death of a childleſs rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horſe, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ſucceſs, WILL, with his uſual gaiety tells us, that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is ſcarce a young fellow in the town of ſix foot high, that has not paſſed in review before one or other of theſe wealthy relicts. *Hudibras*'s *Cupid*, who

'————————took his ſtand
'Upon a widow's jointure land,'

is daily employed in throwing darts and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are ſuch a ſubtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or, if they make a falſe ſtep in it, they are anſwerable for it to no body but themſelves. The young innocent

creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are thoſe whoſe ſafety I would principally conſult in this ſpeculation. The ſtealing of ſuch an one ſhould, in my opinion, be as puniſhable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before ſhe is come to years of diſcretion, ſhould not be as criminal as the ſeducing of her before ſhe is ten years old, I am at a loſs to comprehend. L

N° 312 Wedneſday, February 27.

Quod huic officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipiſci cum dolore corporis velit, qui dolorem ſummum malum ſibi perſuaſerit? Quam porrò quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, ſi id ſummum malum eſſe decreverit? TULL.

What duty will a man perform, what praiſe, what honour will he think worth purchaſing at the expence of his eaſe, who is perſuaded that pain is the greateſt of evils? And what ignominy, what baſeneſs will he not ſubmit to, in order to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the worſt of misfortunes?

IT is a very melancholy reflection, that men are uſually ſo weak, that it is abſolutely neceſſary for them to know ſorrow and pain to be in their right ſenſes. Proſperous people, for happy there are none, are hurried away with a fond

a fond ſenſe of their preſent condition, and thoughtleſs of the mutability of fortune: fortune is a term which we muſt uſe in ſuch diſcourſes as theſe, for what is wrought by the unſeen hand of the Diſpoſer of all things. But methinks the diſpoſition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and ſorrows little when they befal ourſelves, great and lamentable when they befal other men. The moſt unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death and bearing it with compoſure, would win the pity of thoſe who ſhould behold him; and this not becauſe his calamity is deplorable, but becauſe he ſeems himſelf not to deplore it: we ſuffer for him who is leſs ſenſible of his own miſery, and are inclined to deſpiſe him who ſinks under the weight of his diſtreſſes. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on ſuch as are exalted with ſucceſs, with a certain ſhame for the imbecillity of human nature, that can ſo far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the ſuſpence of ſorrow, which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is caſt upon modeſt ſorrow, who ſhuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himſelf up for a ſacrifice, and contract in himſelf a greater aptitude to miſery by attempting to eſcape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be laſt night, fell into a diſcourſe which I thought

ſhewed a good diſcerning in him: he took notice that whenever men have looked into their heart for the idea of true excellency in human nature, they have found it to conſiſt in ſuffering after a right manner and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing ſorrows, ſtruggling with adverſities, undergoing all kinds of hardſhips, and having in the ſervice of mankind a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to obſerve, that it is from this ſecret ſenſe of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furniſh out characters of the higheſt excellence, ranſack nature for things terrible; they raiſe a new creation of monſters, dragons, and giants: where the danger ends, the hero ceaſes; when he has won an empire, or gained his miſtreſs, the reſt of his ſtory is not worth relating. My friend carried his diſcourſe ſo far as to ſay, that it was for higher beings than men to join happineſs and greatneſs in the ſame idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of ſuperlative excellence, or heroiſm, but as it is ſurrounded with a ſhade of diſtreſs.

It is certainly the proper education we ſhould give ourſelves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life ſentenced to be a ſcene of ſorrow: but inſtead of this expectation, we ſoften ourſelves with proſpects of conſtant delight, and deſtroy in our minds the ſeeds of fortitude and virtue, which ſhould ſupport us in hours of anguiſh. The conſtant

conſtant purſuit of pleaſure has in it ſomething inſolent and improper for our being. There is a pretty ſober livelineſs in the ode of *Horace* to *Delius*, where he tells him, 'loud mirth, or im-'moderate ſorrow, inequality of behaviour either 'in proſperity or adverſity, are alike ungraceful 'in man that is born to die.' Moderation in both circumſtances is peculiar to generous minds: men of that ſort ever taſte the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, reſign them with a greatneſs of mind which ſhews they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleaſure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain: without this the mind is as it were taken ſuddenly by an unforeſeen event; but he that has always, during health and proſperity, been abſtinent in his ſatisfactions, enjoys, in the worſt of difficulties, the reflection, that his anguiſh is not aggravated with the compariſon of paſt pleaſures which upbraid his preſent condition. *Tully* tells us a ſtory after *Pompey*, which gives us a good taſte of the pleaſant manner the men of wit and philoſophy had in old times of alleviating the diſtreſſes of life by the force of reaſon and philoſophy. *Pompey*, when he came to *Rhodes*, had a curioſity to viſit the famous philoſopher *Poſſidonius*; but finding him in his ſick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he ſhould not hear a diſcourſe from him: but you may, anſwered *Poſſidonius*; and immediately entered into the point of ſtoical philoſophy, which ſays

pain

pain is not an evil. During the diſcourſe, upon every puncture he felt from his diſtemper, he ſmiled and cried out, pain, pain, be as impertinent, and troubleſome as you pleaſe, I ſhall never own that thou art an evil.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING ſeen in ſeveral of your papers, 'a concern for the honour of the clergy, 'and their doing every thing as becomes their 'character, and particularly performing the public ſervice with a due zeal and devotion; I 'am the more encouraged to lay before them, 'by your means, ſeveral expreſſions uſed by 'ſome of them in their prayers before ſermon, 'which I am not well ſatisfied in: as their 'giving ſome titles and epithets to great men, 'which are indeed due to them in their ſeveral 'ranks and ſtations, but not properly uſed, I 'think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction 'to ſay, illuſtrious, right reverend, and right 'honourable poor ſinners? theſe diſtinctions 'are ſuited only to our ſtate here, and have no 'place in heaven? we ſee they are omitted in 'the liturgy; which I think the clergy ſhould 'take for their pattern in their own forms of 'devotion. There is another expreſſion which 'I would not mention, but that I have heard 'it ſeveral times before a learned congregation, 'to bring in the laſt petition of the prayer in 'theſe words, "O let not the Lord be angry "and I will ſpeak but this once;" as if there was 'no difference between *Abraham*'s interceding

'for

'for *Sodom*, for which he had no warrant 'as we can find, and our aſking thoſe things 'which we are required to pray for; they 'would therefore have much more reaſon to 'fear his anger if they did not make ſuch 'petitions to him. There is another pretty 'fancy: when a young man has a mind to 'let us know who gave him his ſcarf, he ſpeaks 'a parentheſis, to the Almighty, bleſs, "as I "am in duty bound to pray," 'the right honour-'able the counteſs; is not that as much as to 'ſay, bleſs her, for thou knoweſt I am her 'chaplain?

'Your humble ſervant,

T 'J. O.'

N° 313 Thurſday, February 28.

Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut ſi quis cerâ vultum facit — Juv. Sat. 7. v. 237.

Bid him beſides his daily pains employ,
To form the tender manners of the boy,
And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,
To perfect ſymmetry in ev'ry part.

Ch. Dryden.

I SHALL give the following letter no other recommendation, than by telling my readers that it comes from the ſame hand with that of laſt *Thurſday*.

'SIR,

'SIR,

'I Send you, according to my promiſe, ſome 'farther thoughts on the education of youth, 'in which I intend to diſcuſs that famous queſ-'tion, "Whether the education at a public "ſchool, or under a private tutor, is to be "preferred?"

'As ſome of the greateſt men in moſt ages 'have been of very different opinions in this 'matter, I ſhall give a ſhort account of what 'I think may be beſt urged on both ſides, and 'afterwards leave every perſon to determine for 'himſelf.

'It is certain from *Suetonius*, that the *Romans* 'thought the education of their children a bu-'ſineſs properly belonging to the parents them-'ſelves; and *Plutarch*, in the life of *Marcus* '*Cato*, tells us, that as ſoon as his ſon was capa-'ble of learning, *Cato* would ſuffer no body to 'teach him but himſelf, though he had a ſervant 'named *Chilo*, who was an excellent grammari-'an, and who taught a great many other youths.

'On the contrary, the *Greeks* ſeemed more 'inclined to public ſchools and ſeminaries.

'A private education promiſes in the firſt 'place virtue and good-breeding; a public 'ſchool manly aſſurance, and an early know-'ledge in the ways of the world.

'Mr. *Locke*, in his celebrated treatiſe of 'Education, confeſſes that there are inconveni-'encies to be feared on both ſides; "If, ſays "he, I keep my ſon at home, he is in danger "of

" of becoming my young maſter; if I ſend
" him abroad, it is ſcarce poſſible to keep
" him from the reigning contagion of rudeneſs
" and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent
" at home, but more ignorant of the world,
" and more ſheepiſh when he comes abroad."
' However as this learned author aſſerts, that
' virtue is much more difficult to be attained
' than knowledge of the world, and that vice
' is a more ſtubborn, as well as a more dange-
' rous fault than ſheepiſhneſs, he is altogether
' for a private education; and the more ſo,
' becauſe he does not ſee why a youth, with
' right management, might not attain the ſame
' aſſurance in his father's houſe, as at a public
' ſchool. To this end he adviſes parents to accuſ-
' tom their ſons to whatever ſtrange faces come to
' the houſe; to take them with them when they
' viſit their neighbours, and to engage them in
' converſation with men of parts and breeding.

' It may be objected to this method, that con-
' verſation is not the only thing neceſſary, but
' that unleſs it be a converſation with ſuch as
' are in ſome meaſure their equals in parts and
' years, there can be no room for emulation,
' contention, and ſeveral of the moſt lively
' paſſions of the mind; which, without being
' ſometimes moved by theſe means, may poſ-
' ſibly contract a dulneſs and inſenſibility.

' One of the greateſt writers our nation
' ever produced obſerves, that a boy who forms
' parties, and makes himſelf popular in a ſchool
' or a college, would act the ſame part with
' equal

'equal eaſe in a ſenate or a privy council; and 'Mr. *Oſburn*, ſpeaking like a man verſed in the 'ways of the world, affirms, that the well lay-'ing and carrying on of a deſign to rob an or-'chard, trains up a youth inſenſibly to caution, 'ſecrecy, and circumſpection, and fits him for 'matters of greater importance.

'In ſhort, a private education ſeems the moſt 'natural method for the forming of a virtuous 'man; a public education for making a man of 'buſineſs. The firſt would furniſh out a good 'ſubject for *Plato*'s republic, the latter a member 'for a community over-run with artifice and 'corruption.

'It muſt however be confeſſed, that a perſon 'at the head of a public ſchool has ſometimes 'ſo many boys under his direction, that it is 'impoſſible he ſhould extend a due proportion 'of his care to each of them. This is however, 'in reality, the fault of the age, in which we 'often ſee twenty parents, who, though each 'expects his ſon ſhould be made a ſcholar, are 'not contented all together to make it worth 'while for any man of a liberal education to 'take upon him the care of their inſtruction.

'In our great ſchools indeed this fault has 'been of late years rectified, ſo that we 'have at preſent not only ingenious men for 'the chief maſters, but ſuch as have proper 'uſhers and aſſiſtants under them. I muſt 'nevertheleſs own, that for want of the ſame 'encouragement in the country, we have many

'a pro-

'a promiſing genius ſpoiled and abuſed in thoſe 'little ſeminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this opinion, 'having myſelf experienced the uſage of two 'rural maſters, each of them very unfit for the 'truſt they took upon them to diſcharge. The 'firſt impoſed much more upon me than my 'parts, though none of the weakeſt, could 'endure; and uſed me barbarouſly for not per-'forming impoſſibilites. The latter was of 'quite another temper; and a boy, who would 'run upon his errands, waſh his coffee-pot, 'or ring the bell, might have as little conver-'ſation with any of the claſſics as he thought 'fit. I have known a lad of this place excuſed 'his exerciſe for aſſiſting the cook-maid; and 'remember a neighbouring Gentleman's ſon 'was amongſt us five years, moſt of which time 'he employed in airing and watering our maſter's 'grey pad. I ſcorned to compound for my 'faults, by doing any of theſe elegant offices, 'and was accordingly the beſt ſcholar, and the 'worſt uſed of any boy in the ſchool.

'I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with an ad-'vantage mentioned by *Quintilian*, as accom-'panying a public way of education, which 'I have not yet taken notice of; namely, that 'we very often contract ſuch friendſhips at 'ſchool, as are a ſervice to us all the following 'parts of our lives.

'I ſhall give you under this head, a ſtory 'very well known to ſeveral perſons, and which 'you may depend upon as real truth.

'Every

'Every one, who is acquainted with *Weſt-*
'*minſter*-ſchool, knows that there is a curtain
'which uſed to be drawn acroſs the room to
'ſeparate the upper ſchool from the lower.
'A youth happened, by ſome miſchance, to
'tear the above-mentioned curtain: the ſeve-
'rity of the maſter was too well known for
'the criminal to expect any pardon for ſuch a
'fault; ſo that the boy, who was of a meek
'temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts
'of his appearance, when his friend, who ſat
'next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for
'that he would take the fault on himſelf. He
'kept his word accordingly. As ſoon as they
'were grown up to be men, the civil war broke
'out, in which our two friends took the oppoſite
'ſides, one of them followed the parliament, the
'other the royal party.

'As their tempers were different, the youth,
'who had torn the curtain, endeavoured to
'raiſe himſelf on the civil liſt, and the other,
'who had borne the blame of it, on the mili-
'tary: the firſt ſucceeded ſo well, that he was
'in a ſhort time made a judge under the Pro-
'tector. The other was engaged in the un-
'happy enterpriſe of *Penruddock* and *Grove* in
'the weſt. I ſuppoſe, Sir, I need not acquaint
'you with the event of that undertaking. Every
'one knows that the royal party was routed, and
'all the heads of them, among whom was the
'curtain-champion, impriſoned at *Exeter*. It
'happened to be his friend's lot at that time
'to go the weſtern circuit: the trial of the
'rebels,

'rebels, as they were then called, was very 'ſhort, and nothing now remained but to paſs 'ſentence on them; when the judge hearing 'the name of his old friend, and obſerving 'his face more attentively, which he had not 'ſeen for many years, aſked him, if he was 'not formerly a *Weſtminſter*-ſcholar? By the 'anſwer, he was ſoon convinced that it was 'his former generous friend; and, without ſay-'ing any thing more at that time, made the 'beſt of his way to *London*, where employing 'all his power and intereſt with the Protector, 'he ſaved his friend from the fate of his un-'happy aſſociates.

'The gentleman, whoſe life was thus pre-'ſerved by the gratitude of his ſchool-fellow, 'was afterwards the father of a ſon, whom he 'lived to ſee promoted in the church, and 'who ſtill deſervedly fills one of the higheſt 'ſtations in it.' X

N° 314 Friday, February 29.

Tandem define matrem
Tempeſtiva ſequi viro. HOR. Od. 23. l. 1. v. 11.

Attend thy mother's heels no more,
Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy.
CREECH.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Feb.* 7, 1711-12.

'I AM a young man about eighteen years of 'age, and have been in love with a young 'woman of the ſame age about this half year. 'I go to ſee her ſix days in the week, but never 'could have the happineſs of being with her 'alone. If any of her friends are at home ſhe 'will ſee me in their company; but if they be 'not in the way, ſhe flies to her chamber. I 'can diſcover no ſigns of her averſion; but either 'a fear of falling into the toils of matrimony, 'or a childiſh timidity, deprives us of an in-'terview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty 'of languiſhing out our lives in fruitleſs ex-'pectation. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, if you 'think us ripe for œconomy, perſuade the dear 'creature, that to pine away into barrenneſs 'and deformity under a mother's ſhade, is not

'ſo

'ſo honourable, nor does ſhe appear ſo amiable,
'as ſhe would in full bloom.

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes]

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your humble ſervant.

'BOB HARMLESS.'

IF this gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay he is the moſt knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet underſtand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore until he has given a further account of himſelf, the young lady is hereby directed to keep cloſe to her mother.

The SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the requeſt in Mr. *Trott*'s letter; but let it go juſt as it came to my hands, for being ſo familiar with the old gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. *Trott* has an ambition to make him his father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more reſpect; beſides, his ſtile to me might have been more diſtant than he has thought fit to afford me: moreover, his miſtreſs ſhall continue in her confinement, until he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly ſpelt.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Shall ever own myſelf your obliged humble 'ſervant for the advice you gave me con-'cerning my dancing; which unluckily came 'too late: for, as I ſaid, I would not leave off 'capering until I had your opinion of the mat-'ter; was at our famous aſſembly the day be-'fore I received your papers, and there was ob-'ſerved by an old gentleman, who was informed 'I had a reſpect for his daughter; told me I 'was an inſignificant little fellow, and ſaid that 'for the future he would take care of his child; 'ſo that he did not doubt but to croſs my ame-'rous inclinations. The lady is confined to her 'chamber, and for my part, I am ready to 'hang myſelf with the thoughts that I have 'danced myſelf out of favour with her father. 'I hope you will pardon the trouble I give; but 'ſhall take it for a mighty favour, if you will 'give me a little more of your advice to put 'me in a write way to cheat the old dragon 'and obtain my miſtreſs. I am once more,

'Sir,

'Your obliged humble ſervant,

'*York, Feb.* 23, 1711-12. JOHN TROTT.

'Let me deſire you to make what alterations 'you pleaſe, and inſert this as ſoon as poſſible. 'Pardon miſtakes by haſte.'

I Never

I Never do pardon miſtakes by haſte.

The SPECTATOR.

'SIR, *Feb.* 27, 1711-12.

'PRAY be ſo kind as to let me know what 'you eſteem to be the chief qualification of 'a good poet, eſpecially of one who writes 'plays; and you will very much oblige,

'Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'N. B.'

TO be a very well-bred man.

The SPECTATOR.

'Mr. SPECTATOR.

'YOU are to know that I am naturally 'brave, and love fighting as well as any 'man in *England*. This gallant temper of mind 'makes me extremely delighted with battles on 'the ſtage. I give you this trouble to complain 'to you, that *Nicolini* refuſed to gratify me in 'that part of the opera for which I have moſt 'taſte. I obſerve it is become a cuſtom, that 'whenever any gentlemen are particularly pleaſed 'with a ſong, at their crying out *Encore* or *Altro* '*Volto*, the performer is ſo obliging as to ſing 'it over again. I was at the opera the laſt 'time *Hydaſpes* was performed. At that part 'of it where the hero engages with the lion,

'the graceful manner with which he put that 'terrible monſter to death gave me ſo great 'a pleaſure, and at the ſame time ſo juſt a 'ſenſe of that gentleman's intrepidity and con-'duct, that I could not forbear deſiring a repe-'tition of it, by crying out, *Altro Volto* in a very 'audible voice; and my friends flatter me, that 'I pronounced thoſe words with a tolerable good 'accent, conſidering that was but the third opera 'I had ever ſeen in my life. Yet notwithſtand-'ing all this, there was ſo little regard had to 'me, that the lion was carried off, and went to 'bed, without being killed any more that night. 'Now, Sir, pray conſider that I did not under-'ſtand a word of what Mr. *Nicolini* ſaid to this 'cruel creature; beſides, I have no ear for mu-'ſic; ſo that during the long diſpute between 'them, the whole entertainment I had was 'from my eyes; why then have not I as much 'right to have a graceful action repeated as an-'other has a pleaſing ſound, ſince he only hears 'as I only ſee, and we neither of us know that 'there is any reaſonable thing a doing? Pray, 'Sir, ſettle the buſineſs of this claim in the 'audience, and let us know when we may cry '*Altro Voltro, Anglicè,* "again, again," for the 'future. I am an *Engliſhman,* and expect ſome 'reaſon or other to be given me, and perhaps an 'ordinary one may ſerve; but I expect your 'anſwer.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'TOBY RENTFREE.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 29.

'YOU muſt give me leave, amongſt the reſt 'of your female correſpondents, to addreſs 'you about an affair which has already given 'you many a ſpeculation; and which, I know, 'I need not tell you have had a very happy 'influence over the adult part of our ſex: but 'as many of us are either too old to learn, or 'too obſtinate in the purſuit of the vanities, 'which have been bred up with us from our 'infancy, and all of us quitting the ſtage whilſt 'you are prompting us to act our part well; you 'ought, methinks, rather to turn your inſtruc-'tions for the benefit of that part of our ſex, 'who are yet in their native innocence, and 'ignorant of the vices and that variety of un-'happineſſes that reign amongſt us.

'I muſt tell you, Mr. SPECTATOR, that it 'is as much a part of your office to overſee the 'education of the female part of the nation, as 'well as of the male; and to convince the 'world you are not partial, pray proceed to de-'tect the male-adminiſtration of governeſſes as 'ſucceſsfully as you have expoſed that of pe-'dagogues; and reſcue our ſex from the pre-'judice and tyranny of education as well as that 'of your own, who without your ſeaſonable in-'terpoſition are like to improve upon the vices 'that are now in vogue.

'I who know the dignity of your poſt, as 'SPECTATOR, and the authority a ſkilful eye 'ought to bear in the female world, could not

'forbear conſulting you, and beg your advice 'in ſo critical a point, as is that of the educa- 'tion of young gentlewomen. Having already 'provided myſelf with a very convenient houſe 'in a good air, I am not without hope but that 'you will promote this generous deſign. I muſt 'farther tell you, Sir, that all who ſhall be 'committed to my conduct, beſide the uſual 'accompliſhments of the needle, dancing, and 'the *French* tongue, ſhall not fail to be your 'conſtant readers. It is therefore my humble 'petition, that you will entertain the town on 'this important ſubject, and ſo far oblige a 'ſtranger, as to raiſe a curioſity and inquiry in 'my behalf, by publiſhing the following adver- 'tiſement.

'I am, Sir,

'Your conſtant admirer,

'M. W.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

'The boarding-ſchool for young Gentle- 'women, which was formerly kept on *Mile- 'End-Green*, being laid down, there is now one 'ſet up almoſt oppoſite to it at the two *Golden- 'Balls*, and much more convenient in every re- 'ſpect; where, beſides the common inſtructions 'given to young gentlewomen, they will be 'taught the whole art of paſtry and preſerving, 'with whatever may render them accompliſhed.

'Thoſe

'Thoſe who pleaſe to make trial of the vigilance 'and ability of the perſons concerned, may 'inquire at the two *Golden-Balls* on *Mile-End-Green* near *Stepney*, where they will receive 'further ſatisfaction.'

'This is to give notice, that the SPECTATOR 'has taken upon him to be viſitant of all boarding-ſchools, where young women are educated; and deſigns to proceed in the ſaid office 'after the ſame manner that the viſitants of 'colleges do in the two famous Univerſities of 'this land.

'All lovers who write to the SPECTATOR, 'are deſired to forbear one expreſſion which is 'in moſt of the letters to him, either out of 'lazineſs, or want of invention, and is true of 'not above two thouſand women in the whole 'world; *viz.* "She has in her all that is valu-"able in woman." T

Saturday,

N° 315 Saturday, February 16.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Incideri——— HOR. Ars Poet. v. 191.

Never preſume to make a god appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

HORACE adviſes a poet to conſider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. *Milton* ſeems to have known perfectly well, wherein his ſtrength lay, and has therefore choſen a ſubject entirely conformable to thoſe talents of which he was maſter. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the ſublime, his ſubject is the nobleſt that could have enter'd into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and aſtoniſhing, has a place in it. The whole ſyſtem of the intellectual world; the *chaos*, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the conſtitution of his poem.

Having in the firſt and ſecond books repreſented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the oppoſite regions of bliſs and glory.

If *Milton*'s majeſty forſakes him any where, it is in thoſe parts of his poem, where the divine perſons

perſons are introduced as ſpeakers. One may, I think, obſerve, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilſt he deſcribes the ſentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooſes to confine himſelf to ſuch thoughts as are drawn from the books of the moſt orthodox divines, and to ſuch expreſſions as may be met with in ſcripture. The beauties therefore, which we are to look for in theſe ſpeeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor ſo proper to fill the mind with ſentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The paſſions, which they are deſigned to raiſe, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the ſpeeches in the third book, conſiſts in that ſhortneſs and perſpicuity of ſtile, in which the poet has couched the greateſt myſteries of chriſtianity, and drawn together, in a regular ſcheme, the whole diſpenſation of providence, with reſpect to man. He has repreſented all the abſtruſe doctrines of predeſtination, free-will and grace, as alſo the great points of incarnation and redemption, which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man, with great energy of expreſſion, and in a clearer and ſtronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As theſe points are dry in themſelves to the generality of readers, the conciſe and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewiſe that particular art which he has made uſe of in the interſperſing

of

of all thoſe graces of poetry, which the ſubject was capable of receiving.

The ſurvey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is tranſacted in it is a proſpect worthy of omniſcience; and as much above that, in which *Virgil* has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the chriſtian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and ſublime than that of the heathens. The particular objects on which he is deſcribed to have caſt his eye, are repreſented in the moſt beautiful and lively manner.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyrean where he ſits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the ſanctities of heav'n
Stood thick as ſtars, and from his ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utt'rance: on his right
The radiant image of his glory ſat,
His only ſon. On earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In bliſsful ſolitude. He then ſurvey'd
Hell and the gulph between, and *Satan* there
Coaſting the wall of heaven on this ſide night,
In the dun air ſublime; and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
Firm land imboſom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,

Wherein

Wherein paſt, preſent, future he beholds,
Thus to his only ſon foreſeeing ſpake.

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation, is finely imaged in the beginning of the ſpeech which immediately follows. The effects of this ſpeech in the bleſſed ſpirits, and in the divine perſon to whom it was addreſſed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a ſecret pleaſure and complacency.

Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the bleſſed ſpirits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in him all his Father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd; and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace.

I need not point out the beauty of that circumſtance, wherein the whole hoſt of angels are repreſented as ſtanding mute; nor ſhew how proper the occaſion was to produce ſuch a ſilence in heaven. The cloſe of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are ſo wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I ſhould not forbear inſerting the whole paſſage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels with a ſhout
(Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet

As

As from bleſt voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions, &c. &c.

Satan's walk upon the outſide of the univerſe, which at a diſtance appeared to him of a globular form, but, upon his nearer approach, looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation between that maſs of matter, which was wrought into a world, and that ſhapeleſs unformed heap of materials, which ſtill lay in chaos and confuſion, ſtrikes the imagination with ſomething aſtoniſhingly great and wild. I have before ſpoken of the limbo of vanity, which the poet places upon this outermoſt ſurface of the univerſe, and ſhall here explain myſelf more at large on that, and other parts of the poem, which are of the ſame ſhadowy nature.

Ariſtotle obſerves, that the fable of an epic poem ſhould abound in circumſtances that are both credible and aſtoniſhing; or, as the *French* critics chooſe to phraſe it, the fable ſhould be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and juſt as any in *Ariſtotle*'s whole art of poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true hiſtory; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great ſecret therefore of heroic poetry is to relate ſuch circumſtances as may produce in the reader at the ſame time both belief and aſtoniſhment.

This

This is brought to paſs in a well-choſen fable, by the account of ſuch things as have really happened, or at leaſt of ſuch things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. *Milton*'s fable is a maſter-piece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the ſtate of innocence, the temptation of the ſerpent, and the fall of man, though they are very aſtoniſhing in themſelves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a ſuperior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary courſe of things. *Ulyſſes*'s ſhip being turned into a rock, and *Æneas*'s fleet into a ſhoal of water-nymphs, though they are very ſurpriſing accidents, are nevertheleſs probable when we are told that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of *Homer* and *Virgil* with ſuch circumſtances as are wonderful, but not impoſſible, and ſo frequently produce in the reader the moſt pleaſing paſſion that can riſe in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any inſtance in the *Æneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where *Æneas* is repreſented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumſtance,

Poly-

Polydorus tells a ſtory from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with ſpears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumſtance ſeems to have the marvellous without the probable, becauſe it is repreſented as proceeding from natural cauſes, without the interpoſition of any god, or other ſupernatural power capable of producing it. The ſpears and arrows grow of themſelves, without ſo much as the modern help of an enchantment. If we look into the fiction of *Milton*'s fable, though we find it full of ſurpriſing incidents, they are generally ſuited to our notions of the things and perſons deſcribed, and tempered with a due meaſure of probability. I muſt only make an exception to the limbo of vanity, with his epiſode of Sin and Death, and ſome of the imaginary perſons in his chaos. Theſe paſſages are aſtoniſhing, but not credible; the reader cannot ſo far impoſe upon himſelf as to ſee a poſſibility in them; they are the deſcription of dreams and ſhadows, not of things or perſons. I know that many critics look upon the ſtories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyſſey* and *Iliad*, to be allegories: but allowing this to be true, they are fables, which, conſidering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might poſſibly have been according to the letter. The perſons are ſuch as might have acted what is aſcribed to them,

as

as the circumſtances in which they are repreſented, might poſſibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is ſo abſolutely requiſite in the greater kinds of poetry, that *Ariſtotle* obſerves the ancient tragic writers made uſe of the names of ſuch great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpoſe to make the ſubject more credible. In a word, beſides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal ſenſe ought to appear probable. The ſtory ſhould be ſuch as an ordinary reader may acquieſce in, whatever natural, moral or political truth may be diſcovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the ſurface, or outmoſt wall of the univerſe, diſcovers at laſt a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is deſcribed as the opening through which the angels paſs to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His ſitting upon the brink of this paſſage, and taking a ſurvey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and freſh in all its beauties, with the ſimile illuſtrating this circumſtance, fills the mind of the reader with as ſurpriſing and glorious an idea as any that ariſes in the whole poem. He looks down into that vaſt hollow of the univerſe with the eye, or, as *Milton* calls it in his firſt book, with the ken of an angel. He ſurveys all the wonders in this im-

menſe amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the ſeveral worlds that ſhined on every ſide of him, with the particular deſcription of the ſun, are ſet forth in all the wantonneſs of a luxuriant imagination. His ſhape, ſpeech and behaviour upon his tranſforming himſelf into an angel of light, are touched with exquiſite beauty. The poet's thought of directing *Satan* to the ſun, which in the vulgar opinion of mankind is the moſt conſpicuous part of the creation, and the placing in it an angel, is a circumſtance very finely contrived, and the more adjuſted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the moſt famous philoſophers, that every orb had its intelligence; and as an apoſtle in ſacred writ is ſaid to have ſeen ſuch an angel in the ſun. In the anſwer which this angel returns to the diſguiſed evil ſpirit, there is ſuch a becoming majeſty as is altogether ſuitable to a ſuperior Being. The part of it in which he repreſents himſelf as preſent at the creation, is very noble in itſelf, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requiſite to prepare the reader for what follows in the ſeventh book.

I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, &c.

In

In the following part of the ſpeech he points out the earth with ſuch circumſtances, that the reader can ſcarce forbear fancying himſelf employed on the ſame diſtant view of it.

Look downward on the globe whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
That place is earth, the ſeat of man, that light
His day, &c.

I muſt not conclude my reflections upon this third book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of *Milton* with which it opens, and which certainly deſerves all the praiſes that have been given it; though as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an excreſcence, than as an eſſential part of the poem. The ſame obſervation might be applied to that beautiful digreſſion upon hypocriſy, in the ſame book. L

N° 316 Monday, March 3.

Libertas; quæ ſera, tamen reſpexit inertem.
VIRG. Ecl. 1. v. 28.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' ſlow to come.
DRYDEN.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a letter which is ſent with the more pleaſure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reaſon to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the moſt irretrievable loſs, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the moſt juſtifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long ſtate of indolence and inactivity, and the deſire of reſiſting the farther incroachment of idleneſs, make me apply to you; and the uneaſineſs with which I recollect the paſt years, and the apprehenſions with which I expect the future, ſoon determined me to it.

'Idleneſs is ſo general a diſtemper, that I cannot but imagine a ſpeculation on this ſubject will be of univerſal uſe. There is hardly any one perſon without ſome allay of it; and thouſands beſides myſelf ſpend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin firſt of two affairs, than would have been ſufficient

'to

'to have ended them both. The occaſion of 'this ſeems to be the want of ſome neceſſary 'employment, to put the ſpirits in motion, and 'awaken them out of their lethargy: if I had 'leſs leiſure, I ſhould have more; for I ſhould 'then find my time diſtinguiſhed into portions, 'ſome for buſineſs, and others for the indulg-'ing of pleaſures: but now one face of indo-'lence overſpreads the whole, and I have no 'landmark to direct myſelf by. Were one's 'time a little ſtraitened by buſineſs, like water 'incloſed in its banks, it would have ſome de-'termined courſe; but unleſs it be put into 'ſome channel it has no current, but becomes 'a deluge without either uſe or motion.

'When *Scanderbeg* prince of *Epirus* was 'dead, the *Turks*, who had but too often felt 'the force of his arm in the battles he had 'won from them, imagined that, by wearing 'a piece of his bones near their heart, they 'ſhould be animated with a vigour and force 'like to that which inſpired him when living. 'As I am like to be but of little uſe whilſt I 'live, I am reſolved to do what good I can 'after my deceaſe; and have accordingly order-'ed my bones to be diſpoſed of in this manner 'for the good of my countrymen, who are 'troubled with too exorbitant a degree of 'fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, 'would in a ſhort time be brought to endure 'their beds in a morning, and perhaps even 'quit them with regret at ten: inſtead of hur-

'rying away to teize a poor animal, and run 'away from their own thoughts, a chair or a 'chariot would be thought the moſt deſirable 'means of performing a remove from one place 'to another. I ſhould be a cure for the unna-'tural deſire of *John Trott* for dancing, and a 'ſpecific to leſſen the inclination Mrs. *Fidget* 'has to motion, and cauſe her always to give 'her approbation to the preſent place ſhe is in. 'In fine, no *Egyptian* mummy was ever half 'ſo uſeful in phyſic, as I ſhould be to theſe 'feveriſh conſtitutions, to repreſs the violent 'ſallies of youth, and give each action its pro-'per weight and repoſe.

'I can ſtifle any violent inclination, and op-'poſe a torrent of anger, or the ſolicitations of 'revenge, with ſucceſs. But indolence is a 'ſtream which flows ſlowly on, but yet under-'mines the foundation of every virtue. A vice 'of a more lively nature were a more deſirable 'tyrant than this ruſt of the mind, which 'gives a tincture of its nature to every action 'of one's life. It were as little hazard to be 'toſt in a ſtorm, as to lie thus perpetually 'becalmed: and it is to no purpoſe to 'have within one the ſeeds of a thouſand good 'qualities, if we want the vigour and reſolu-'tion neceſſary for the exerting them. Death 'brings all perſons back to an equality; and this 'image of it, this ſlumber of the mind, leaves 'no difference between the greateſt genius 'and the meaneſt underſtanding: a faculty of 'doing things remarkably praiſe-worthy thus 'concealed,

'concealed, is of no more uſe to the owner, 'than a heap of gold to the man who dares not 'uſe it.

'To-morrow is ſtill the fatal time when all 'is to be rectified: to-morrow comes, it goes, 'and ſtill I pleaſe myſelf with the ſhadow, 'whilſt I loſe the reality; unmindful that the 'preſent time alone is ours, the future is yet 'unborn, and the paſt is dead, and can only live, 'as parents in their children, in the actions it 'has produced.

'The time we live ought not to be com- 'puted by the number of years, but by the uſe 'that has been made of it; thus it is not the 'extent of ground, but the yearly rent which 'gives the value to the eſtate. Wretched and 'thoughtleſs creatures, in the only place where 'covetouſneſs were a virtue we turn prodigals! 'nothing lies upon our hands with ſuch uneaſi- 'neſs, nor has there been ſo many devices for 'any one thing, as to make it ſlide away im- 'perceptibly and to no purpoſe. A ſhilling 'ſhall be hoarded up with care, whilſt that 'which is above the price of an eſtate, is flung 'away with diſregard and contempt. There is 'nothing now-a-days ſo much avoided, as a 'ſolicitous improvement of every part of time; 'it is a report muſt be ſhunned as one ten- 'ders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and 'as one fears the dreadful character of a labo- 'rious plodder: but notwithſtanding this, the 'greateſt wits any age has produced thought

'far otherwiſe; for who can think either *Socrates* or *Demoſthenes* loſt any reputation, by 'their continual pains both in overcoming the 'defects and improving the gifts of nature. All 'are acquainted with the labour and aſſiduity 'with which *Tully* acquired his eloquence. *Seneca* in his letters to *Lucelius* aſſures him, 'there was not a day in which he did not 'either write ſomething, or read and epitomize 'ſome good author; and I remember *Pliny* in 'one of his letters, where he gives an account 'of the various methods he uſed to fill up 'every vacancy of time, after ſeveral employments which he enumerates; ſometimes, ſays 'he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me 'a pocket-book, that whilſt my ſervants are 'buſied in diſpoſing of the nets and other 'matters, I may be employed in ſomething that 'may be uſeful to me in my ſtudies; and 'that if I miſs my game, I may at the leaſt 'bring home ſome of my own thoughts with 'me, and not have the mortification of having 'caught nothing all day.

'Thus, Sir, you ſee how many examples I 'recal to mind, and what arguments I uſe 'with myſelf, to regain my liberty: but as I 'am afraid it is no ordinary perſuaſion that will 'be of ſervice, I ſhall expect your thoughts on 'this ſubject, with the greateſt impatience, 'eſpecially ſince the good will not be confined 'to me alone, but will be of univerſal uſe. 'For there is no hopes of amendment where

'men

'men are pleaſed with their ruin, and whilſt 'they think lazineſs is a deſirable character: 'whether it be that they like the ſtate itſelf, 'or that they think it gives them a new luſtre 'when they do exert themſelves, ſeemingly to 'be able to do that without labour and ap-'plication, which others attain to but with the 'greateſt diligence.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

'SAMUEL SLACK.'

CLYTANDER to CLEONE.

'MADAM,

'PErmiſſion to love you is all that I deſire, 'to conquer all the difficulties thoſe about 'you place in my way, to ſurmount and acquire 'all thoſe qualifications you expect in him who 'pretends to the honour of being,

'Madam,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'CLYTANDER.'

Tueſday,

N° 317 Tueſday, March 4.

——*Fruges conſumere nati.* HOR. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 27.

——Born to drink and eat. CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, aſked his friends who ſtood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving ſuch an anſwer as was due to his extraordinary merit, 'Let me then,' ſays he, 'go off the ſtage with your applauſe;' uſing the expreſſion with which the *Roman* actors made their *exit* at the concluſion of a dramatic piece. I could wiſh that men, while they are in health, would conſider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of thoſe they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be ſuitable to a reaſonable being; in ſhort, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to advantage in the next. Let the ſycophant, or buffoon, the ſatiriſt, or the good companion, conſider with himſelf, when his body ſhall be laid in the grave, and his ſoul paſs into another ſtate of exiſtence, how much it would redound to his praiſe to have it ſaid of him that no man

man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that no body out-did him at an ill-natured jeſt, or that he never went to bed before he had diſpatched his third bottle. Theſe are, however, very common funeral orations, and elogiums on deceaſed perſons who have acted among mankind with ſome figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our ſpecies, they are ſuch as are not likely to be remembered a moment, after their diſappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their exiſtence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither miſſed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private perſons. Their actions are of no ſignificancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much leſs dignity than thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by the faculty of reaſon. An eminent *French* author ſpeaks ſomewhere to the following purpoſe; I have often ſeen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reaſon. Theſe two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two ſmooth ſtones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phraſe it, in poliſhing marble.

My friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were ſitting in the club laſt night, gave us an

an account of a ſober citizen, who died a few days ſince. This honeſt man being of greater conſequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for ſome years paſt kept a journal of his life. Sir ANDREW ſhewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences ſet down in it mark out ſuch a road of action as that I have been ſpeaking of, I ſhall preſent my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having firſt informed him, that the deceaſed perſon had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himſelf not ſo well turned for buſineſs, he had for ſeveral years laſt paſt lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, eight of the clock. I put on my cloaths, and walked into the parlour.

Nine of the clock ditto. Tied my knee-ſtrings, and waſhed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven and twelve. Smoked three pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Niſby*'s opinion thereupon.

One of the clock in the afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for miſ-laying my tobacco-box.

Two of the clock. Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* too many plumbs, and no ſewet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to ſix. Walked into the fields. wind, S. S. E.

From

From ſix to ten. At the club. Mr. *Niſby*'s opinion about the peace.

Ten of the clock. Went to bed, ſlept ſound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, eight of the clock. Roſe as uſual.

Nine of the clock. Waſhed hands and face, ſhaved, put on my double-ſoled ſhoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to *Iſlington*.

One. Took a pot of mother *Cob*'s mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* ſprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as uſual.

From four to ſix. Coffee-houſe. Read the news. A diſh of twiſt. Grand viſier ſtrangled.

From ſix to ten. At the club. Mr. *Niſby*'s account of the great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the grand viſier. Broken ſleep.

WEDNESDAY, eight of the clock. Tongue of my ſhoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the laſt leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-houſe. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig aſked me how ſtocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the ſouth.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and an half.

Two.

Two. Dined as uſual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter-diſh. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love, and grown careleſs.

From four to ſix. At the coffee-houſe. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the grand viſier was firſt of all ſtrangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six of the clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body elſe came. Mr. *Niſby* of opinion that the grand viſier was not ſtrangled the ſixth inſtant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine next morning.

THURSDAY, nine of the clock. Staid within until two of the clock for ſir *Timothy*; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promiſe.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loſs of appetite. Small beer ſour. Beef overcorned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a meſſenger to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine of the clock.

FRIDAY. Paſſed the morning in meditation upon ſir *Timothy*, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve of the clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glaſs of purl to recover appetite.

Two

Two and three. Dined and ſlept well.

From four to ſix. Went to the coffee-houſe. Met Mr. *Niſby* there. Smoked ſeveral pipes. Mr. *Niſby* of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six of the clock. At the club as ſteward. Sat late.

Twelve of the clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank ſmall beer with the grand viſier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields. Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a ſhower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dried myſelf.

Two. Mr. *Niſby* dined with me. Firſt courſe, marrow-bones; ſecond, ox-cheek, with a bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three of the clock. Overſlept myſelf.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand viſier certainly dead, &c.

I queſtion not but the reader will be ſurpriſed to find the abovementioned journaliſt taking ſo much care of a life that was filled with ſuch inconſiderable actions, and received ſo very ſmall improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converſe with, we ſhall find that moſt of their hours are taken up in thoſe three important articles of eating, drinking, and ſleeping. I do not ſuppoſe that a man loſes his time, who is not engaged

gaged in public affairs, or in an illuſtrious courſe of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in ſuch tranſactions as make no figure in the world, than in ſuch as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiſer and better by ſeveral methods of employing one's ſelf in ſecrecy and ſilence, and do what is laudable without noiſe or oſtentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and ſetting down punctually their whole ſeries of employments during that ſpace of time. This kind of ſelf-examination would give them a true ſtate of themſelves, and incline them to conſider ſeriouſly what they are about. One day would rectify the omiſſions of another, and make a man weigh all thoſe indifferent actions, which, though they are eaſily forgotten, muſt certainly be accounted for. L

Wedneſday,

N° 318 Wedneſday, March 5.

——— *non omnia poſſumus omnes.*

VIRG. Ecl. 8. v. 63.

With different talents form'd, we variouſly excel.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' A Certain vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been conſidered by you as growing ſo deep in the heart of man, that the affectation outlives the practice of it. You muſt have obſerved that men who have been bred in arms preſerve to the moſt extreme and feeble old-age a certain daring in their aſpect: in like manner, they who have paſſed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it; and carry a petulant inclination to their laſt moments. Let this ſerve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in town, that has not only been amorous and a follower of women in general, but alſo, in ſpite of the admonition of grey hairs, been from his ſixty-third year to his preſent ſeventieth, in an actual purſuit of a young lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. The gay old *Eſcalus* has wit, good health, and is perfectly well-bred; but from

'the faſhion and manners of the court when he 'was in his bloom, has ſuch a natural tendency 'to amorous adventure, that he thought it would 'be an endleſs reproach to him to make no uſe 'of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentle-'man's houſe, whoſe good-humour and confi-'dence expoſed his wife to the addreſſes of any 'who ſhould take it in their head to do him 'the good office. It is not impoſſible that '*Eſcalus* might alſo reſent that the huſband 'was particularly negligent of him; and though 'he gave many intimations of a paſſion towards 'the wife, the huſband either did not ſee them, 'or put him to the contempt of over-looking 'them. In the mean time *Iſabella*, for ſo we 'ſhall call our heroine, ſaw his paſſion, and re-'joiced in it as a foundation for much diverſion, 'and an opportunity of indulging herſelf in the 'dear delight of being admired, addreſſed to, 'and flattered, with no ill conſequence to her 'reputation. This lady is of a free and diſ-'engaged behaviour, ever in good-humour, ſuch 'as is the image of innocence with thoſe who are 'innocent, and an encouragement to vice with 'thoſe who are abandoned. From this kind of 'carriage, and an apparent approbation of his 'gallantry, *Eſcalus* had frequent opportunities 'of laying amorous epiſtles in her way, of 'fixing his eyes attentively upon her action, 'of performing a thouſand little offices which 'are neglected by the unconcerned, but are ſo 'many approaches towards happineſs with the

'ena-

'enamoured. It was now, as is above hinted, 'almoſt the end of the ſeventh year of his paſ-'ſion, when *Eſcalus* from general terms, and 'the ambiguous reſpect which criminal lovers 'retain in their addreſſes, began to bewail that 'his paſſion grew too violent for him to anſwer 'any longer for his behaviour towards her; 'and that he hoped ſhe would have conſide-'ration for his long and patient reſpect, to 'excuſe the motions of a heart now no longer 'under the direction of the unhappy owner of 'it. Such for ſome months had been the lan-'guage of *Eſcalus*, both in his talk and his 'letters to *Iſabella*; who returned all the pro-'fuſion of kind things which had been the 'collection of fifty years with "I muſt not "hear you; you will make me forget that you "are a gentleman; I would not willingly loſe "you as a friend;" and the like expreſſions, 'which the ſkilful interpret to their own ad-'vantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial 'is a modeſt aſſent. I ſhould have told you, 'that *Iſabella*, during the whole progreſs of 'this amour, communicated it to her huſband; 'and that an account of *Eſcalus*'s love was 'their uſual entertainment after half a day's ab-'ſence: *Iſabella* therefore, upon her lover's late 'more open aſſaults, with a ſmile told her huſ-'band ſhe could hold out no longer, but that 'his fate was now come to a criſis. After ſhe 'had explained herſelf a little farther, with her 'huſband's approbation ſhe proceeded in the

'following manner. The next time that *Eſcalus* 'was alone with her, and repeated his impor- 'tunity, the crafty *Iſabella* looked on her fan 'with an air of great attention, as conſidering 'of what importance ſuch a ſecret was to her; 'and upon the repetition of a warm expreſſion, 'ſhe looked at him with an eye of fondneſs, 'and told him that he was paſt that time of life, 'which could make her fear he would boaſt of 'a lady's favour; then turned away her head 'with a very well acted confuſion which fa- 'voured the eſcape of the aged *Eſcalus*. This 'adventure was a matter of great pleaſantry to '*Iſabella* and her ſpouſe; and they had enjoyed 'it two days before *Eſcalus* could recollect him- 'ſelf enough to form the following letter.

"MADAM,

"WHAT happened the other day, gives "me a lively image of the inconſiſtency "of human paſſions and inclinations. We "purſue what we are denied, and place our "affections on what is abſent, though we neg- "lected it when preſent. As long as you refuſed "my love, your refuſal did ſo ſtrongly excite "my paſſion, that I had not once the leiſure "to think of recalling my reaſon to aid me "againſt the deſign upon your virtue. But when "that virtue began to comply in my favour, "my reaſon made an effort over my love, and "let me ſee the baſeneſs of my behaviour in at- "tempting a woman of honour. I own to you,

"it

" it was not without the moſt violent ſtruggle,
" that I gained this victory over myſelf; nay, I
" will confeſs my ſhame, and acknowledge
" I could not have prevailed but by flight.
" However, Madam, I beg that you will be-
" lieve a moment's weakneſs has not deſtroyed
" the eſteem I had for you, which was con-
" firmed by ſo many years of obſtinate virtue.
" You have reaſon to rejoice that this did not
" happen within the obſervation of one of the
" young fellows, who would have expoſed your
" weakneſs, and gloried in his own brutiſh in-
" clinations.

" I am, Madam,

" Your moſt devoted humble ſervant."

' *Iſabella*, with the help of her huſband, re-
' turned the following anſwer.

" S I R,

" I Cannot but account myſelf a very happy
" woman, in having a man for a lover that
" can write ſo well, and give ſo good a turn to
" a diſappointment. Another excellence you
" have above all other pretenders I ever heard
" of, on occaſions where the moſt reaſonable
" men loſe all their reaſon, you have yours
" moſt powerful. We are each of us to thank
" our genius, that the paſſion of one abated in
" proportion as that of the other grew violent.

" Does it not yet come into your head, to ima-
" gine that I knew my compliance was the
" greateſt cruelty I could be guilty of towards
" you? In return for your long and faithful
" paſſion, I muſt let you know that you are
" old enough to become a little more gravity;
" but if you will leave me and coquet it any
" where elſe, may your miſtreſs yield!

T " ISABELLA."

N° 319 Thurſday, March 6.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
HOR. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 90.

What chain can hold this varying *Proteus* faſt?
CREECH.

I HAVE endeavoured in the courſe of my papers to do juſtice to the age, and have taken care as much as poſſible to keep myſelf a neuter between both ſexes. I have neither ſpared the ladies out of complaiſance, nor the men out of partiality; but notwithſtanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myſelf taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the ſpecies. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful

fruitful field for ſpeculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men, I cannot tell, but I ſhall ſet down the charge as it is laid againſt me in the following letter.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Always make one among a company of 'young females, who peruſe your ſpecula-'tions every morning. I am at preſent com-'miſſioned by our whole aſſembly, to let you 'know, that we fear you are a little inclined to 'be partial towards your own ſex.' We muſt 'however acknowledge, with all due gratitude, 'that in ſome caſes you have given us our re-'venge on the men, and done us juſtice. We 'could not eaſily have forgiven you ſeveral 'ſtrokes in the diſſection of the coquette's 'heart, if you had not much about the ſame 'time made a ſacrifice to us of a beau's ſkull.

'You may further, Sir, pleaſe to remember, 'that not long ſince you attacked our hoods and 'commodes in ſuch manner, as, to uſe your 'own expreſſion, made very many of us 'aſhamed to ſhew our heads. We muſt, there-'fore, beg leave to repreſent to you, that we 'are in hopes, if you would pleaſe to make a 'due inquiry, the men in all ages would be 'found to have been little leſs whimſical in 'adorning that part, than ourſelves. The dif-'ferent forms of their wigs, together with the 'various cocks of their hats, all flatter us in this 'opinion.

'I had an humble ſervant laſt ſummer, who 'the firſt time he declared himſelf, was in a 'full-bottomed wig; but the day after, to my 'no ſmall ſurpriſe, he accoſted me in a thin 'natural one. I received him, at this our 'ſecond interview, as a perfect ſtranger, but 'was extremely confounded, when his ſpeech 'diſcovered who he was. I reſolved, therefore, 'to fix his face in my memory for the future; 'but as I was walking in the park the ſame 'evening, he appeared to me in one of thoſe 'wigs that I think you call a night-cap, which 'had altered him more effectually than before. 'He afterwards played a couple of black riding 'wigs upon me, with the ſame ſucceſs; and 'in ſhort, aſſumed a new face almoſt every day 'in the firſt month of his courtſhip.

'I obſerved afterwards, that the variety of 'cocks into which he moulded his hat, had 'not a little contributed to his impoſitions upon 'me.

'Yet, as if all theſe ways were not ſufficient 'to diſtinguiſh their heads, you muſt, doubtleſs, 'Sir, have obſerved, that great numbers of young 'fellows have, for ſeveral months laſt paſt, 'taken upon them to wear feathers.

'We hope, therefore, that theſe may, with 'as much juſtice, be called *Indian Princes*, as 'you have ſtiled a woman in a coloured hood 'an *Indian* queen; and that you will, in due 'time, take theſe airy gentlemen into conſide-'ration.

'We

'We the more earneſtly beg that you would 'put a ſtop to this practice, ſince it has already 'loſt us one of the moſt agreeable members of 'our ſociety, who after having refuſed ſeveral 'good eſtates, and two titles, was lured from 'us laſt week by a mixed feather.

'I am ordered to preſent you the reſpects of 'our whole company, and am,

'Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'DORINDA.

'Note. The perſon wearing the feather, 'though our friend took him for an officer in 'the guards, has proved to be an arrant linen-'draper.'

I am not now at leiſure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather; however, to wipe off the preſent imputation, and gratify my female correſpondent, I ſhall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who ſeems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

'SIR,

'I Preſume I need not inform you, that among 'men of dreſs it is a common phraſe to ſay 'Mr. Such-a-one "has ſtruck a bold ſtroke;" 'by which we underſtand, that he is the firſt 'man

'man who has had courage enough to lead up 'a faſhion. Accordingly, when our taylors take 'meaſure of us, they always demand "whether "we will have a plain ſuit, or ſtrike a bold "ſtroke." I think I may without vanity ſay, that 'I have ſtruck ſome of the boldeſt and moſt 'ſucceſsful ſtrokes of any man in *Great Britain*. 'I was the firſt that ſtruck the long pocket 'about two years ſince; I was likewiſe the 'author of the froſted button, which when I 'ſaw the town came readily into, being re-'ſolved to ſtrike while the iron was hot, I 'produced much about the ſame time the 'ſcallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a 'fair puſh for the ſilver-clocked ſtocking.

'A few months after I brought up the modiſh 'jacket, or the coat with cloſe ſleeves. I ſtruck 'this at firſt in a plain *Doily*; but that failing, 'I ſtruck it a ſecond time in blue camblet; and 'repeated the ſtroke in ſeveral kinds of cloth, un-'til at laſt it took effect. There are two or three 'young fellows at the other end of the town, 'who have always their eye upon me, and an-'ſwer me ſtroke for ſtroke. I was once ſo un-'wary as to mention my fancy in relation to a 'new-faſhioned ſurtout before one of theſe gen-'tlemen, who was diſingenuous enough to ſteal 'my thought, and by that means prevented my 'intended ſtroke.

'I have a deſign this ſpring to make very 'conſiderable innovations in the waiſtcoat; 'and have already begun with a *coup d'eſſai* 'upon

'upon the ſleeves, which has ſucceeded very 'well.

'I muſt further inform you, if you will pro- 'miſe to encourage or at leaſt to connive at 'me, that it is my deſign to ſtrike ſuch a ſtroke 'the beginning of the next month, as ſhall ſur- 'priſe the whole town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you 'with all the particulars of my intended dreſs; 'but will only tell you as a ſample of it, that I 'ſhall very ſpeedily appear at *White*'s in a cherry- 'coloured hat. I took this hint from the ladies 'hoods, which I look upon as the boldeſt 'ſtroke that ſex has ſtruck for theſe hundred 'years laſt paſt.

'I am, Sir,

'your moſt obedient,

'moſt humble ſervant,

'WILL SPRIGHTLY.'

I have not time at preſent to make any reflections on this letter, but muſt not however omit, that having ſhewn it to WILL HONEYCOMB, he deſires to be acquainted with the gentleman who writ it. X

Friday,

N° 320 Friday, March 7.

——— *non pronuba Juno,*
Non Hymenæus adeſt, non illi Gratia lecto:
Eumenides ſtravere torum ———

OVID. Met. l. 6. v. 428.

Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces here preſide,
Nor *Juno* to befriend the blooming bride;
But friends with fun'ral brands the proceſs led,
And furies waited at the genial bed.

CROXAL.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have given many hints in your papers to the diſadvantage of perſons of your own ſex, who lay plots upon women. Among other hard words you have publiſhed the term male-coquets, and been very ſevere upon ſuch as give themſelves the liberty of a little dalliance of heart, and playing faſt and looſe, between love and indifference, until perhaps an eaſy young girl is reduced to ſighs, dreams and tears; and languiſhes away her life for a careleſs coxcomb, who looks aſtoniſhed, and wonders at ſuch an effect from what in him was all but common civility. Thus you have treated the men who are irreſolute in

'mar-

'marriage; but if you deſign to be impartial, 'pray be ſo honeſt as to print the information I 'now give you, of a certain ſet of women who 'never coquet for the matter, but with an high 'hand marry whom they pleaſe to whom they 'pleaſe. As for my part, I ſhould not have 'concerned myſelf with them, but that I under-'ſtand I am pitched upon by them, to be married, 'againſt my will, to one I never ſaw in my life. 'It has been my misfortune, Sir, very innocently, 'to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, of which I am 'maſter, to beſpeak a fine chariot, to give direc-'tion for two or three handſome ſnuff-boxes, 'and as many ſuits of fine clothes; but before 'any of theſe were ready, I heard reports of my 'being to be married to two or three different 'young women. Upon my taking notice of it 'to a young gentleman who is often in my com-'pany, he told me ſmiling, I was in the inqui-'ſition. You may believe I was not a little 'ſtartled at what he meant, and more ſo when 'he aſked me if I had beſpoke any thing of late 'that was fine. I told him ſeveral; upon which 'he produced a deſcription of my perſon from 'the tradeſmen whom I had employed, and told 'me that they had certainly informed againſt 'me. Mr. SPECTATOR, whatever the world 'may think of me, I am more coxcomb than 'fool, and I grew very inquiſitive upon this 'head, not a little pleaſed with the novelty. 'My friend told me, there were a certain ſet 'of women of faſhion, whereof the number of

'ſix

'ſix made a committee, who ſat thrice a week, 'under the title of the inquiſition on maids and 'bachelors. It ſeems, whenever there comes 'ſuch an unthinking gay thing as myſelf to 'town, he muſt want all manner of neceſſaries, 'or be put into the inquiſition by the firſt 'tradeſman he employs. They have conſtant 'intelligence with cane-ſhops, perfumers, toy-'men, coach-makers, and china-houſes. From 'theſe ſeveral places, theſe undertakers for mar-'riages have as conſtant and regular correſpon-'dence, as the funeral-men have with vintners 'and apothecaries. All bachelors are under 'their immediate inſpection, and my friend pro-'duced to me a report given into their board, 'wherein an old uncle of mine who came to 'town with me, and myſelf, were inſerted, 'and we ſtood thus; the uncle ſmoky, rotten, 'poor; the nephew raw, but no fool, ſound 'at preſent, very rich. My information did 'not end here, but my friend's advices are ſo 'good, that he could ſhew me a copy of the 'letter ſent to the young lady who is to have 'me; which I incloſe to you.

'MADAM,

'THIS is to let you know, that you are to 'be married to a beau that comes out on '*Thurſday* ſix in the evening. Be at the park. 'You cannot but know a virgin-fop; they have 'a mind to look ſaucy, but are out of coun-'tenance.

'tenance. The board has denied him to ſeveral 'good families. I wiſh you joy.

'CORINNA.'

What makes my correſpondent's caſe the more deplorable, is, that as I find by the report from my cenſor of marriages, the friend he ſpeaks of is employed by the inquiſition to take him in, as the phraſe is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commiſſioners have devoted him to another than the perſon againſt whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid ſo well about this young gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he muſt fall into the notice, and be ſubject to the power of the inquiſition. They have their emiſſaries and ſubſtitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The firſt ſtep they uſually take, is to find from a correſpondence, by their meſſengers and whiſperers, with ſome domeſtic of the bachelor, who is to be hunted into the toils they have laid for him, what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities or vices; not as the good in him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main inquiry, What eſtate he has in him? When this point is well reported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter, as eaſily as a ſoft, gentle young fop of the town. The way is to make

make all places uneaſy to him, but the ſcenes in which they have allotted him to act. His brother huntſmen, bottle-companions, his fraternity of fops, ſhall be brought into the conſpiracy againſt him. Then this matter is not laid in ſo bare-faced a manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. ſuch-a-one would make him a very proper wife; but by the force of their correſpondence they ſhall make it, as Mr. *Waller* ſaid of the marriage of the dwarfs, as impracticable to have any woman beſides her they deſign him, as it would have been in *Adam* to have refuſed *Eve*. The man named by the commiſſion for Mrs. ſuch-a-one, ſhall neither be in faſhion, nor dare ever to appear in company, ſhould he attempt to evade their determination.

The female ſex wholly govern domeſtic life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can ſow diſſenſions between the deareſt friends, nay make father and ſon irreconcileable enemies in ſpite of all the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The ladies of the inquiſition underſtand this perfectly well; and where love is not a motive to a man's chooſing one whom they allot, they can, with very much art, inſinuate ſtories to the diſadvantage of his honeſty or courage, until the creature is too much diſpirited to bear up againſt a general ill reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for ſhelter. I have a long letter

bearing

bearing date the fourth inſtant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory perſon who has eſcaped all their machinations for two years laſt paſt: but they have prevented two ſucceſſive matches which were of his own inclination, the one, by a report that his miſtreſs was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the ſecond time by inſinuating to all his miſtreſs's friends and acquaintance, that he had been falſe to ſeveral other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profeſs he deſigns to lead a ſingle life; but the inquiſition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happineſs. When this is urged he talks ſtill more humbly, and proteſts he aims only at a life without pain or reproach: pleaſure, honour and riches, are things for which he has no taſte. But notwithſtanding all this, and what elſe he may defend himſelf with, as that the lady is too old or too young, of a ſuitable humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impoſſible they can ever do other than wrangle from *June* to *January*, every body tells him all this is ſpleen, and he muſt have a wife; while all the members of the inquiſition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge, than he or any other private perſon whatſoever.

'SIR, *Temple, March* 3, 1711.

'YOUR ſpeculation this day on the ſubject of Idleneſs has employed me, ever ſince I read it, in ſorrowful reflections on my having loitered away the term, or rather the vacation, of ten years in this place, and unhappily ſuffered a good chamber and ſtudy to lie idle as long. My books, except thoſe I have taken to ſleep upon, have been totally neglected, and my lord *Coke* and other venerable authors were never ſo ſlighted in their lives. I ſpend moſt of the day at a neighbouring coffee-houſe, where we have what I may call a lazy club. We generally come in nightgowns, with our ſtockings about our heels, and ſometimes but one on. Our ſalutation at entrance is a yawn and a ſtretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the lolling table; where our diſcourſe is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore ſhall not inſert. But I aſſure you, Sir, I heartily lament this loſs of time, and am now reſolved, if poſſible, with double diligence, to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the arguments of Mr. *Slack* out of the ſenſeleſs ſtupidity that has ſo long poſſeſſed me. And to demonſtrate that penitence accompanies my confeſſion, and conſtancy my reſolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and deſire you would let

'my

'my companions know I am not within. I 'am with great reſpect,

'Sir,

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

T 'N. B.'

N° 321 Saturday, March 8.

Nec ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata, dulcia ſunto.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 99.

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;
It muſt affect and captivate the ſoul.
ROSCOMMON.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, will eaſily pardon the length of my diſcourſe upon *Milton*. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is looked upon by the beſt judges, as the greateſt production, or at leaſt the nobleſt work of genius in our language, and therefore deſerves to be ſet before an *Engliſh* reader in its full beauty. For this reaſon, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my ſix firſt papers, I thought myſelf obliged to beſtow one upon every book in particular.

The firſt three books I have already diſpatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, eſpecially in the deſcriptive parts of his poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my intention to point out thoſe only, which appear to me the moſt exquiſite, or thoſe which are not ſo obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the *Odyſſey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in thoſe poems, they have nevertheleſs each of them diſcovered ſeveral maſter-ſtrokes, which have eſcaped the obſervation of the reſt. In the ſame manner, I queſtion not, but any writer, who ſhall treat of this ſubject after me, may find ſeveral beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I muſt likewiſe obſerve, that as the greateſt maſters of critical learning, differ among one another, as to ſome particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myſelf ſcrupulouſly to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty ſometimes to join with one, and ſometimes with another, and ſometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reaſon of the thing was on my ſide.

We may conſider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the firſt are thoſe pictures of ſtill-life, which we meet with in the deſcription of *Eden*, *Paradiſe*, *Adam*'s bower, &c.

In

In the next are the machines, which comprehend the ſpeeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the laſt is the conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the deſcription of *Paradiſe*, the poet has obſerved *Ariſtotle*'s rule of laviſhing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not ſupported by the beauty of ſentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may obſerve, that the expreſſions are more florid and elaborate in theſe deſcriptions, than in moſt other parts of the poem. I muſt further add, that though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are juſtly cenſured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unneceſſary length; the deſcription of *Paradiſe* would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the ſcene of the principal action, but as it is requiſite to give us an idea of that happineſs from which our firſt parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the ſhort ſketch which we have of it in holy writ. *Milton*'s exuberance of imagination has poured forth ſuch a redundancy of ornaments on this ſeat of happineſs and innocence, that it would be endleſs to point out each particular.

I muſt not quit this head, without further obſerving, that there is ſcarce a ſpeech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole poem, wherein the ſen-

timents and alluſions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole courſe of action, always finds himſelf in the walks of *Paradiſe*. In ſhort, as the critics have remarked, that in thoſe poems, wherein ſhepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers; ſo we may obſerve, that our firſt parents ſeldom loſe ſight of their happy ſtation in any thing they ſpeak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to uſe the expreſſion, that their thoughts are always *Paradiſiacal*.

We are in the next place to conſider the machines of the fourth book. *Satan* being now within proſpect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with ſentiments different from thoſe which he diſcovered whilſt he was in hell. The place inſpires him with thoughts more adapted to it: he reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a ſpeech that is ſoftened with ſeveral tranſient touches of remorſe and ſelf-accuſation: but at length he confirms himſelf in impenitence, and in his deſign of drawing man into his own ſtate of guilt and miſery. This conflict of paſſions is raiſed with a great deal of art, as the opening of his ſpeech to the ſun is very bold and noble.

O thou

O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O ſun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere.

This ſpeech is, I think, the fineſt that is aſcribed to *Satan* in the whole poem. The evil ſpirit afterwards proceeds to make his diſcoveries concerning our firſt parents, and to learn after what manner they may be beſt attacked. His bounding over the walls of *Paradiſe*; his ſitting in the ſhape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which ſtood in the centre of it, and over-topped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are ſo beautifully repreſented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*, together with his transforming himſelf into different ſhapes, in order to hear their converſation; are circumſtances that give an agreeable ſurpriſe to the reader, and are deviſed with great art, to connect that ſeries of adventures in which the poet has engaged this artificer of fraud.

The thought of *Satan*'s transformation into a cormorant, and placing himſelf on the tree of life, ſeems raiſed upon that paſſage in the *Iliad*, where two deities are deſcribed, as perch-

ing on the top of an oak in the ſhape of vultures.

His planting himſelf at the ear of *Eve* under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumſtance of the ſame nature; as his ſtarting up in his own form is wonderfully fine both in the literal deſcription, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His anſwer upon his being diſcovered, and demanded to give an account of himſelf, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

Know ye not then, ſaid *Satan*, fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not me! ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where you durſt not ſoar;
Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng——

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on *Satan*, is exquiſitely graceful and moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the guardian angels, who kept watch in *Paradiſe*. His diſdainful behaviour on this occaſion is ſo remarkable a beauty, that the moſt ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. *Gabriel*'s diſcovering his approach at a diſtance, is drawn with great ſtrength and livelineſs of imagination.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet,
Haſting this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the ſhade,

And

And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor ſeems the prince of hell:
Not likely to part hence without conteſt:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

The conference between *Gabriel* and *Satan* abounds with ſentiments proper for the occaſion, and ſuitable to the perſons of the two ſpeakers. *Satan* clothing himſelf with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly ſublime, and at leaſt equal to *Homer*'s deſcription of Diſcord celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of Fame in *Virgil*, who are both repreſented with their feet ſtanding upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

While thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported ſpears, &c.
—On th' other ſide *Satan* alarm'd,
Collecting all his might dilated ſtood
Like *Teneriff*, or *Atlas*, unremov'd:
His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
Sat horror plum'd;———

I muſt here take notice, that *Milton* is every where full of hints and ſometimes literal tranſlations, taken from the greateſt of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets. But this I may reſerve for a diſcourſe by itſelf, becauſe I would not break the

the thread of theſe ſpeculations, that are deſigned for *Engliſh* readers, with ſuch reflections as would be of no uſe but to the learned.

I muſt however obſerve in this place, that the breaking off the combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the golden ſcales in Heaven, is a refinement upon *Homer*'s thought, who tells us, that before the battle between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter* weighed the event of it in a pair of ſcales. The reader may ſee the whole paſſage in the twenty-ſecond *Iliad*.

Virgil, before the laſt deciſive combat, deſcribes *Jupiter* in the ſame manner, as weighing the fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. *Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful circumſtance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only inſert it as a poetical embelliſhment, like the authors abovementioned; but makes an artful uſe of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more juſtified in this paſſage, as we find the ſame noble allegory in Holy Writ, where a wicked prince, ſome few hours before he was aſſaulted and ſlain, is ſaid to have been 'weighed in the ſcales, and to have been found 'wanting.'

I muſt here take notice under the head of the machines, that *Uriel*'s gliding down to the earth upon a ſun-beam, with the poet's device to make him deſcend, as well in his return to

the

the ſun, as in his coming from it, is a prettineſs that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but ſeems below the genius of *Milton*. The deſcription of the hoſt of armed angels walking their nightly round in *Paradiſe*, is of another ſpirit,

So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon;

as that account of the hymns which our firſt parents uſed to hear them ſing in theſe their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpreſſibly amuſing to the imagination.

We are, in the laſt place, to conſider the parts which *Adam* and *Eve* act in the fourth book. The deſcription of them, as they firſt appeared to *Satan*, is exquiſitely drawn, and ſufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that aſtoniſhment, and thoſe emotions of envy, in which he is repreſented,

Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
God-like erect! with native honour clad
In naked majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all;
And worthy ſeem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye ſublime, declar'd

Abſolute

Abſolute rule; and *Hyacinthine* locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad.
She, as a veil, down to her ſlender waiſt
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſ-ſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliеſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met.

There is a fine ſpirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are deſcribed as ſitting on a bed of flowers by the ſide of a fountain, amidſt a mixed aſſembly of animals.

The ſpeeches of theſe two firſt lovers flow equally from paſſion and ſincerity. The profeſſions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the ſame time founded on truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of *Paradiſe*.

——When *Adam* firſt of men——
Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all;——
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk,
To prune thoſe growing plants, and tend theſe flow'rs:
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus *Eve* reply'd. O thou for whom,
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right,
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy

So

So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find, &c.

The remaining part of *Eve*'s ſpeech, in which ſhe gives an account of herſelf upon her firſt creation, and the manner in which ſhe was brought to *Adam*, is, I think, as beautiful a paſſage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other poet whatſoever. Theſe paſſages are all worked off with ſo much art, that they are capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate reader, without offending the moſt ſevere.

That day I oft remember, when from ſleep, &c.

A poet of leſs judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled theſe tender parts of the poem with ſentiments proper for a ſtate of innocence; to have deſcribed the warmth of love, and the profeſſions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man ſpeak the moſt endearing things, without deſcending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modeſty of her character; in a word, to adjuſt the prerogatives of wiſdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and lovelineſs. This mutual ſubordination of the two ſexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as particularly in the ſpeech of *Eve* I have before

fore mentioned, and upon the concluſion of it in the following lines.

So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father: half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
Smil'd with ſuperior love.———

The poet adds, that the devil turned away with envy at the ſight of ſo much happineſs.

We have another view of our firſt parents in their evening diſcourſes, which is full of pleaſing images and ſentiments ſuitable to their condition and characters. The ſpeech of *Eve*, in particular, is dreſſed up in ſuch a ſoft and natural turn of words and ſentiments, as cannot be ſufficiently admired.

I ſhall cloſe my reflections upon this book, with obſerving the maſterly tranſition which the poet makes to their evening worſhip in the following lines.

Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky, ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole: *thou alſo mad'ſt the night,*
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, &c.

Moſt

Moſt of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients in beginning a ſpeech without premiſing, that the perſon ſaid thus or thus; but as it is eaſy to imitate the ancients in the omiſſion of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in ſuch a manner as they ſhall not be miſſed, and that the ſpeech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine inſtance of this kind out of *Homer*, in the twenty-third chapter of *Longinus*. L

The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.


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